THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust[illegible] Weekly
Founded [illegible] Franklin

Volume 202, Number 10

September 7, 1929

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Joseph Hergesheimer—Sophie Kerr—Captain Dingle—Arthur Train
George Agnew Chamberlain—Thomas Beer—Charles Francis Coe

ALREADY *America's* Most Sensational Dentifrice Success

Quick, combined benefits you can now have each time you brush your teeth.

Quick facts about DR. WEST'S *modern tooth paste:*

1 QUICK, TWO-FOLD POLISHING (not scouring!). Two gentle polishing agents restore natural smooth brilliance of enamel.

2 ACTIVE COOLING AND REFRESHING of the whole mouth—a unique and delightful result that lasts amazingly. Children love it.

3 POSITIVE INVIGORATION AND PROTECTION FOR GUMS—no harsh, coarse particles to injure sensitive tissue.

4 ACID CONDITIONS NEUTRALIZED INSTANTLY—each time you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste—by milk of magnesia and other pure antacids.

5 STAINING, STICKY DEPOSITS DISSOLVED AND REMOVED by purest, costly vegetable cleansers.

6 AN ACTIVE, FOAMY CLEANSING SOLUTION—so generous it fairly floods, and washes, tiny crevices of the teeth.

7 UNUSUAL SPEED OF ACTION—these combined results are complete, each brushing!

More than ten million tubes sold in first 100 days. Have* you *tested its delightful results?

An average of 10,000 requests for a dentifrice as good as the famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrush have come to us each year.

And now this modern dentifrice—DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste—has won instant and surprising success. Quicker and larger success than that of any other product in this field, to the best of our knowledge.

How are you concerned?

If interested in giving your teeth the best care possible, you will want to test a dentifrice which so many have wanted—and which millions have quickly approved.

Note what new results it has been perfected to give:

Two distinct polishing actions *(not scouring!)* that supplement each other. An *extra thorough* cleansing that restores the natural smooth brilliance of enamel.

This *quickly* brightens teeth.

The whole mouth is cooled and actively refreshed each time you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Smokers, particularly, appreciate this result—which lasts amazingly. Children, too, delight in the pleasant, blended "flavor."

Quick, combined results

Because perfected for hurried, modern users, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste acts with uncommon quickness. *Results are complete, each time you use it.*

And all the other good results, desirable in caring for your teeth, are here combined. *Invigoration and protection of the gums* (no coarse, harsh particles). *Neutralizing of mouth acids. A generous, foamy wash that thoroughly reaches and cleanses every tiny crevice.*

TO GET A TUBE

FREE

{large 25c size; not a sample}

Today go to your favorite store. Buy the famous 50c DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. You will receive free a large 25c tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Try it. There'll be results you can see, feel, actually taste! Base your judgment on them. (This offer good in Canada, also.) THE WESTERN COMPANY, *Chicago, U.S.A.*

The toothbrush dentists urge is DR. WEST'S

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Still another way to secure a test:

FREE—20 BRUSHINGS

THE WESTERN COMPANY
402 W. Randolph St., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

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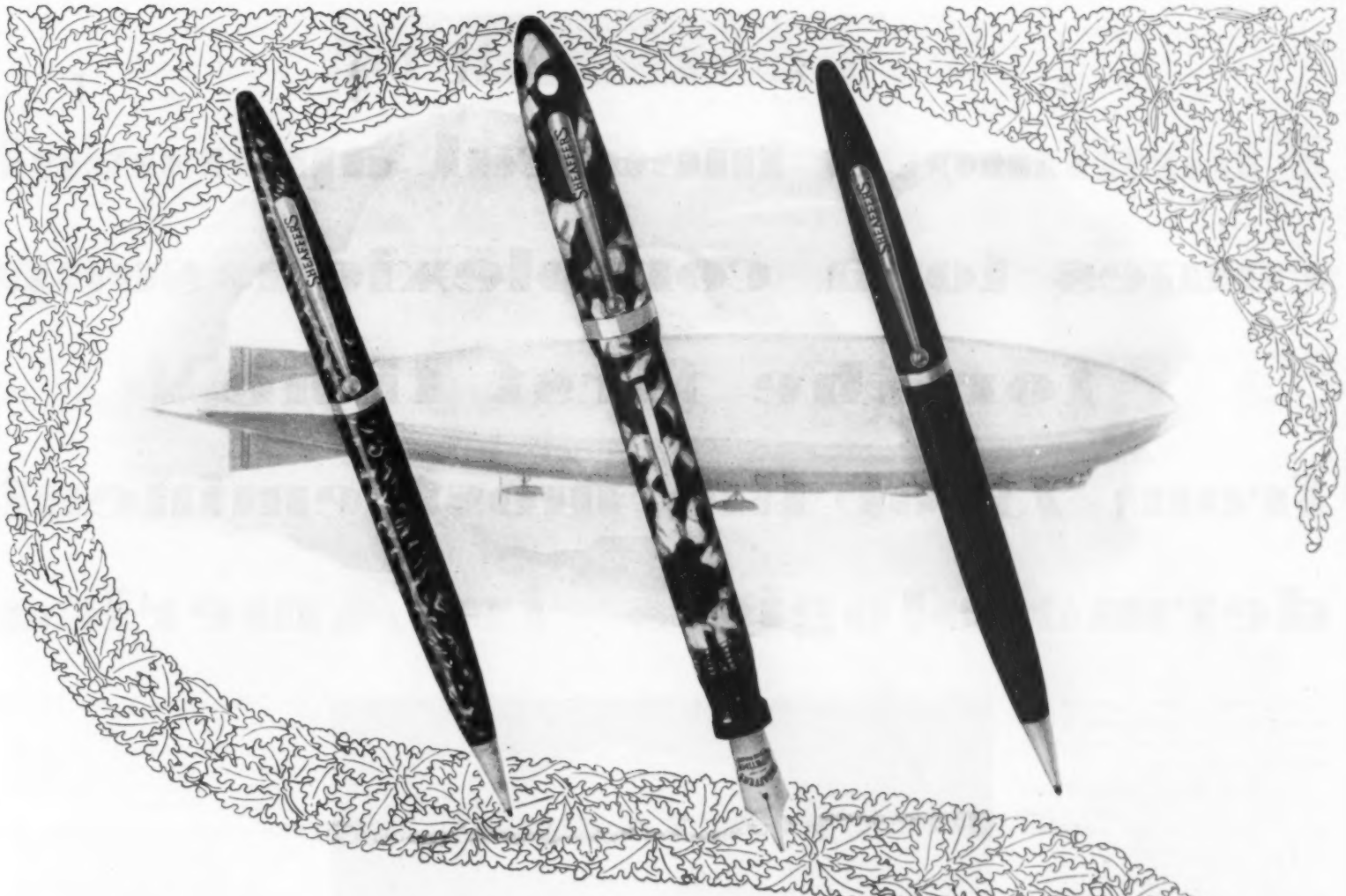
Address.....

City..... *State*..... SEP-9129



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At better stores everywhere

Green and Black Lifetime° pens, $8.75; Ladies', $7.50 and $8.25. Black and Pearl De Luxe, $10.00; Ladies', $8.50 and $9.50. Pencils, $5.00. Others lower.

SAFETY SKRIP, successor to ink, 50c (Refills, 3 for 25c)

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Unanimous medical approval comes to a complexion soap for the first time - - - from 73 of the most eminent dermatologists* in America

I'm sure we all know from our own club meetings how next to impossible it is to get even six or eight people to agree on *anything* under the sun.

So you'll probably be surprised when I tell you that 73 men could *unanimously* agree about this lovely new complexion soap, Camay.

But—these men are *scientists*. They are the foremost complexion authorities in America—dermatologists teaching in some of the largest medical schools or acting as consultants for some of the greatest hospitals and clinics or practicing in the largest cities. They do not depend upon mere opinions. They examined and tested Camay *scientifically*.

And this was their verdict: "Camay is a pure and unusually mild soap, the kind we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

No other complexion soap in history was ever honored with such scientific approval.

Actually, these physicians went even farther than a formal agreement and stated, "Such a soap should be used at least once a day. There is no other way to cleanse your skin and to help keep it fresh and clear and smooth."

Many of the doctors added such personal commendation as the following from a famous New York City dermatologist:

"I have induced one of my patients who claimed that she could not stand any soap to use Camay for her face without causing any irritation."

From a dermatologist practicing in a large Southern city comes this word:

"My skin reacts very quickly and unpleasantly to an alkaline soap. Even during this changeable weather I find that Camay has not irritated it. The soap is perfumed delightfully but not aggressively."

I think you'll be especially pleased to discover when you use Camay that the soap which has such unquestioned medical approval is really as lovely as if it were simply a frivolous trifle! And I know how charmed you'll be when you discover, as I'm sure you will, that there just never was anything like Camay to help keep complexions fresh and clear and outdoor-looking!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 73 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-99, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

★ What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

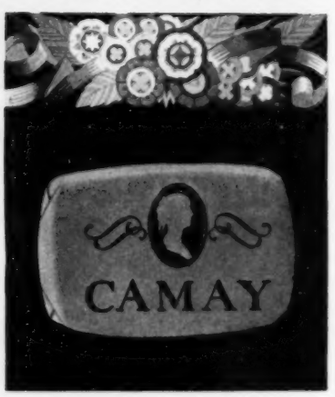
I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association, editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE



Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 202 *5c. THE COPY* *PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 7, 1929* *$2.00 By Subscription (52 issues)* *Number 10*

LOVE IN THE UNITED STATES

For a Moment Jim Kerrigan Was Puzzled. "You Mean," He Demanded, "That There Isn't Any Limit to it at All?"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

THE heavy vestibule train came to a smooth stop at Somborne. The station platform, in a small way, suddenly became animated. The drivers of a waiting row of automobiles—private cars and the omnibuses of hotels—gathered along the train; there were calls—the names of the hotels and voices of recognition—the passengers for Somborne descended. There were only a few—a gayly dressed woman carrying a sable cloak, with a maid; two men with a large pile of baggage in common—leather boxes and bags, caddy bags and a sheaf of polo clubs—and a small inconspicuous man, evidently alone, clad in a quiet and assured propriety. The conductor and a brakeman stood on the steps of the car he had left, watching him with a half concealed, deep interest. A man who had been smoking a cigarette on a station bench took less than a glance at him and immediately disappeared.

The small and inconspicuous and correct-appearing individual calmly surveyed the hotel porters and drivers around him. He saw a porter with Cyclorama Place in gilt letters on his cap, and at the same moment the man saw him.

"Are you Mr. Adams?" he asked. "Mr. J. Adams?"

The newly arrived personage nodded briefly. He was small, with clearly marked features and hair whiter than gray, but there was an inescapable largeness and authority in his nod. "I am Mr. Adams," he admitted. "These three bags are mine. I've got nothing else."

The porter led him to a closed automobile and, as they left the station, began a long and conventionally cheerful succession of remarks. "I hear," he said, "there has been a blizzard in the North. It was bad here. I mean, bad for Somborne last week. No snow, of course, but a lot of rain. I guess the rain was better than what you were getting in New York. If you come from New York?" He paused.

"Yes," Mr. Adams said precisely, "I come from New York." His tone was so cold that, for a moment, the porter, his manner showed, was discouraged.

"Our spring flowers are in bloom," he proceeded. "You won't find spring flowers in the North the first of March. In a day or two the peach blossoms will be out. A wonderful show," the porter announced solemnly. "The golf course will be green before you know

it. You didn't bring your golf clubs." He had, Mr. Adams replied, no warmer than before, brought no golf clubs. "You can get clubs down here. Rent them. All the gentlemen play golf."

Mr. Adams' expression was wholly unconcerned with what the gentlemen happened to do in Somborne. The automobile turned at a gate in a wide white-painted wooden fence and stopped before a white building—there was a succession of connected white buildings—in the American Georgian taste. Mr. Adams, followed by the porter with his bags, went up a wide flight of steps to a covered porch and a hall. The clerk at a desk in an arch cut through a wall, stood with a pen in his hand.

"I am Mr. J. Adams," Mr. Adams said.

"Yes, sir," the clerk replied. "We were expecting you."

A younger man came up to them. He was very cordial. "I am Mr. Langley, the manager," he asserted, putting out his hand. Mr. Adams shook it. "It is splendid to have you here," the younger man went on. "If you will permit me, I'll take you to your room. I kept the next one empty in case you wanted a sitting room."

"One will be enough," Mr. Adams answered.

It was, he thought, a very simple, not to say primitive, room, furnished in pine, with a white-painted iron bed; there was a small electric light over the bureau and a light hung on a wire from the center of the ceiling.

"Your bath is here," Mr. Langley showed him. The bath was as primitive as the bedroom. Mr. Adams liked it. It was, although he had not quite realized it before, exactly what he was looking for. "When you want anything," the manager proceeded, "ring for it and I'll see you get it as quickly as possible. I think you will find the boys attentive." The porter had been standing beside the bags and Mr. Adams gave him two dollars. At last he was alone.

"Thank God," he said, "I'm alone!"

An expression of great contentment enveloped him; he sat temporarily on a pine rocking-chair and with careful deliberation selected a cigar from a silk pocket case. He stayed motionless, with the smoke from his cigar floating slowly away in a delicate bland cloud. His face, in repose, was tired; his eyes were tired; his mouth was at once tired and indomitable. It was, attentively studied, a remarkable face, at once extraordinarily kind and hard, at once refined by thought and brutal. His hands, however, were entirely delicate. Sensitive. Yes, the impression he gave, even relaxed and silent and alone, was of a dangerous aggressiveness. Power adhered to him. All that, it was evident, was stronger than the impulse of kindness. In Mr. Adams, humanity had been hardened out of charitable virtues by a vast, selfish determination. The delicacy of his hands was æsthetic rather than tender. He rose suddenly.

He put his bags on the bed—there was no stand for them—and opened one. It was beautifully packed. There was a Spanish leather case with dress shirts that had luxurious silk backs and an elaborate monogram on the left sleeve, fine white linen shirts with collars, blue and corn-colored silk shirts. There were corn-colored and blue silk pajamas with the monogram on the breast pocket, and white and pale lavender silk undershirts and drawers with the monogram on the band of the drawers. A dressing gown—he remembered about that particular one—had come from the Summer Palace at Peking and was decorated by a deep band of the imperial symbol for water. There were pumps and dark tan shoes and black shoes in black satin shoe bags; a rainbow of neckties in a burnished pigskin envelope; dinner clothes, two pairs of white flannel trousers, and a soft brown suit; and cases for his necessary jewelry and articles of toilet. The articles of toilet created a vague difficulty—they were mostly gold and engraved with his full name, Jonathan Peldon Adams. Maxham, who certainly had had enough explained to him, was a fool to put those especial brushes and things in his bag. Now, whenever he had to use them, he would have to get them out and lock them away.

All this, however, entertained him tremendously. He discovered that he liked to unpack his bags and lay shirts and pajamas in drawers. He surveyed his room with great deliberation in order to discover where his ties could hang best. On the knob of the closet door, he decided. He put his shoes in a military precision of line against a wall. The toilet things were spread out in the bathroom with meticulous care. Tubes of cream and soap and tooth paste, a razor in a marvelously compact metal container, a toothbrush with a clear ruby-colored handle. He discovered, to his intense satisfaction, two of his own very rough washrags. "Really," he told himself, "I am absolutely comfortable; it was a pleasure instead of a nuisance to arrange my own things; this room and the bath are good enough for anyone." He looked out from a window over a wide garden of close dark greenery. There were, he saw, a maze of clipped hedges, little expanses of grass, bright with jonquils, walks of pleached bushes, and glimpses of delicate white bridal wreath in bloom.

Mr. Adams left the window and returned to an especial bag; he searched in one of the pockets and brought out a small folding leather case made to carry and protect a faded photograph.

It held the picture of a girl of, perhaps, seventeen. She had a charming, a sweet face; her hair was tied around with a ribbon, and she wore a simple ruffled cotton dress. Mr. Adams placed the photograph on his bureau; then he got another cigar; he lighted it and sat down before the photograph. All the kindliness latent in his character, and more than it had seemed he was capable of, appeared on his face. He looked, the truth was, happy. Well, why not? This was why he had come, in such an extraordinary way, to Somborne. He wanted to be where he could have Alice Baker's picture on his bureau and look at it whenever he chose. He wanted to inhabit a room where it was part of his life. That was a simple enough and relatively proper, quite a moral, desire. The difficulties in accomplishing it, however, had been enormous. He had had Alice's picture for twelve years now, and this was the first time he had been able actually to study it, to see it with a secure joy.

It Was, He Discovered, Very Pleasant to Dress Without Assistance or Attention

It was, he told himself, among all his possessions, the one thing he valued most. He was now fifty-six years old; he had certain properties and power; he was married to a charming dignified woman and they had three dignified charming children; yet he cared more for the photograph before him—the mere inanimate shadow of Alice Baker—than for all the rest, than for all the rest multiplied a hundred, a thousand, times. It was rather humorous—that is, it was rather humorous that this should have happened to him. Ridiculously inappropriate. He couldn't help that. It had happened—Lord, yes! Alice Baker. A momentary shadow fell over his happiness. She wasn't, of course, Alice Baker now. She was Alice Cambron. Alice was married to Denby Cambron; they had two children; but, entirely aside from his personal feeling, no one had ever called Denby dignified or charming. The children were, at best, unfortunate. Alice and Denby had been married twenty years; their eldest child, Thomas, was just short of nineteen. Jonathan had been married to Ellen twenty-six years; Caroline—their oldest child was a girl—was twenty-three. Twenty-three and married. He couldn't understand where so much time had gone. Twenty-six years!

The facts about Denby Cambron, he continued, were plain—he was head of an enormously successful stock-selling concern, a wire house, and he was, at bottom, one of the most savagely brutal men in the country. It was very strange. Denby was devilish smart in all that he did. He was smart about his brutality. He liked, without showing any sign of his pleasure, to torment people mentally. He seemed to devote his time both to making great amounts of money and his wife and children wretched in secret and endless ways. Most of this Jonathan had practically forced Alice to tell him. She was naturally reluctant to explain in detail her unhappiness. It was clear, however, that something was radically wrong with Denby. Jonathan Adams could recognize that. An alienist would probably have a name, a pigeonhole, for it. He had, together with his instinct for cruelty, an immeasurable, a mad, vanity.

That in itself was important. It was important because, Jonathan thought, it provided the explanation of his especial animosity toward Alice and their children. Denby, Alice had admitted, knew that she did not love him. It was impossible to keep her lack of feeling hidden. And, as a result of this, he was consumed by a perverse and tireless, an ingenious jealousy. Alice loved him—Jonathan Peldon Adams—they had loved each other for fifteen years; it was precisely this, she had explained, that Denby wanted to discover. Not in detail, by name—he simply did everything in the world to find out if she loved someone else. All he had to work on was the suspicion bred by his own injured and viciously retaliating pride. He hadn't been successful. A brief smile appeared on Jonathan Adams' tight mouth.

Yes, Alice and he had been in love for fifteen years. They had told each other that fifteen years ago lacking a month. At the beginning of an April in short. They had kissed each other then; he had kissed Alice perhaps five times since, and that was all. All. He wondered now about that; he had been, it was possible, a coward. He had allowed Alice to stay for years in a situation of cruel difficulty. It had the appearance of a desertion. He wasn't, for example, a religious man; he gave money to churches but he almost never went in them; he wasn't, in other words, afraid of the judgment of heaven; he was not really afraid of earth, but it was the affairs of the earth that limited and controlled him—his responsibilities.

In the first place, he could not save Alice without deserting Ellen. He had a great regard and liking for his wife. Everyone who knew her had. She wasn't simply a wife; she was an individual of marked distinction. She didn't, Jonathan recognized, love him now in the way he loved Alice, in the way Alice loved him; but Ellen had a large admiration and

affection for him. She was happy, married to him. She took it for granted, without demanding romantic reassurances, that his attitude where she was concerned was as solid, as admirable, as was her own.

Ellen owned a simplicity, a candor of spirit, that he could never bring himself to injure. He was, then, helpless. He just couldn't do it. He had, in the accents of desperation, explained that to Alice; it didn't actually need explanation; she understood it, she agreed with him perfectly. He was in a hell of a situation—he loved Alice with all his heart and yet he would not leave Ellen Adams and their children. Another and very evident course remained—it would, with all he controlled, be very easy for Alice and himself to have what was generally referred to as a love affair. But again an insurmountable difficulty rose before them. A love affair didn't suit them. Alice was a singularly pure, almost a narrow, woman; she admitted she was afraid of it. He was afraid—for Alice—of Denby Cambron. No one could predict how they would act in a love affair. No matter how careful you were, sooner or later you were careless. At Paris or in the English country or in Turkey. You thought you were safe, far away from discovery, but you never were. He had managed to get from Alice the fact that Denby habitually employed one of the most enterprising and determined and lawless firms of semi-private detectives in existence. He used them, Jonathan had a shrewd suspicion, as a part of his dark attentions to Alice.

It was, he thought, very adventurous merely to possess Alice's picture; it was daring of the highest order to place it boldly on his bureau. Even in a room at Cyclorama Place in Somborne. A love affair, he told himself, would not do. In a way, aside from every other consideration and expediency, he didn't want one. That was not his idea of Alice. He was, in addition to all the rest, afraid of changing her, of making her miserable. She was miserable enough now. Where he was concerned he was doubtful of love affairs. He was not religious, and yet he was—Jonathan continually found—a pretty moral man. He had a deep regard for the social and moral order. Wrong was wrong. Right was right. If a man did wrong, in the end he must pay for it. There was a higher order than men knew of operating for their reward and for their endless punishment. He didn't care about the punishment; he would gladly accept any punishment on earth or in hell to have Alice; it was the principle, the conviction, that there could be no luck in it that bound him.

There were, too, his other personal and public affairs; they laid an enormous weight and responsibility on him. They alone ought to keep him free from any doubt of his integrity, from all suspicion of his safety. He wasn't, when he came to that, a private individual. It had been almost impossible to come to Somborne without a following of interested reporters and active financial spies.

In the middle of the afternoon a gentle rain began; the green garden became greener and dark; a mockingbird whistled with a persistent sweetness. Jonathan Adams' happiness increased. He sat by an open window—it was, in spite of the rain, quite warm—and smoked and thought of Alice. He thought of his love for her, a long-maintained, contradictory emotion. His life was remarkably busy; it proceeded under an extraordinary strain; he never, practically, when he was awake, had a moment free from responsibility, the necessity of the most important decisions; and yet it could not be said that he ever really thought of anything but his love for her. When he turned away from a directors' meeting, from events of international weight, Alice came at once to his mind. He sat at his dinner table, talking to a constant succession of guests from everywhere; talking to Ellen, his wife, or to his children, but when his voice, his attention, escaped for a moment, he was occupied with Alice. He went to bed thinking about her; he woke up in the morning with visions of Alice before him; she filled the darkness of his waking moments at night.

He half turned and looked at her picture—the photograph of a girl with hair tied in a ribbon—and a shock of pleasure overcame him. It was as sharp as when he had first seen it twelve years ago. Mostly it had been in the small private safe in his bedroom. He got it out when it was obviously perfectly safe and, with the invariable tightening at his heart, studied it for a little. Then he put it quickly back in the safe. Now, however, it was in his room, standing openly on the bureau. He would live with it, see it hour after hour, for five days. Those five days, his complete absence from affairs, it was probable, would ruin a not inconsiderable transatlantic steamship company. It would so dangerously delay a merger of three Northwestern railroads that a group of financial wreckers might easily acquire their control. It would put off a discussion at the War College of machine-gun units and the Far East that simply could not be put off a day. It would hold up a secret and beneficial understanding with the hourly threatened government in Mexico. The grain market of Canada would be affected unfavorably; drilling for oil in South America interrupted; the Russian Soviet would cable with a fretful impatience; Rome telephone in vain for an essential assurance of support.

None of that, compared to his peacefulness now, had the slightest importance for Jonathan. He was, he supposed, ridiculous, but he cared nothing about that either. He was at last alone and free with his love—that is, with as much of his love as he would ever possess. He seldom now actually saw her—at the opera; occasionally in an ocean steamer; at dinners at Palm Beach, on Jekyl Island, Newport, Europe. Perhaps five or six times a year.

He did not allow himself to be with her; that, he considered, was too dangerous. As it was, Denby Cambron had very little affection for him. Every little while, in the general interest of the country, he had to curb Denby's activities. Denby was not safe with a monopoly. He had a reputation for arranging and supporting rings that subsequently broke at awkward and costly times, directly or indirectly benefiting Denby. Yes, Cambron disliked and resented him; if he discovered that Jonathan was attentive to Alice, no one could say where his bitter ingenuity would lead all of them. "My obvious honesty of motives and acts," Jonathan Adams told himself, "is a public property." And yet, he added, puzzled, he didn't really love the public; he loved Alice Baker—Alice Cambron. He was, at once, patriotic and mercilessly exploited his own country. He interfered with its laws, he bribed and controlled and threatened its officials; he employed force when force was necessary to his designs. Yet, damn it, he loved the United States of America. He had a changeless devotion to Ellen. It was all mixed up.

The time had arrived when he must dress for dinner, and with a deliberate care he laid out his shirt and collar and narrow precise tie. He found a black pearl that, surprisingly, was not big. There were platinum cuff links with black pearls set in them. It was, he discovered, very pleasant to dress without assistance or attention. Jonathan ran his own bath, he tried the temperature of the water with a finger; he was glad to be free from the nuisance of a rubbing table, a cabinet bath and artificial sun rays.

His life was too complicated; a great deal of it was useless, nonsense; the result of his money and not of any actual need. Three men, for example, helped him to dress—Maxham, his trainer, and a private secretary. His mail was read to him after the trainer had finished for the morning and while Maxham was in effect dressing him.

Jonathan decided that he was no better than a slave, the servant of thousands and thousands of people he never could see and knew literally nothing about. Maxham, who, the last thing, put a flower in his buttonhole—a tea rose in summer and in winter a camellia—was a solemn fool.

Jonathan had a strong feeling that Alice was sitting in a chair behind him. She wasn't, naturally, but the sense of her nearness was so strong that he involuntarily turned and looked for her. His disappointment was acute. "I guess," Jonathan Adams said to himself, "I'm a little crazy." He was, of course, crazy where Alice was concerned. No other explanation would do. Love like his was a crazy sort of thing. He tried, at the mirror with his necktie, to analyze it. He couldn't. He did not even know if his love for Alice was wrong or right. He had a strong, an instinctive, suspicion that it was wrong. Yes, it was wrong, contrary to the command of the Bible and social, decent necessity. It was antisocial. Jonathan gazed back over the past; unlike the other men who had, to a smaller or greater extent, occupied his place in life, he had never been poor. His existence from the beginning had been luxurious. He liked luxuries and he liked women—pretty women. He had, rather, and in very practical ways, liked them until he came to love Alice. That ended all his gayety,

(Continued on Page 64)

"Law," Rychner Repeated Satirically—
"Law With Jonathan P. Adams Behind It! If This Were New York I Might Have Some Law of My Own"

SOFT STUFF

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

MRS. BELLE HART walked out of The Meteor office after her interview with Mr. Wallace and called her old friend, Mrs. Giles Thomason, on the telephone.

"I'm going to leave the Commerce-Herald, Margaret," she said. "I've been offered the editorship of a special Sunday supplement on The Meteor, and it looks good. It's a woman's section and Mr. Wallace wants it run just like a magazine. No more sitting up at nights with the society page! I'll be able to have reasonable working hours after thirty years of unreasonable ones. Good pay, too; I made them raise the ante ten above what they intended. And I'm to have an assistant—that's what I really called up about. Has that niece of Giles' got anything yet? I thought I might take her on. She'll get very little pay, but it'll be good experience. She's through at business college, isn't she?"

"Why, Belle, this is grand," replied Mrs. Thomason. "Congratulations! You'll do it marvelously; I know that. And it's sweet of you to think of Jeanie. Yes, she finished her course last week, but she hasn't found a job, and she's so pretty and so young and so fearfully trusting that I'm scared to death she'll get into the wrong kind of office—you know. Sometimes I think she's just dumb; she believes everything anybody tells her."

"We always think our young relatives are too dumb or too smart. I'll take a chance on Jeanie. Tell her to come in and see me at the Commerce-Herald this afternoon and talk it over. Along about four o'clock."

So at four o'clock that afternoon Jeanie Thomason entered the untidy dark cubby which was the Commerce-Herald's society editor's office, and by 4:15 it was arranged that she should be Mrs. Hart's combination assistant-secretary at a salary of eighteen dollars a week. During this quarter hour of talk Mrs. Hart observed Jeanie more closely than she had ever done before and finally decided that it was her wide candid gray eyes that made her seem so naïve and unsophisticated. Her mouth, too, was a child's mouth, sensitive, delicately cut. . . . Oh, she talked all right, a little less slang and a lower voice than most modern girls, and she was very pretty, but it was not a modern prettiness, all angles and assurance, but a clear demure curving prettiness, like a prim pink flower.

"I'll enjoy having her around to look at, even if she's a bonehead," thought Mrs. Hart, and sighed. Her own daughter and only child was a raw-boned, discordant know-it-all young woman who had studied medicine and specialized in diseases of the liver and kidneys. Her mother had disliked and feared her from infancy, had beggared herself to send her to study in Vienna and to locate in New York when she returned to her native land.

"Now, you know, Jeanie," she told her new aide, "this woman's magazine section is a stunt proposition, and for a while at least it'll be Mr. Wallace's fair-haired child. He hasn't had The Meteor very long, and he's crazy about his own ideas. He thinks this is a new one—bless him—as if it hadn't been done ever since Sunday papers began! But if it doesn't catch on and make good, it'll very likely be killed off as easily and quickly as it has been started. My experience with new owners of newspapers is that they are the hardest and the easiest people to work for. The easiest because they know so little about the business that they'll try anything. The hardest because if what they try fails, they haven't any patience or far-sight to nurse it along and make it a success. You get the idea?"

"Yes," said Jeanie meditatively. She added, "Is Mr. Wallace running The Meteor himself? I thought newspapers usually had managing editors or managers."

"The Meteor's got both a business manager and a managing editor, but they're nothing but routine men; they don't decide anything. The point is, Mr. Wallace has made such a lot of money with his chain stores that he's kidded himself into thinking he's a massive brain and ought to be one of the nation's leaders. So he's bought himself the solidest newspaper in Steel City, and he's all set for a political career. You may not quite understand that, Jeanie, but as time goes on you'll see it happen. He's running things himself because—oh, well, the newspaper game is new to him, and fascinating, and anyway, he likes his own judgment. Lots of rich men are like that. But I'll tell you, Jeanie, knowing how to run one business well is no sign that you can do it with another."

He Dragged a Pad and Pencil From His Pocket, and the Rest of the Meal Was Given Up to a Thorough Investigation of His Finances

Jeanie had listened with attention. "I'm going to love working for you, Mrs. Hart," she said. "You make everything so interesting, and you see through everything so wonderfully."

"That child," thought Belle Hart, "is certainly no bonehead!"

She had no need to change her decision. Jeanie was green, but not stupid. Her shorthand was not speedy, but it was accurate, and she knew how to spell; Mrs. Hart, being of a generation which considered good spelling a part of character, found this a virtue. Jeanie wrote letters which were well placed on the page, and pleasing to the eye by their spacing and freedom from mistakes. She kept as much order as was possible in the welter of manuscripts, clippings, papers, magazines and books which covered Mrs. Hart's desk, and she kept her own, which was smaller, a model of neatness. The new woman's magazine section of The Meteor was sequestered in a separate office at the end of the city room. This office was already inhabited by Miss Mary Reade—Society—and Jennie June Hooley, commonly known as J. J.—Woman's Clubs and Specials—and with the two newcomers it was jammed to such an extent that the wastebaskets fell out of the door each time it was opened. Mary Reade and J. J. did not like having Mrs. Hart and Jeanie pushed in with them, but newspaper workers are notoriously tolerant of intolerable working conditions, so they did nothing except make peevish remarks when Mrs. Hart was not there. They didn't trouble to keep silent before Jeanie, who listened but never replied.

But they were even more peevish when a new desk of glittering golden oak appeared for the use of Mrs. Hart, and the old decrepit one which she had been using disappeared into the limbo of the Art Department.

"How on earth did you wangle that?" asked J. J., watching, with envy, Jeanie disposing of Mrs. Hart's working materials.

"There is always a way to get what you want, if you can find it," said Mrs. Hart.

Jeanie looked up from the bottom drawer. "Do you believe that, Mrs. Hart?" she asked. "Do you think it a sound philosophy of life?"

"It is perfectly sound," replied Belle Hart, "but it only goes as far as your own limitations. I mean, if you let somebody put something over on you, that person is smarter than you are. Success or failure in any line depends more than you'd believe on your relations with the people you work with. If you say, 'I simply can't get along with him' or 'with her'—all it signifies is that the person you can't get along with is stronger and cleverer than you are. There is a way to get along with everybody, and not give in, either, and there is a way to get what you want in an honest and dignified manner—always with your own mental limitations considered, as I said—but you have got to find that way, or you're a failure."

"You ought to hire a hall, Belle," said J. J. "That's a grand philosophy of life, as Jeanie calls it, and you're going to have a magnificent chance to test it out very shortly, my dear."

"What d'you mean?" asked Mary Reade and Mrs. Hart together.

"Wallace has hired David Crane for managing editor!"

"No. How did you hear?"

J. J. giggled. "Wallace is all alarmed about his health, and he's going to Florida for the winter in his private car, with a tame doctor and his wife and two trained nurses. Can you imagine! Well, I happen to know one of the nurses, and I got the lowdown on the whole thing. She heard all the arrangements with Crane. He's to have a free hand and no interference."

Mary Reade groaned. "I wish I had an easy job sweeping streets or collecting garbage. He's an ogre!"

"What's he like?" asked Jeanie fearfully.

"Ablest newspaperman in town, livest and most honest," said Mrs. Hart. "But he has the reputation of being a tyrant. I've never happened to work with him. I wonder

Now and Then She Was Permitted to Have an Interview With Some Actor or Actress Who Was Playing in the City. To See Her Name Signed to These Articles Gave Jeanie the Most Tremendous Thrill

how Wallace got him away from The Banner? He's probably getting a whale of a salary."

"And authority, my dear! My nurse friend told me she gathered that on The Banner there had been friction, some of the men had gone over his head, and proud Prince David couldn't stand for that."

After J. J. and Mary Reade had departed, Jeanie asked, "Is Mr. Crane so awful?"

"Oh, no, he's all right. I don't anticipate a bit of difficulty with him. Of course, he's sharp about sloppy work, he keeps everybody right on their toes, and that is nerve-wearing, I must admit. But he won't bother the magazine section, Jeanie. Not for quite a while anyway. He gives everybody a fair show, and then, besides, we're Mr. Wallace's little pet, and, believe me, child, Crane's got his work cut out for him on the essentials of this paper, before he begins on the trimmings."

Jeanie was reassured, but her curiosity was increased. She watched with eagerness for the new tenant in the managing editor's office, which was at the other end of the city room, beside the den where Mr. Percival Traub, known as "Snootz," the dramatic critic, and Mr. James Anthony McFree, literary editor, worked in secluded but manifest discord. Monday morning she was rewarded by the sight of a tall, thin, casual-looking individual standing by the open door talking to Pop Weedon, city editor, in a voice that held the tang of command. She stared until he turned and looked at her, and then she went on.

"The ogre's arrived," she told Mrs. Hart. "He's awfully old—over thirty, at least."

Miss Reade was in the office, and she and Mrs. Hart exchanged grins. "She thinks over thirty is old," said Mrs. Hart. "So did I, when I was her age. Just how old are you, Jeanie?"

"I was nineteen last month."

"My glory!" exclaimed Mary Reade. "Nineteen! Imagine that, Harty. Jeanie, you're a babe in arms. I wish I were nineteen again. I'd never start in the newspaper game. No, I'd get married and live in a nifty little bungalow and have a large family, mostly twins, and my gray hair and wrinkles would come from raising 'em, and not from worrying about Mrs. Blah's color scheme for luncheon or the receiving line of Miss Whosit's debutante party."

But Jeanie spoke up firmly, "I love working on a newspaper. I'd rather do it than anything else in the world."

Mr. Gribbel

"Journalism, a Great and Noble Career! Amen, I guess not. All right, Jeanie—but you wait."

Mrs. Hart laughed. "Don't disillusion the child. She'll find out the hard truth soon enough."

Jeanie said nothing, but she was not convinced. It might be tiresome to work every day in an office just as men do, when you are as old as Mrs. Hart and Mary Reade, but if you were married you had to work too. Her Aunt Margaret, for instance, was always cooking, sewing, mending, cleaning silver, turning out closets, distributing clean towels.

Newspaper work was far better than that. Jeanie liked the close dingy little hole where she worked; she liked the city room with its rows of battered typewriters, and at one end Pop Weedon's desk with a rail around it; she liked the composing room upstairs with the banging linotype machines and sharp smell of warm inky metal; and she specially liked the sweaty inferno of the stereotypers where the men wore blue flannel shirts and were all big and good-natured—far more good-natured than the sharp-nosed Mr. Gribbel, czar of the composing room. Jeanie had to go to him on many errands for the section, and he offered her gumdrops from an unsanitary bag and called her "sister." Jeanie refused the candy and asked him with dignity to remember that her name was Miss Thomason, a slight which Mr. Gribbel, who suffered from an inferiority complex and hatred for all the stuck-up white-collar workers downstairs, chalked up against her. Some day he'd show that fresh brat where she got off, he thought. But in the meantime he was anxious to have no complaints about the composing room come to the ears of Mr. Crane.

Jeanie had no idea that Mr. Gribbel felt so bitterly about her, though she was aware that he didn't like her much. She thought she was too insignificant for him to notice.

She had various small adventures in the office besides the refusal of Mr. Gribbel's gumdrops; all of them were, if not exactly cultural, decidedly educational. In an emergency she went to beg a pencil from Pop Weedon, who sat magnificently behind the effulgence of the last really fine crop of whiskers in Steel City. Somehow no one had ever mentioned before Jeanie what was known as Pop Weedon's "weakness," so she approached him confidently and he beamed at her through the underbrush. A pencil? Certainly! He flung open a drawer of his desk with a lavish gesture and slammed it shut again, but not before Jeanie had seen that it was full of empty pint and half-pint flasks. He tried a second drawer, but the rattle of glass warned him to desist. The third drawer warned him also, and he was in a red-hot confusion. So was Jeanie.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll use a pen," and fled away before he could stop her. Thus did she learn to keep her own supply of pencils.

There was also the little affair of Jennie June Hooley, who, being almost as much of a veteran in newspaper work as Mrs. Hart, was not unwilling to evade any unnecessary toil. Now and then, gently, amiably, and when Mrs. Hart was not there, she would ask Jeanie to paste up some items for her, and tell her what head to put on them, and how to

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NEVER GO BACK

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Hold Everything!" Murmured Flora With Staring Eyes, and Continued Rapidly: "Maida, Will You Look at What's Just Come In? Did You Ever See Anything Like It? His Face Looks Like Seven Sunrises Rolled Into One"

THE liner Berlinaris was due to sail with a full complement of passengers at five minutes after Friday midnight. By eleven o'clock her promenade decks and the main companionways were thronged with a surging mass of humanity, which milled up and down and around as though each individual were intent on going somewhere else merely because the going was so difficult.

Mr. Robert Stevens was an exception, but failed to prove any rule. He wished earnestly to get to the rail, not because the position was difficult of attainment, but because it seemed of tremendous moment. He had not been to his cabin, nor attempted to secure his seat at table or a chair on deck; he had not even made sure that his baggage was on board. These things seemed absurdly insignificant in comparison with the importance of being able to look down on the dock below.

Under any other circumstances, his youth, good looks and winning smile would have made a way for him, but all mobs are unfeeling, and there is such a thing as getting inside the range of your magnetism. Being a person of unusual sensibility in the sense of gentleness, he was lost. Except in a football game or on the hot trail of a customer, his instinct was to cede rather than to push, and as for the art of climbing by the aid of deftly planted elbows, he was as innocent of it as a smooth-shelled clam.

How different was the progress of Mr. Julius Jones, the young man in a high hat, silk muffler, amber-headed cane and other accessories of correct evening attire. Holding aloft a spray of orchids like a torch, he descended into the bowels of the ship step by step, and twenty minutes later he could be seen ascending at the same sure snail's pace. The only changes in his appearance to be noted were that sweat was forming on his inaccessible brow, that two inches more of a wilting cuff were showing, and that somewhere below he had found room enough to change hands. He was in search of the lovely and renowned Mrs. Alexander Blackston, and as he crabbed his way past Mr. Stevens he glimpsed his quarry by a mere fluke through an instantaneous vista, and with a hoarse shout of "There you are!" started to plow through the intervening mass.

Mrs. Blackston, when he reached her, was by no means alone, for she was beautiful enough to have several other beaus in addition to one of those calm husbands who seem to bask in the homage paid by others to their wives. Mr. Alexander Blackston was not complacent in any odious sense of the term; far from it. There was something sporting in his attitude, and had he not been so dignified, he would have reminded one of a stolid boy behind an ample stock of frozen snowballs, defending a snow fort against the other boys who were trying to take it from him, or perhaps to borrow it.

"There you are!" repeated young Mr. Jones with rather a foolish smile, as he was at last permitted to lower his weary arm and present Mrs. Blackston with the spray. "I thought I'd never find you."

"Thank you, Julius. Aren't they lovely?" She twisted around to hand the flowers to a steward who stood behind her, peering desperately over a heap of previous offerings. "There, there, steward." She laughed comfortingly. "Don't let go of anything; I'll fix them myself." So saying, she tucked the spray upright before the man's nose, and turned back to Mr. Jones. "Do you remember Flora, my niece? She's going over as chaperon. Flora, this is Mr. Jones—the Mr. Jones."

"Hello," said Flora.

Flora was nineteen, and so easy to look at and amusing to watch that one felt a pleasant thrill at not having to pay a cover charge. It was not only her face; all her young body seemed to emphasize beauty of line in action and to radiate the vitality of perfect health. She used few words and fewer smiles, not at all because she was surly but because she did not need them in the straightforward business of life.

She gave Mr. Jones scarcely a glance before returning her attention to the strange young man who was persistently, but too mildly, trying to make his way to the outside rail. Every time Mr. Stevens gained a foot or two, somebody more ruthless would bulge in front of him and push him back for a net loss of a yard. He had a nice, serious face, and as he returned again and again to the attack, Flora could hardly restrain herself from calling out:

"Let me show you how!"

Her own beau—a wide-trousered collegiate named Teddy—felt slighted.

"Looking for jam already, Flora? Wipe your lovely mouth and I'll kiss you good-by and go."

"Don't sulk, Teddy. That poor blimp!"

"Blimp?"

"Soft. Married—or worse."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know how I know, but I know. He's got that anxious look. Search the ship for its soul mate and you won't find it anywhere except, perhaps ——"

"Except where?" asked Teddy hopefully as he tried to thrust his own troubled countenance into view.

"Except on the face of Aunt Maida's flower boy."

"Flora," interrupted Mrs. Blackston sharply, "if you're going to call me aunt, now is the time for you to get off the ship. What I dislike particularly is the hypocrisy of the thing—as if you were actually soaking in respect for your elders."

"Well, Maida, give me a chance! Who was it told Mr. Jones I was your niece? Nobody—nobody at all!"

The last call for visitors ashore sounded and there was a swirling rush toward the gangway. With their bodyguard acting as a flying wedge, Maida and Flora moved over to choice positions on the rail. The human stockade around the steward being thus removed, and the orchid spray choosing that moment to tickle his nose, he sneezed and his entire floral burden went cascading to the deck. He fell on all fours to protect it and salvaged what he could as one passer-by after another tripped over his legs or collided knee-high with his bent back.

The diversion gave the desperate young Mr. Stevens a chance to get a good start. Realizing that the ship was actually warping away from the dock, he hurdled the prostrate steward, plunged forward like a catapult, caromed off a couple of shoulders and landed on the rail. It was blind chance that aimed him between Maida and Flora. He split them neatly apart and leaned so far over that it

was easy to spot the face he sought on the pier below by the look of fright in a pair of upturned wet brown eyes.

"Molly," he shouted against the overpowering din, "if I had, would you have? I mean—you know what I mean—I mean if I could have, would you have?"

He gulped despairingly as he realized his words were not being heard by the one set of ears for which they were intended, and leaned over farther than ever. Maida was vociferously indignant and came down hard on his unfeeling foot with her pointed heel, but Flora only took a double turn on the tail of his coat with one hand while she continued to wave at Teddy with the other.

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

On Flora's other side was a big man with a heavy-jowled face and protuberant pale blue eyes which were focused beyond the heads in the crowd below on the trim figure of a woman who was already backing away as if impatient to be gone. He raised one hand in a gesture of release rather than farewell, turned and walked away.

Mr. Stevens' voice startled Flora: "You can let go of my coat now; I want to go farther aft."

"Beg pardon," she murmered as she released her hold, and only after the speaker had hurried off did she realize he had not bothered to thank her for protecting his life. "The cheek of people in love!" she muttered.

"What's that, Flora?" asked Maida, and then continued wildly: "Oh, I've lost them! Wouldn't you think you could keep your eye on a gang of six big men? I can't see Julius or Walter Tanner or Jack Smith—and I did want to throw one more kiss at Jack—or Harry Donohue. Why, I can't even find Alec, and I'm always finding him wherever I look."

"Perhaps they've gone."

"Not they! I'd like to see them try it; they wouldn't dare!"

"Guess you're right, Maida. There's the whole cluster. They've swarmed on the end of the pier, and they look as if they meant to stay there until you come back. Now that we're going to be alone for an hour or two, I wish you'd tell me how you do it."

"Hello, there, Jack!" shrieked Maida. "Good-by, Jack; good-by, everybody!"

"Don't be silly; they can't hear you."

"They could see me, couldn't they? They could see all my back teeth." Her voice calmed and grew abruptly practical. "Come on; let's go down and get unpacked."

"Honest, Maida, how do you do it? I should think you'd feel rotten, leaving five men miserable when one is more than enough. Did you see poor Teddy? Just at the last he looked as if he was ready to blub."

"You needn't talk. I didn't see you being particularly kind to him."

"I couldn't be. He's so greedy you can't be kind to him—not in public."

"Come on, now, Flora; let's forget sorrow. How I envy you! Your first trip, and you're nineteen and pretty, and you can see out of your eyes and hear through your covered ears. What wouldn't I give to be in your silver slippers!"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't see that you miss out on much. You're a marvel, Maida. Whenever I want to feel as old as Moses, all I have to do is to look at you and gasp. What time is it?"

"Later than it ought to be. Put out the lights whenever you're ready."

"What's all the hooting about?"

"I don't know"—sleepily. "They always hoot a lot getting away. There's nothing in the world feels its importance like one of these floating hotels putting out to sea. Don't you wake me—not even if I snore."

She traduced herself; in spite of the rhythmic bellow of the fog siren she slept as softly as a baby and awoke to broad daylight, stillness and illimitable peace. "Flora?"

"What?"

"Are you awake?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"Didn't I tell you? Here we are, a hundred miles out to sea, and not a bit more movement than in some big hotel on shore. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, but I smell coal gas. Don't you?"

"That's just because it must be so calm our own smoke is settling down on us."

"Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"It sounded like somebody spitting. There—listen! Under us. That was a cough, wasn't it?"

Maida threw off the covers, leaped from her bed, climbed on Flora's, and thrust her head and shoulders through the open port. She was appalled by the unexpected sight which met her eyes and half suffocated by the gaseous emanations from the thick funnel of a tug immediately below her. On its deck were weary men. By the turned-up collars of their overcoats and the turned-down brims of their hats she recognized them for reporters.

"Hello, there!" she hailed. "What land is that?"

One of the men cleared his throat, spat into the oily water, and then answered, "Brooklyn."

"Brooklyn!" gasped Maida unbelievingly.

"Ye-ah. Brooklyn, New York."

"B-b-but it can't be!"

All the men gazed thoughtfully toward the murky shore.

"Does look kind of funny from here, don't it, fellows?" continued the original spokesman.

"Ye-ah," agreed one of his colleagues, "but it's Brooklyn, all right. You're stuck in the mud, madam, and it wouldn't have been half so bad if you'd only done it an hour earlier."

"What do you mean? Why wouldn't it?"

"Because it broke just too late to squeeze into the morning papers, even as stop-press news. Another good story gone wrong just because it couldn't make up its mind to happen in time." He also spat into the water and then looked up and asked apathetically, "What's your name?"

"Blackston—Mrs. Alexander Blackston."

"Mrs. Alexander Blackston! Mr. Blackston with you?"

"No."

A ripple of interest lighted up the wan faces below her as her interlocutor drew out a pad and began to scribble, reading aloud as he wrote: "Mrs. Alexander Blackston, wife of the well-known market manipulator, but traveling alone, was one of the first to awake on the stranded vessel. Upon receiving the press she stated that she had felt no shock whatever, and as a matter of fact, had known nothing of the accident until, upon looking out of the porthole, she recognized the familiar contours of Brooklyn. Her demeanor was quite calm, and only when she was told that the great liner could not be hauled off until high tide in the

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"You're a Marvel, Maida. Whenever I Want to Feel as Old as Moses, All I Have to Do is to Look at You and Gasp"

GEORGE HARVEY, JOURNALIST AND AMBASSADOR

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

HARVEY was not, of course, a member of the Conference on Limitations of Armaments which was held, at the initiative and on the invitation of President Harding, at Washington in the winter of 1921–1922. With the exception of Secretary Hughes, however, he had more to do with the preparations for that memorable meeting than any other person. In some respects his labors were more arduous and certainly more trying than those of the secretary, because it was for him to deal through direct contact with the government of that power which regarded itself as having a paramount interest in the subject, and the status of which, because of its dominions and their claims, and its alliance with Japan, was one of peculiar complexity and difficulty. Apart from the questions of the date of meeting, the number of commissioners from each country, and so on, the settlement of which was chiefly intrusted to Harvey in consultation with the British Government, several others of more than nominal importance arose.

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Lord Balfour and Secretary Hughes at the Disarmament Conference in Washington

The first of these concerned the holding of a preliminary conference, or "consultation," as Lord Curzon preferred to call it, of the powers directly interested in the Pacific Ocean and the Far East. By the direction of the British Cabinet, Curzon, as early as July eighth, requested Harvey to express to President Harding a desire for such a meeting. The tacit understanding was that such a conference would have much to do with the delicate question of the renewal of the treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan. Curzon had no hesitation in telling Harvey that, necessarily, one of the results of an understanding among the Pacific powers would be to do away with any special arrangement such as that alliance. Lloyd George also said that one of the chief reasons for desiring the conference was to get rid of that alliance without offending Japan. The king himself expressed to Harvey much interest in the matter, saying that the position of his government was a very difficult and delicate one.

A Call for Help

DURING the war Japan had done everything that Great Britain had asked her to do, and it would be most distasteful to be made to appear ungrateful by affronting her. The difficulty had also been increased by the visit of Prince Hirohito, the heir to the Japanese throne, who had, as a matter of course, been invited to England as a part of his European tour, and had been entertained there with the fullest measure of royal courtesy. It would not look well, immediately after that, to denounce the treaty of alliance. Yet King George told Harvey plainly that the treaty must and should be ended, though just how or when he could not say. What was clear in his mind was that until Great Britain was rid of that Japanese alliance she could not expect whole-hearted and unsuspicious coöperation from the United States. His hope was that this could be accomplished without hurting anybody's feelings. It seemed to him that that was the time above all others when all the powers should coöperate in every proper way to help each nation to "save its face," and he trusted that the American Government, appreciating Great Britain's perplexity, would help her in that way.

Another question of no little importance was that of credit for the initiative. That, in fact, belonged to President Harding. But no public announcement had yet been made, and Lloyd George was being pressed with questions about it in Parliament, to which he would very soon have to reply; and there was a strong probability that his reply would be couched in terms which would make it appear that the British Government was the author of the scheme. This point was discussed in Harvey's conversation with the king, His Majesty asking the ambassador what the effect of such a statement by the Prime Minister would be. Harvey replied frankly that if the President were made to appear to be acting at the instigation of the British Government, the result would be unfavorable in the United States and probably also in France. With that the king agreed, and he declared that the President should certainly be the one to take the initiative.

Credit Where Due

UPON this point Harvey felt very deeply. "Although it is a fact," he wrote, "that the Premier is being pressed for a reply, I presume he does not object to acquiring credit for initiating a movement which may prove to be the most far-reaching and effective ever known for universal peace. It is clear that if the United States gives a favorable reply to the British proposal—for a Far East and Pacific conference—and the Prime Minister makes an announcement to that effect in Parliament, he will achieve that distinction, whether purposely or not; and the President will be in a position which I consider to be harmful and distasteful, by acting at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd George, thereby not only depriving himself of his rightful credit but antagonizing all elements in America hostile to Great Britain." Therefore he suggested that the President issue a statement in advance of Lloyd George's, if only by a few hours, to the effect that he had decided to issue invitations to such a conference as soon as the time, place and other details could be arranged. Then Lloyd George's statement in Parliament would necessarily consist of a reference to the President's action and a declaration of the British Government's acquiescence therein; which was exactly as it should be. The desired end was, however, attained in a different way. There is reason to believe that King George, following his conversation with Harvey, himself took a hand in the matter through Lord Curzon. At any rate, the Foreign Office promptly announced, with reference to the Prime Minister's promise to make a statement which would depend "upon the replies received from the United States, Japan and China," that no "reply" was expected from the United States, as there was nothing to which to reply; and that clause in Lloyd George's promise relating to "replies" was stricken from the official record. The result of Harvey's shrewd and resolute action was that the President received the credit that was his due for the conception and initiation of the conference.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Mrs. Harvey, Viscount Bryce, the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P.; Viscountess Bryce and Ambassador Harvey at a Dinner for Lord and Lady Bryce

At this same time an incident occurred which illustrated the furtive and sinister efforts which were made

in some quarters to create dissension and distrust between the two governments. The Secretary of State, in a conversation with the British Ambassador at Washington, intimated to him plainly that a renewal of the British-Japanese treaty of alliance would not be regarded with favor by the American Government. This the ambassador reported to the London government, and was informed in reply that Harvey had given Lord Curzon an exactly opposite impression, saying to him that the United States was indifferent to the renewal or to the creation of a special arrangement between Great Britain and Japan. The Secretary of State reported this to Harvey for explanation, and Harvey at once went to Curzon and read to him the secretary's dispatch.

The Government in His Hand

CURZON exclaimed emphatically: "This is absolutely monstrous! You never said anything like that, of course, and I have never so quoted you." And the text of his dispatch to the British Ambassador fully supported his denial. The fact was that Harvey had told him that he was unable to say what the attitude of the American Government would be toward renewal of the treaty, as he had received no instructions concerning it; but that his personal opinion was that the American people would regard it with mistrust and disfavor.

After the invitations to the conference had been issued and accepted, and interest was turned toward the probable composition of the various delegations, Harvey wrote to the Secretary of State a long letter about the prevailing political conditions in Great Britain in September, 1921, "as a preliminary to consideration of the attitude of the British Government toward the conference," in which he said:

"To begin with, Mr. Lloyd George is not merely the head of the British Government. He is the government, in full and absolute control. His position of autocracy is attributable to the fact that he was enabled during the war period to designate and elect a majority of the members of Parliament who would be wholly subservient to his wishes and whose political futures are dependent upon the continuance of his favor. A very large number are inexperienced men who came to the front during the war, and of whom many might be classed as profiteers in one form or another. They were hand-picked throughout and they fully realize that they must stand or fall with their creator. Consequently he has complete mastery of the House of Commons and there is no possibility of his antagonists' obtaining an adverse vote upon anything which he might propose. Thus the formerly cherished constitutional prerogative of appealing to the country, while still maintained in theory, is nullified in practice.

"Inevitably, as a consequence of this unprecedented situation, the cabinet is equally docile. Every member, without exception, holds his place upon the sufferance of the Prime Minister. Everyone realizes that upon the first sign of revolt upon his part he would be superseded. More than once Lord Lee, the First Lord of the Admiralty, has told me that the cabinet no longer assumes to do anything more than to register and approve the Prime Minister's proposals. Even Winston Churchill said to me that, but for Lloyd George's favor, he would be down and out as a political factor. Lord Curzon is equally under his thumb. The fact, indeed, is notorious and has been noted more than once sarcastically, by the Tory Morning Post, that the Foreign Secretary does not dare to make any move whatever without first having obtained the sanction of his chief. That Curzon himself, the most proud and haughty of British statesmen, chafes under this restraint, you can readily imagine. His passion for public office, however, is such that he will put up with anything rather than resign. This feeling naturally dominates the lesser lights. Consequently the cabinet has degenerated into a purely clerical body, as impotent as the cabinet of President Wilson when he was at the height of his authority and arrogance.

"Lloyd George has a kitchen cabinet of exceptional capacity. It comprises Sir Maurice Hankey, one of the most astute and suggestive minds I have ever met; Lord Riddell, who is a master hand at publicity; Sir Edward Grigg, who is nominally his secretary, but really, conformably to British custom, his confidential representative; and Philip Kerr, who formerly held Grigg's place and was Lloyd George's guiding spirit throughout the peace negotiations and is now one of the directors of The Daily Chronicle, and the most brilliant of them all. Lloyd George also has intimate relations with very shrewd and powerful Jews, headed by Sir Philip Sassoon, whose mother was a Rothschild, and who acts as the Prime Minister's Parliamentary Secretary. He is supposed to have formed a syndicate which furnished no less than one million pounds for the purchase of The Daily Chronicle."

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Duke of York, Ambassador Harvey, the Duke of Connaught and Mr. Lloyd George at a Pilgrims Society Dinner

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Ex-President Taft With the Ambassador in London

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Lord Birkenhead (at Right) at the Derby

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Lord Lee Leaving Westminster Abbey

A Little Touch of Drama

"THESE men, with the exception of Sir Philip, are with Lloyd George all the time, wherever he may be, and each of them in turn has his satellites and clever, trained helpers. Contrast this aggregation of real talent, skill, resourcefulness and experience with a single secretary such as the President has or you have, for the performance of like tasks, and you will readily understand how the Prime Minister is able to keep his own facile mind free from drudgery of any description.

"Lloyd George himself is an opportunist, pure and simple. He thrives upon crises. So many menacing problems have confronted the Empire since he became Prime Minister that he has had plenty to feed upon and dispose of or prolong at pleasure, as might best serve his own convenience; his purpose being always to keep something on the carpet which, to the mind of the British public, nobody else could handle. He never lets go of one menacing situation until he can supplant it with another. His methods are becoming, naturally, more and more dramatic. His dragging of the cabinet to Scotland is the latest of many manifestations. I have no doubt that the fantastic proposal of a dash from the Supreme Council in Paris in a fast cruiser to Bar Harbor originated in his own fertile brain. His abrupt and unexpected departure from Paris, ostensibly to meet a crisis in the Irish situation, which, in fact, as it subsequently transpired, had not arisen, was part and parcel of the same procedure; although there is good reason to believe that his movement was accelerated by the unveiled personal hostility of the French, which had become so manifest that there were grave apprehensions for his personal safety, although the French Government had him guarded at every turn by every device known to their extraordinary secret service.

"I became convinced some time ago that Lloyd George would not go to Washington,

(Continued on Page 185)

ABEL BROWN, THE SAILOR

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

DANNY GRIMES had a row with his girl. He threatened he'd go off to sea. She laughed at that, and went walking with a soldier to show her independence and her preference regarding the services. So Danny drooped his thin shoulders and wandered into dockland, where the ships are.

He had no real intention of carrying out his threat. The weather was cold and drizzly—not the weather for starting off to sea—and anyhow, Danny's ideas of the sea had mostly been gained through the movies. So Danny was only vaguely familiar with sea matters.

As he slouched along through grimy streets in a miserable frame of mind and a cheap raincoat, he was convinced that he had done the wise thing in letting his girl know he was that sort of a man. Anybody who would willingly go off to sea through such an entrance-way as this must mean what he says anyhow. And as soon as he told her tomorrow that he had joined a ship, she would discharge the army and, with her arms about Danny's neck, beg tearfully that he forgive her and remain her strong stubborn man, her master. Just about the time that his narrow chest thrust forward like a pouter's, Danny stumbled over a drunk in the gutter, and the drunk was singing happily:

"'It's me meself and nobody else,'
Sez Abel Brown, the sailor—
'It's me meself and nobody else,'
Sez Abel Brown, the sailor."

Danny paused. The man seemed entirely happy, waving one arm in time with his singing, but navigational power had failed.

Danny had just been feeling fellowship with sailormen and the sea. He stopped.

"Want any help?" he asked. The man stopped singing, turned on one side and peered upward.

"Whoy, s'help me if it ain't Admiral Peewee his own self!" He chuckled. "Goin' to lend me a hand, matey? That's wot I calls shipshape and Bristol fash. If you could haul me to me feet —— Here, let's have a drink 'long o' the lads inside. . . . I'll take you aboard my ship, admiral. She's a flash packet, Chiner-bound. . . . Here, give us yer fin, carn't yer?"

Danny felt like a regular old whale, lurching into the pub arm in arm with Joe Grundy. The pub was just across the sidewalk or they would never have made it. Joe entered with a rush, fetched up at the bar, and got a furling-tops'l elbow grip on it, then his legs held him. And the couple of grogs he hoisted aboard made no difference to his condition. The couple that Danny courageously took in emulation made his feet feel like wings. In the back of the bar a crowd of outward-bounders were singing the same old sea song that Joe had sung in the gutter.

"Beg Pardin, Sir, But Me Chum 'Ere Come Aboard Last Night to See Me Orf, and One o' Them Dagos Give Him a Hitch o' P'isen Liquor as Knocked Him Loose From His Senses, and I Couldn't Wake Him Afore the Ship Got to Sea"

"'If I come in where can I sleep?'
Sez Abel Brown, the sailor;
'If I come in where can I sleep?'
Sez Abel Brown, the sailor."

That was the stuff. Old Joe joined in with a hurricane roar. Danny could chip in on a word or two before the song ended. Then Joe had to get aboard.

"Lend us a hand, old socks, and I'll show ye a ship as is a ship," said Joe.

Danny serving as a crutch, they meandered through the foggy mist and the rain and the dock mud to the wharf side. It took all Danny's attention to get Joe over the gangway safely, but he did manage to get an impression of mysterious masts and mazy ropes and a smell of far horizons. The smell was simply the smell of a ship—wet hemp, wet wood, tar, many cargoes—in a word, ship. But with his feet on a deck again, Joe Grundy was more of a man. He hauled Danny forward. The forecastle was empty, though in most of the bunks a sea bag lay, and in some, a donkey's breakfast. Danny was elated. Never had he believed that a ship could give him so queer a feeling of detachment from earth. Why, he forgot all about his girl, and the soldier he meant to kill, and the rain, the mud, the dreariness of streets.

"Come, me lad; have a stiffener," gurgled Joe, handing over a black bottle. The smell made Danny blink; the grog he swallowed made his belly feel like a boiler that sent steam all through him. The dockyard clock struck twelve. Danny heard it vaguely. He knew that was an ungodly hour for him to be out of his bed. And he was sleepy. Joe had turned in and seemed asleep. He snored, but when Danny staggered up to go, old Joe was right there, alert.

"Hell, old socks; make yerself at 'ome," he said. "No use shovin' off now. Nobody won't come aboard till mornin' anyhow. Roll in a pew here. I'll see yer off in the mornin', all shipshape and Bristol fash, corfee and biskit and all."

So Danny Grimes went to sea, on a China voyage in a worn-out old clipper with a deadly cargo of scrap metal from the dockyard. The Merlin sailed at dawn.

Danny was called, but was too heavily charged to wake. And because the full crew were on deck without him, nobody missed him or called him again. When at last he stumbled out, the pilot had departed long ago, the land was hidden in a haze abeam, and the ship foamed on her outward way before a hooting fair gale that no sailing-shipmaster would sacrifice for all the stowaways since the devil went into the Ark.

"Old socks, you better show a leg and come aft wi' me," said Joe Grundy, scratching his head and regarding Danny comically. "It ain't so cushy for stowaways nohow. Better spin the Old Man the proper cuffer and tell him yer willin' to work yer passage. I'll spin the yarn. Come on."

Danny was ghastly pale, and his belly grumbled. His head ached with a million devils, and his feet wabbled to the lilt of the ship. Joe fished in all the bunks of the empty forecastle until he found a bottle with a few dregs of rum left in it. Cannily he measured the amount, swallowed nearly all of it, and handed the rest to Danny.

"Swig off on 'er, me lad. Stiffen yer guts, that will."

"What will the man say who owns it?" bleated Danny, afraid of the rum, afraid of the motion, afraid of the coming ordeal, scared witless. Joe impatiently shoved the bottle to the lad's face.

"Go on, shake a leg, matey. The mate'll be arter me in a minute. Don't you worry about nobody else. There ain't another white man aboard, for'ard. All square'eads, Dagos, Greeks, an' sich dunnage. 'Ere, if you won't drink it ——"

Danny needed it. Never before had he known the hangover of liquor. The very smell sickened him, but his innards yelled for tonic, and he choked down the stuff and dropped the bottle. Joe pitched it into a bunk and dragged Danny aft with him. Captain Kyle was on the poop; the second mate, in his sea boots, directing the washing down of the main deck, tried to bar the way, but old Joe Grundy set his course and sailed it, come hell, come hard living. He shoved Danny before the Old Man and took off his own cap, navy style.

"Beg pardin, sir, but me chum 'ere come aboard last night to see me orf, and one o' them Dagos give him a hitch o' p'isen liquor as knocked him loose from his senses, and I couldn't wake him afore the ship got to sea. I went to sleep meself, sir, from the same rotgut."

The skipper regarded Danny sourly. He curtly ordered Joe to shut up and get to his work; then poor Danny, alone, faced he knew not what terrors. But Captain Kyle was no terror. He looked sour, but that was because he was taking his old clipper out East for the last time. After a quarter of a century of command, always making fast passages with fine cargoes in the one-time crack flyer, the day had come when she no longer paid. Her owners had sold her to native owners out East, and he was taking her out to deliver her—taking her out with her beautiful lines humiliated by a hold full of scrap metal which shod her swift feet with lead. The day of the Merlin was set; the day of her master would strike when he gave her over to her new owners. He might well look sour.

"D'ye know I can have ye put in jail for stowing away, boy?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Danny, miserably. "I hope you won't, sir. I can work."

"Work?" The Old Man grimly scanned Danny's frail body. "Work's something ye never ran foul of. What have ye ever done in way o' work?"

"I've repaired radio sets, sir. I—I am pretty good at it," Danny stated, with a burst of self-assertion. Captain Kyle glared at him. The lad was pulling his leg. Radio!

"D'ye see anything like radio here? What's yer name? Hey? Speak up!" No doubt the Old Man was peeved now.

And some imp of mischief took charge of Danny's brain and made him forget his name. All he could think of in that moment of need was that he had been one with a salty deep-water crowd in a pub on sailing night, singing:

"'Who's that knocking at my door?'
Said the fair young lady.
'It's me meself and nobody else,'
Sez Abel Brown, the sailor."

"Name's Abel Brown, sir," answered Danny, and bit his lip and looked horrified the moment the words escaped him. The Old Man got red in the face, his keen eyes glinted, and the breath snorted down his nostrils with a whistling force.

"Mr. Noakes! Mr. Noakes!" he bawled, and the second mate let fall the bucket he was handling. The Old Man shoved Danny down the poop ladder.

"Mr. Noakes, put this man to work, and make him sweat! The puppy says his name's Abel Brown. Make a sailor of him!"

"Wot the 'ell you ever said sich a fool thing for licks me!" Joe Grundy growled when at last he had Danny to himself. Danny was a wreck, a rag, a miserable penitent. The second mate had worked him up, as ordered, and Mr. Noakes was an expert.

Joe stood between Danny and trouble many a time. The lad tried his best, and more or less succeeded, but there came times when trying was not enough—when a man must know—and Joe Grundy was only one man, good as he was. There came the day when the Merlin, strangled as she was by scrap metal in her bowels, got a quartering gale and logged a giddy sixteen knots throughout one watch. Water flew, and she rolled groaning through long, running seas that she liked. A sea filled her main deck; it surged up over the hatches and drowned both chicken coops. One bedraggled fowl alone survived of three dozen potential cabin dinners. Captain Kyle liked his stomach. It was one of the very few indulgences he allowed himself. He told the cook to make sure of that surviving fowl by putting it on the table that evening. And because the main deck was mostly full of water, and because the steward was an old man who had sailed with Captain Kyle in the Merlin for half a lifetime, Danny Grimes was ordered to help by carrying dishes from galley to poop, where the steward received them.

"Here y' are, Abel Brown, th' sailor," grinned the doctor, shoving a covered dish out to Danny and quickly slamming the door before another sea came roaring aboard. "Watch yerself, or the Old Man 'll about corpse yer if his dinner gits spoiled," the doctor's voice filtered through the door crack as it slammed.

Danny's sea lore was not yet up to his adopted name. He carefully hugged the dish to him, intent upon keeping the cover tight and the spray out. He could not watch for seas too. Midway between galley and poop ladder he heard Mr. Lay, the mate, sing out:

"Hang on, all hands! Watch yourself, you, Abel Brown!"

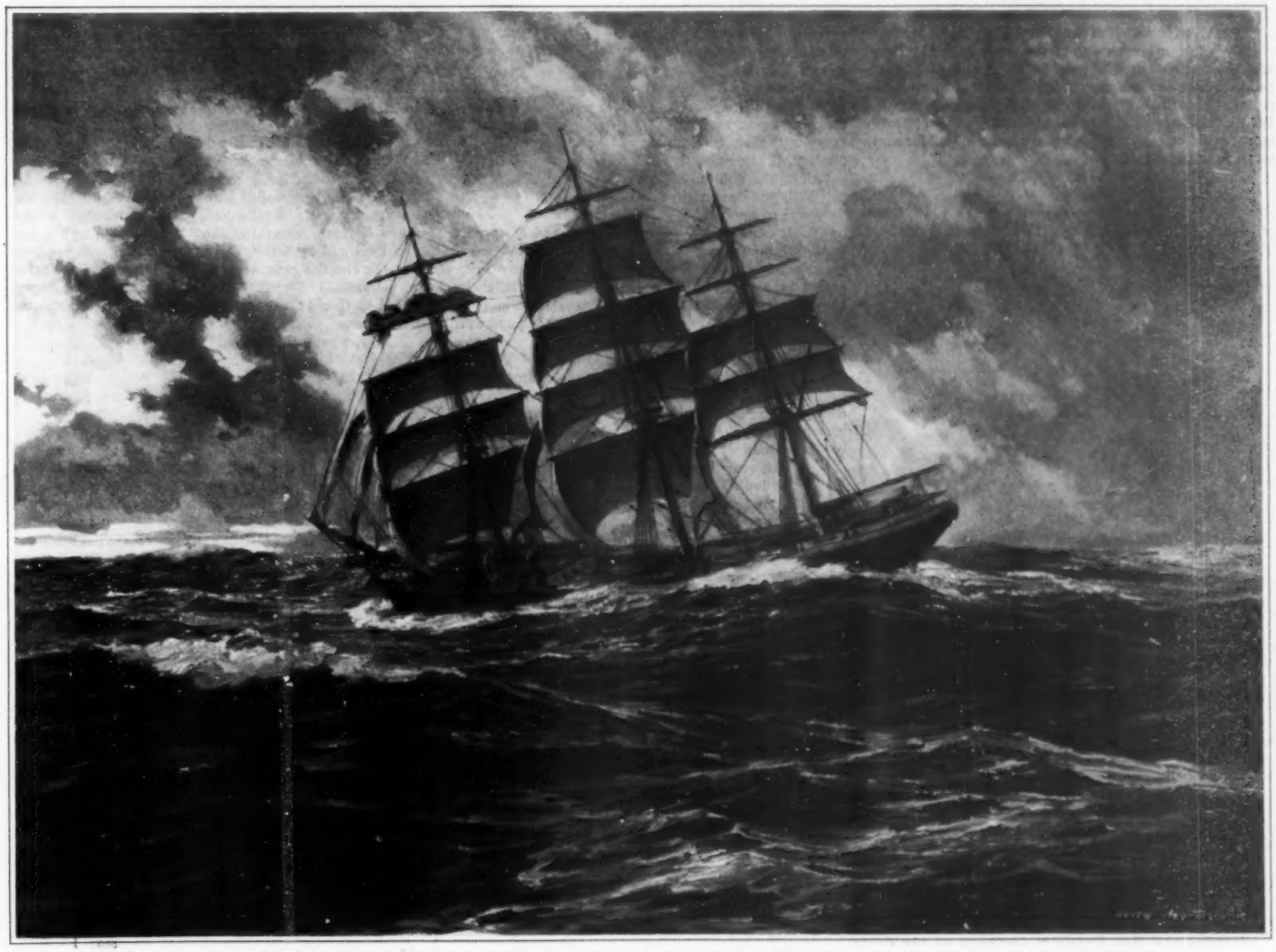
That was enough for any sailor. Always when a sailing ship is running so heavily that her main deck is flooded often, the officer of the watch looks out that his men are warned of the coming seas they cannot see at their work, and they get hold of some gear, jump up on fife rail or house, or shin up a stay until the flood subsides.

"Watch out!" yelled the mate, and Danny ran in blind panic. The sea caught him, picked him up like a chip, and carried him to the ladder. The steward ran down almost to wetting his feet, grabbing for the chicken, and getting the dish cover as the sea washed Danny forward again. Twice the sea rolled Danny over. Half drowned, bruised, he choked and scrambled, barely conscious, but hanging onto the dish. Old Joe Grundy hauled him out of the waterways and set him on his feet, and started him aft, chuckling over something Danny never understood until he won the ladder and handed the steward a cold dish half full of salt water.

Captain Kyle, told of the loss, looked the culprit up and down, but could not find speech. The mate said he had sung out a warning. The steward told querulously of everybody else, with nothing to lose, gaining safety and keeping dry. Danny, still strangling with brine, was sorry, but had been too slow.

"The idiot's hopeless!" the Old Man said at last. "Mr. Lay, keep him up in his daytime watch below for a week! Make him sweat. Put him to work in that old launch, and let him clean it out. My last fowl, by Godfrey!"

(Continued on Page 87)



The Merlin, Strangled by Scrap Metal in Her Bowels, Got a Quartering Gale and Logged a Giddy Sixteen Knots Throughout One Watch

HEXENSABBATH

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"I Told You," Said Corinne, Brandishing Her Finger at Ailanthus. "Now, Then!"

AILANTHUS had an awe of his sister, Corinne, although she was not eight years old yet and, when things got very bad, he could pick her up and put her in an empty box stall or somewhere. But she was not explicable and she made ferocious noises in periods of emotion, which were frequent.

Corinne now shot up through the floor of the loft and hung to the ladder with one hand while, with the other, she pointed straight at Ailanthus and cawed, "There! I told you!"

"Told me what?"

"I told you," said Corinne, brandishing her finger at Ailanthus. "Now, then!"

Having said these words, she sank from view and her heels clattered out of the barn. An ailing cow under him lowed wearily. Ailanthus leaned on the handle of the old broom and wondered what the kid meant. He was almost through with sweeping out the loft and it might be as well to go up to the house, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Westlund was writing a poem, and see what all that excitement was about.

"I wouldn't have a kid sister," Toby Edge stated, "for nine million dollars. Two older ones are bad enough. Mildred's goofy and Kitty's the biggest snob in the family. Ain't it our luck our mothers were Casses?"

"Ten cents," said Ailanthus.

His cousin threw him ten cents. Ailanthus put it inside the band of his big straw hat and went on sweeping craftily. By bearing down hard on the broom he raised no dust to speak of, and the pile of litter beside the double door where Toby was sitting increased, thus, pleasantly.

"What's wrong with Mildred now?"

"Aw, she's in love or one of those things," said Toby, who scorned love on alternate days of the week. "She's been woozy ever since she got back from that camp in the Adirondacks. She dropped one of Kitty's kids into the bathtub the other night and near boiled it. She's twenty-six. I guess old maids get it worse when they fall for some he than young ones do."

"She ain't an old maid, exactly, To——"

"Ten cents," Toby said.

"This is more nuisance than it's worth," Ailanthus objected, returning the ten cents. "But Mildred isn't exactly an old maid. I don't think girls get to be old maids until they're, say, thirty. Lots of 'em are still pretty good-lookin' when they're as old as that. It ain't ——"

"Ten more cents," Toby said.

Ailanthus sighed. Mrs. Westlund's notion of a fine for bad grammar was not increasing his income, since she had dragged Toby into the arrangement. He scoured four pennies and a quarter out of his trousers.

"Got any change?"

"Yeh. . . . Anyhow, Milly's in the hell of a state of mind over somethin'. She —— Here's some more bad news!"

Corinne now bobbed up through the floor again and sang out, "Mamma says you're to come up to the house directly, Crazy—directly!"

"All right. You tell her I'll come directly."

"Well, you come right now!"

"Aw, I'm comin'!"

"Well, come!" said the lovely child, and disappeared.

Ailanthus once more sighed, buttoned his shirt and told his grinning cousin, "I know I haven't got any sense of humor an' all that, but there are times when a fella's kind of justified in killin' relatives. Dad says so. The minute that thing got born, I knew she'd be a nuisance, and wasn't I right? You stay here."

"I wouldn't go home for a million dollars," Toby said. "Mamma's on the warpath 'cause Otto Jimmerthal was drunk last night and was singin' Mademoiselle from Armentières around the hired men's house so's you could hear him ten miles. Had some new verses too. He's the best hired man we got an' ——"

"Ten cents back," said Ailanthus, and jumped out of the double door.

He landed agreeably on the pile of stale hay below the loft and trotted through the barnyard. The soggy air was asleep among the locusts and clouds crawled in the sky. It was rather an effort to trot, but by maintaining this fiction of alacrity, he might soothe his mother into thinking that he had come promptly when she sent for him. So he trotted under the arched white gateway in the hedge that concealed from Mrs. Westlund the ignoble fact of the barnyard, and presently loped into the kitchen of the gray flint farmhouse which Mrs. Westlund called Homehill on her note paper. His mother did not at once pay any attention to Ailanthus, because she was sprinkling water delicately on the prone Elsa Grien, a venerable female who wore two petticoats and had been Grandfather Westlund's cook in ancient times. Mrs. Grien lay heaving on the floor with her white head in the lap of Mattie Piper, the present hired girl, her grandchild, and it was plain that she was in a dreadful condition. Ailanthus respectfully took off his straw hat.

"I told you," said little Corinne, eating a banana.

"What did you tell me?"

"She saw him too!"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Westlund, in her deep and humorless voice.

"What him?"

"The black man with the dog!"

"Corinne," their mother exclaimed, "I told you to be still! Go into the living room directly!"

Mrs. Grien here wailed four times and sat up. She was now pretty wet and refreshed. She squawked, in dilapidated German, something about a lame man and a dog, and then had hysterics. Her performance was precisely like the one she gave when dad came home from France without most of his left arm. Ailanthus nodded to a signal of his mother's eyes and led Corinne decidedly into the living room.

"Now, what's all this, kid?"

"She saw him! Down by the river, on a rock!"

"Get out!"

"Won't get out! She saw him. He was playin' his violon ——"

"Violin, kid."

"He was sittin' on a rock playing," said Corinne, "all bare naked, and the black dog was dancing on its hind feet. So, now!"

"Well," Ailanthus commanded, after thinking, "you get washed for lunch, kid. And this is 1928, and there ain't any witches or hexes or devils any more. Go get washed."

"You go plumb to hell," said Corinne, peeling the rest of the banana.

"Hey!"

"It's what Toby says to you."

"Yeh, but Cousin Toby's twenty-one and I'll be twenty, second of October. We can use language you can't, kid."

"Why can you?"

"Aw," said Ailanthus, letting his voice crash, "you go wash your face!"

The cat, Percy B. Shelley, hurried into the empty fireplace. Corinne dropped the banana and backed out of the room. Ailanthus reflected that his voice was valuable, and ate the rest of his sister's abandoned banana. He had just finished it and was making friends with Shelley again when Mrs. Westlund closed the door of the kitchen behind her and shook her head.

"You'd better drive down for dad, Crazy. I can't manage the poor old thing! She's scared silly. It's absurd," said Mrs. Westlund, "but she's so sure she saw something. . . . And the little Mulcahy girl died this morning. Oh, poor baby; she was only six!"

Ailanthus ducked his head. He could remember too much about the funeral of his sister, who had died of scarlet

He Took Shelley Along Because the Brown Cat Liked Motoring and Was Excellent Company on the Front Seat of the Car

fever when she was only six and he was eight. And now there were quarantine placards on a dozen houses in Blandyburg and Corinne was not allowed to go to town.

"You musn't stop anywhere but dad's office, darling."

"All right, mamma," said Ailanthus, putting on his hat and picking up Shelley. "I suppose if there's more scarlet fever, there'll be a kind of panic. Won't there?"

"Your hair's cut too short," his mother brooded. "All the curls! . . . But I suppose it's cooler. . . . Now, don't stop anywhere else, Crazy."

"Yes'm."

He took Shelley along because the brown cat liked motoring and was excellent company on the front seat of the car. Toby refused to come; he was likely to meet some of his family downtown and be put to work at something. He remained, swinging his boots from the lip of the loft, and scoffed.

"I call it beef! Pullin' Uncle Ho away from the paper to nurse that old fool!"

"The trouble with you is you haven't got any social sense," said Ailanthus. "This scare is antisocial. Ask dad. It's got to be stopped."

"A lot of old hens that most of 'em can't read nor write sayin' the devil's brought scarlet fever," Toby drawled.

"There's another kid dead, Toby."

"Ouch! That's too bad, though. Makes four?"

"Five. You've got the rottenest memory!"

"I wouldn't have yours for a million dollars," Toby said. "I don't mind it when you remember stuff you've seen yourself, but I wish you'd stop rememberin' what happened in 1900, or whenever it was, like that about the kid an' the rattler. That ain't history. It's just ——"

"Ten cents!"

Toby tossed the coin flaming high in the air, and drawled on: "—— just local gossip. I don't see why you remember junk like that."

"'Cause I do. Dad told it to me when I was—kind of—makin' a fuss about him losin' his arm in France. He said he'd rather lose an arm than be lamed like this second cousin of his. He told me about old Cameron choppin' the kid's toes off where the rattler took hold. Called it Spartan treatment. I can remember askin' what Spartans were and all that. We were sittin' on the woodpile. He picked up a hatchet and showed me how Cameron killed the snake and then whopped the boy's toes off to save his leg. It was sort of impressive. I just remember it."

"Someone'll shoot you," said Toby, grinning, "for rememberin' what he said to some girl in 1925 and tellin' his wife in 1940. You're goin' to remember too much and —— Here's little sweetness again!"

Corinne now importantly loped into the barnyard and lifted a hand, in the manner of a policeman halting traffic in the square of Blandyburg.

"I Wouldn't Go Home for a Million Dollars"

"Mamma says to wait, Crazy!"

"Why?"

"'Cause papa telephoned he's coming out with Uncle Sam."

Toby at once became active and dropped from the loft briskly, asking Corinne, "Now, where did old Elsa see this spook, honey?"

"Over by the bridge. He was sitting on a rock playin' his fiddle to his black dog, and it was dancing. He was all bare naked except he had a green shirt on, and he's black like a nigger. It's the same one I saw last week too!"

"Yeh, and you're a smart little girl. It ain't every kid," said Toby, "that can start a scare the size you've done, sis!"

"I know it," Corinne said, shaking her fuzzy black hair. "Papa says I'm as smart as the little girl that started 'em hangin' witches in Salem, Massachusetts. He says I'm as smart as the judge that tried Noah's ark. They burnt her," Corinne related, "and then the dove went out and came back with a stuffed olive in his mouth. . . . Where you going?"

"Come on, Crazy," Toby said, hopping into the car. "Get goin'!"

Ailanthus drove the car swiftly into the hedged lane, into a most wonderful perfume of raspberry and wild syringa. Water seemed to jump from his face and neck. Air boiled about the car's open windows and heat flowed in waves up the rut from the baked highway. Everything was a scented liquid today, and a bird was a lazy fish, swimming high in this pool of smells. But Ailanthus was thinking of something else.

"I guess I'm kind of morally responsible for some of this," he said. "If I hadn't read the kid all that about the hexensabbath an' the devil lookin' like a lame black man, she wouldn't ha' started all this booby junk. She —— Hey, you're faded! Here comes the car!"

Toby moaned. His father's red machine appeared at the mouth of the lane, on the flat highway, and he was probably lost. Mr. Edge frequently made his third son do a good deal of training and breaking young horses, and Toby was also his mother's favorite child.

"Both of 'em, Crazy."

(Continued on Page 52)

Shelley Hissed Again and Crawled Between His Legs. It Had Come

THE MID-VICTORIANS

By ARTHUR TRAIN

WHILE manners change as rapidly as cloud tints, human nature is as steadfast as the blue of eternity. Variations in etiquette usually have little significance. They are natural adaptations to new conditions, which in turn may or may not indicate progress. Whether or not to wear gloves at the opera and whether to eat ice cream with a spoon or a fork are superficialities which do not test our degree of civilization. What we are interested in is such alterations in manners as indicate a change in heart or in the general attitude of mind toward fundamentals, such as, for want of a better nomenclature, we may call the "seven cardinal virtues" and the "seven deadly sins."

With respect to these the evidences at our command regarding the nineteenth century fail to make a case one way or the other. From the literature of the Victorian era, especially that dealing with manners and morals, one can only draw the most general conclusions, such as that people seem to have drunk rather more or less than now, or at certain specific periods, that young girls were given a greater or less amount of freedom, that sexual morality was more stringent or more lax, or that there was an increase or decrease in profanity or the use of nicotine. Even then one must bear in mind that what happens during a hundred years is nothing from the cosmic viewpoint or even that of human life itself. In another fifty years the pendulum may easily have swung back to the starting point or farther. Moreover, a change in manners in one respect may have unexpected results in others. Thus, an increase in the amount of drinking on the part of young men might result either, on the one hand, in a tightening of the convention of chaperonage or, on the other, in a general breakdown of restraints. But such inferences are very dangerous, and the best we can do is simply to trace in each case where it is possible what the tendency actually was. Let us take drinking first.

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A Mid-Ninety Interior. Mrs. Frank Leslie Receives in Her Manhattan Home. Among the Guests is Marshall P. Wilder

Gentlemen Who Could Take it—and Did

AS CONTRASTED with the rum-soaked condition of the country up to about 1825, the temperance movement had made tremendous progress by the middle of the century and its effect was markedly noticeable in the matter of drinking at the public tables of hotels and restaurants. Plenty of it went on in private houses or in the barrooms, which ladies sometimes frequented at summer resorts just as they go into Bradley's gambling house at Palm Beach today.

It was customary and even *de rigueur* to get tight on certain occasions to the very end of the century, and to be able to carry one's liquor was the attribute of a gentleman at all times. A single quotation from Martine's conservative Handbook of Etiquette—1853—shows us the attitude of the 50's, when, for the first and only time before 1918, national prohibition nearly became law.

"At dinner parties which are given to gentlemen for the purpose of conviviality, one may indulge in as much wine as he pleases, provided he does not get drunk and make a nuisance of himself. Where drinking and toasting and bumpers are the order of the feast, as at a public dinner given in honor of a distinguished man or at the inauguration of some public enterprise, far greater latitude is allowed in all things than on more private and select occasions."

These were, and continued to be for another half century, the days when people "took wine" with one another. The etiquette of this familiar ceremony was clearly laid down in all the books.

"It is considered well-bred to take the same wine as that selected by the person with whom you drink. When, however, the wine chosen by him is unpalatable to you, it is allowable to take that which you prefer, at the same time apologizingly saying: 'Will you permit me to drink claret?' or whatever wine you have selected."

FROM A PRINT SUPPLIED BY CULVER SERVICE

Rehearsing for the Children's Carnival

When to Say No

"IN INVITING a lady to take wine with you at table, you should politely say, 'Shall I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?' You will then either hand her the bottle you have selected or send it by the waiter, and afterwards fill your own glass, when you will politely . . . bow to each other as you raise the wine to your lips. The same ceremony is to be observed when inviting a gentleman."

It was not considered an offense if a lady "politely" refused an invitation to take wine with one of the opposite sex. Miss Leslie gives the following advice in her Behavior Book—1853:

"If you have no conscientious scruples and if you are acquainted with the gentleman or have been introduced to him—not else—you may comply with his civility, and when both glasses are filled, look at him, bow your head and taste the wine. If you are placed between a lady and gentleman who are taking wine together, lean back a little that they may see each other's faces. It is not customary, in America, for a lady to empty her glass or indeed, at a hotel or boarding house, to take wine with the same gentleman after the first day. . . . On no consideration let any lady be persuaded to take two glasses of champagne. It is more than the head of an American female can bear. And she may rest assured that—though unconscious of it herself—all present will find her cheeks flushing, her eyes twinkling, her tongue unusually voluble, her talk loud and silly, and her laugh incessant. Champagne is very insidious, and two glasses may throw her into this pitiable condition.

"If a stranger whom you do not know and to whom you have had no introduction takes the liberty of asking you to drink wine with him, refuse at once, positively and coldly, to prove that you consider it an unwarrantable freedom. And so it is."

In order that her reader may know how to be perfectly ladylike, Miss Leslie also adds:

"While at table, all allusions to dyspepsia, indigestion or any other disorders of the stomach are vulgar and disgusting. The word 'stomach' should never be uttered at any table, or indeed anywhere else, except to your physician or in a private conversation with a female friend interested in your health. It is a disagreeable word—and so are all its associations—and should never be mentioned in public to 'ears polite.'"

It is quite probable that the amount of drinking that went on in both England and America in the nineteenth century was the original reason for the strictness of the Victorian etiquette regarding women. Respectable women had to be protected from insult on the part of indiscriminating males. Miss Leslie gives careful instructions to be followed by ladies traveling alone.

"On arriving at a hotel, ask immediately to see the proprietor; give him your name and address, tell how long you propose staying, and request him to see that you are provided with a good room. Request him also to conduct you to the dining room at dinnertime, and allot you a seat near his own. For this purpose, he will wait for you near the door—do not keep him waiting—or meet you in the ladies' drawing-room. . . If the proprietor or any other gentleman asks you to take wine with him, politely refuse.

"If you are to pursue your journey early in the morning, desire, overnight, the waiter who attends your room, to knock hard at your door an hour before the time of starting. Before you go downstairs, ask for the chambermaid who has attended you and give her a fee—not less than a quarter dollar—putting it into her own hand yourself, and not commissioning another to convey it to her. Do not omit giving a quarter dollar at least to the waiter who attended your room, and one also to him who has served you at table. Refrain from making acquaintance with any strangers, unless you are certain of their respectability. If a gentleman of whom you know nothing endeavors to get into conversation with you, turn away and make no reply. Avoid saying anything to women in showy attire, with painted faces and white kid gloves. Such persons have frequently the assurance to try to be very sociable with respectable ladies who are traveling alone. Keep aloof from them always.

"If you have breakfasted early, it will be well to put some gingerbread nuts or biscuits into your satchel, as you may become very hungry before dinner."

Miss Leslie warns against having anything to do with a woman with a "profusion of long curls about her neck who has a meretricious expression of eye and who is overdressed. It is safest to avoid her. Also, you will derive no pleasure or advantage from making acquaintance with females who are evidently coarse and vulgar, even if you know that they are rich, live in a large house, and are of respectable character. Young girls who are loud, noisy, bold and forward—however fashionable they may be—it is best also to avoid. They will not want your society, as they are generally all the time surrounded by beaux or else rattling over the keys of the piano."

She also has something to say about the use of slang:

"Persons who have no turn for humor and little perception of it are apt to mistake mere coarseness for that amusing gift; and in trying to be diverting, often become vulgar—a word not too severe for things that are sometimes said and written by very good people who wish to be funny and do not know how. For instance, there is no wit but there is shocking ungentility in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze' instead of a nap, in calling pantaloons 'pants' or gentlemen 'gents,' in saying of a man whose dress is getting old that he looks 'seedy,' and in alluding to an amusing anecdote or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies."

Vulgarities

"WE ARE always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since, but, happily, now it is fast going out and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him'? Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance."

Swearing is apt to be the concomitant of drinking. Mrs. Hale, the great Boston authority, who disposed of the right-arm versus the left-arm tangle, has this to say of the use of profane language in her definitive work on Manners:

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Watching the Bathers at Quogue, Long Island, 1899

"Swearing is considered so inadmissible in good society or in the presence of ladies that there is little danger of its being introduced in either, but let no one forget that the sin is the same wherever it is indulged. Mothers have a great responsibility in this matter. Let them watch and guard the expressions of their sons and early inculcate the exceeding sinfulness of the practice.

"We say of their sons; for we cannot bring ourselves to think of the pure lips of their daughters, or of any woman, indeed, unless fallen to extreme degradation, being sullied by the use of profane language."

It is worse than drink in her opinion.

"Intemperance, with all its sad train of sorrows—the deserted home, the lonely wife, the neglected children—is doubtless a heavy sin, and one which entails prompt and present punishment upon the offender, but to my mind the guilt is by no means so great as that of swearing. Whilst there are many causes and excuses for the one practice, such as feeble health, great suffering, exhaustion from either mental labor or physical exertion, exposure to cold, and so on, there can be none in palliation of the other."

Perhaps ladies did not swear in Boston—at least in the august presence of Mrs. Hale—but what are we to infer from the following injunction which appears in Mrs. M. F. Armstrong's On Habits and Manners, written originally for the students of the Hampton N. & A. Institute, and published in 1888 by the Hampton, Virginia, Normal School Press:

"In conversation you must not interrupt those who may be speaking and you must never yourself talk in a loud voice or use coarse or rough language, while I advise you to break yourself, as quickly as possible, of the habit of using frequent exclamations of any kind, but especially of using those which are irreverent, if not actually profane, as 'Good Lord,' 'My Jesus,' and so on."

I confess that this comes with rather a shock. For a reader of Mrs. Burton Harrison's romantic tales of life among the F. F. V.'s the idea of a lady popping right out with a "My Jesus!" seems quaintly out of character. Had time changed sadly for the worse since before the war? It just goes to show that the veneer of civilization is apt to peel off and is thinly laid on at best. But Hampton, Virginia! No, Puritanism had not yet crossed the Potomac!

Segregating the Sexes on the Bookshelves

AT ALL events, the reader will have noted that fashionable young girls could be "loud, noisy, bold and forward" in 1853. Also that they sometimes were slangy out of a mistaken sense of fun. We know from many other sources that they raised pandemonium at the summer hotels. Where there is much drinking, women need more protection, hence the rules of etiquette tend to become stricter.

Queen Victoria's squeamishness in regard to the proprieties seems less mawkish if we realize that she grew up in an epoch when drinking was still carried on to such an extent that footmen were kept on duty in many of the great houses to assist intoxicated gentlemen guests to their feet after morning prayers. Her solicitude concerning the protection of female virtue culminated in 1863, when, in Lady Gough's book on Etiquette, it was laid down that:

"The perfect hostess will see to it that the works of male and female authors be properly separated on her bookshelves. Their proximity, unless they happen to be married, should not be tolerated."

Though American prudery did not reach the point of discriminating as to the sex of books, the influence of Queen Victoria was an undoubted factor in the tremendous increase of chaperonage from 1860 to 1890. There were good reasons for it, at that.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, APRIL, 1894

The Opera Lets Out in 1894. Waiting for Carriages in the Lobby of the Metropolitan

(Continued on Page 117)

THE WELL-KNOWN WORM

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"You're Smart Too," the Fighter Said. "Quick With Your Tongue, Kid. I Like a Dame Like That"

IT WAS a difficult thing for Lefty Sporg to get out of the ring. Three or four uniformed police were there to assist him, but their efforts were more industrious than effective. By one of those strange gifts of Fate, or what you will, Lefty had, in a matter of thirty minutes' work, passed from more or less obscure mediocrity into the calcium ray that beams upon the favorite of achievement.

He stood on the platform of the ring just outside the ropes, one bandaged hand gripped around the ring post, looking down into the eager faces that waited to acclaim him.

His hair was wet and matted. One eyebrow was slightly askew and the bridge of his nose had broadened perceptibly during the ravages of battle. But he smiled contentedly through swollen lips.

Lefty had dreamed just this situation, and now that it was come he derived from it a deal more satisfaction than appreciation.

"Give us a break there, will you, fellows?" Danny Dool was urging the eager fans. "Give us a break! Leave us go through. The kid appreciates it, but he'll stiffen up less'n he gits a rubdown pretty quick."

Cheers broke out and Lefty acknowledged them with a wave of his free hand. Two of his seconds, laden with buckets, sponges and water bottles, pressed close to his side, fearful of being separated in the crowd through which they must pass.

"Come on, Lefty," a uniformed policeman called out. "Get ahold of my hand here. We'll get you through."

He held his hand upward and Lefty, still smiling, grasped it and started down the short flight of steps from the ring. Danny Dool and the police, along with the eager seconds, made a circle about him, but their best effort produced a progress that was slow and clamorous.

A thousand hands slapped Lefty on the back. A thousand voices applauded fulsomely his magnificent victory. On all sides he could hear references to the championship.

"That champ can't duck you no more, Lefty!" one excited man called to him. "You're the next champeen of the world!"

In his heart Lefty knew that the man was right. There could be no doubt of it. He had endless confidence in himself. "You're right I am," he said to the agreeable laughter of those who heard him. "Just throw us into a ring together, that's all I'll ask."

Despite the efforts of special police, the fighter found his dressing room quickly filled with a nondescript gathering. There were fight managers, promoters and newspapermen in perspiring, talkative array.

"Git the kid over on that rubbin' bench an' go to it," Danny Dool instructed the seconds. Then he took a fleeting moment to turn to Lefty and slap him on the shoulder. "You're a sweetheart," he pronounced emphatically. "I knew you'd do it an' you did. Angels can't do no more'n that!"

Lefty grinned again through his puffed lips and gesticulated an exaggerated friendliness to the men packed into the room.

"I'll give these newspaper guys an earful," Danny whispered. "You've done your stuff. Now I'll do mine."

While Lefty, somewhat tired and sore from the grueling contest he had just won, straightened out on the rubbing bench, Danny Dool, his manager, with an air of grandiloquence, struck a pose and spoke for the benefit of all and sundry. "They laughed at me when I signed up for this match," he began. "Slugger Pope is a great fighter an' everybody knew it. Most of you guys said he'd knock Lefty over inside six rounds."

He paused, placed his arms akimbo, grinned with an air of infinite wisdom, and put the question:

"Did he?"

He laughed his own answer. "You guys saw it all. I ask you, did you ever see a better fight? Did you ever see a kid beat a smart veteran at his own game the way Lefty beat Slugger tonight?"

Again he answered himself: "I'll say you didn't! My boy went into that ring on the short end of ten-to-three odds. But he had a job to do an' he done it. If you guys have ever seen an artist paintin' a picture, you know what I mean. When Slugger boxed, Lefty outboxed him. When he fought, Lefty outfought him, an' all the way through Lefty outsmarted him."

He paused again long enough to extract a cigarette from a silver case and flick it swiftly and accurately between his teeth.

"Got a match?" he asked the man at his side. His fingers were trembling slightly as he guided the tobacco into the flame, but his nervous reaction failed to dam his flood of appreciation.

"Did you notice that right cross Lefty threw tonight?" he demanded through a smoke cloud. "Take it from me, every time he connected with that punch, Slugger seen fair-sized portions of his own ears. I got a champ, see? Lefty Sporg. The only reason he ain't wearin' the belt is 'cause the guy that's got the belt knows he's a champ. He won't climb into a ring with us!"

"I suppose you'll challenge the champion?" a sport writer drawled in somewhat bored tones.

"Challenge him?" Danny exploded. "We'll knock his top off if he'll climb into the ring with us. It ain't the money I care about. It's just that old title."

"Yeah," the newspaperman drawled again.

"Sure thing," another writer interrupted. "You don't care no more for money than the Standard Oil Company. All you're in this game for is honor, eh, Danny?"

"Some of you guys," Dool complained, "have grew so smart in this racket that you don't know nothin' a-tall."

"Can the comedy, Danny," the first writer suggested. "You want a break, don't you? Your kid's a good fighter and he got himself a nice win tonight. That's news and we can use it. As for the rest, do you want to answer a couple more questions?"

There was a pained tolerance in his voice and manner. Inconsistently he gave one the impression that this was a scene which he often had witnessed; so often, in fact, that he could derive from it no particular enthusiasm.

"My life's an open book," Danny Dool said vehemently. "I've always been on the up an' up. I've always told the world Lefty Sporg was a great fighter an' would be champ."

"Gimme one of your cigarettes," the newspaperman grunted. Danny withdrew the silver case and from it removed a single cigarette. The latter he handed to the newspaperman; the former he slipped back into the pocket of his waistcoat and patted it gently there, to be certain of its security.

"What are your questions?" he asked.

"Have you got any fights ahead?" the reporter asked in practical tones.

"I've signed up for three ——"

"Are you going to go through with 'em?" the inquiring one interrupted.

"Just 'cause we're famous," Danny Dool protested, "ain't no sign we're gonna be like other champs an' duck kids just 'cause they can fight. We've fought our way to the top an' Lefty don't fear no guy livin'."

Danny Dool

"Yeah," the reporter drawled once more. "Who are these guys you're signed up with?"

Faint lines of worry appeared upon the classic brow of Danny Dool. "I don't know," he admitted. "I agreed to anythin' in order to git this shot at Slugger Pope. I'm signed up with Jimmie Millen, the promoter here, for three bouts. Two weeks ago Lefty knocked over Pinch Magee, an' the crowd seen what my boy could do. That's how we happened to fight Slugger for the second bout. Now I'm signed up for one more with Jimmie Millen, but there ain't no opponent specified." He paused impressively, then shrugged and said: "I'm gonna suggest the champ to Jimmie. It's a big shot an' a swell chance to make himself a big lot of dough. Not only that, but he can grab himself a flock of fame by bein' the guy that promoted a battle where a new champ was crowned."

"Not a chance," the reporter grunted. "You know that's a stall. There ain't an auditorium out here big enough to hold a title fight in."

"Well," Dool protested, "we could hold it somewhere else. Jimmie's got me signed up. Now all he needs is the champ. Sooner or later the fans is gonna demand that fight."

"I understand," the reporter said as he turned away. "The fact of the matter is, you're signed up for one more fight under Millen's promotion. Of course, what you'll do is pick a bum so's not to take a chance on Lefty's new reputation. Millen'll try to get the best drawing card he can. That's that. Is there a time limit on the contract?"

"There ain't no limit exactly," Danny Dool admitted. "But Jimmie an' I've got an agreement that the third an' last shot is pulled off inside thirty days. We'll go through with that." He paused a moment, then: "Gimme a break on this now, fellows. I'm tellin' you straight, I don't care who we get fer that last shot. We ain't afraid of nobody alive."

"You're a good, game fighter," the newspaperman remarked. Then he strolled over to the rubbing bench and carried on a more or less desultory conversation with Lefty, who that night had gained fame.

II

JIMMIE MILLEN and Danny Dool forgathered in the office of The Pastime Social Club. After the manner of their kind, they wasted no words in preliminaries.

"I got you signed up on a bona-fide contract," the promoter remarked. "I got a right to pick your opponent an' you can lay even dough that I ain't goin' to pick no palooka that nobody'll give a chance. The guy Lefty fights has got to be enough of a drawin' card to fill the house."

"You shouldn't quit so easy tryin' to git the champ himself," Danny Dool protested. "Why don't you go after a big shot?"

"Don't make me laugh," Millen scorned. "I don't blame you for talkin' like that to the newspapermen, but only a chump would listen to you seriously. Is the champion of the world goin' to come out to this place?"

"He's got to fight somewhere," Danny interrupted belligerently. "Lefty's right out front now. He's a fine fighter."

"Sure, he's a fine fighter," Millen admitted. "But he's just like the rest of 'em. They hit their pace an' hold it for a little while. Then they blow up. But what made him a fine fighter? If I hadn't got Pope for you, who'd ever have heard of Lefty Sporg? You got to play the game with me now. I gave you your chance. You give me mine. I want Billy Madden out here."

"Why Madden?" Dool protested. "There ain't a tougher guy in the division!"

"Well," Millen shrugged, "you say Lefty's a great fighter; he ain't afraid of no guy on earth. A shot between him an' Billy Madden would hang 'em on the rafters out here at a five-dollar top."

"Yeah, but Madden would have to have too big a cut," Danny Dool pointed out. "It ain't that we won't fight Madden. But he ain't comin' out here fer no 20 per cent."

"Where do you get that 20 stuff?" Millen demanded. "For a good shot like this I'll pay 50 per cent of the house. You can cut it between you."

"Not a chance," Dool refused. "It's Lefty that'll draw the house, not the guy he fights. I figgered we'd get some pretty good guy an' I'd put Lefty in fer 35 per cent an' give the other fighter 15. But with Madden I'll go 30–20."

"What a chance!" Millen growled. "You know darned well Madden wouldn't come out here for no 20 per cent. He's as big as Lefty. It's just your way of gettin' out of the fight."

"Fighters don't last forever," Dool answered prophetically. "I owe it to Lefty to get him the dough. He's done his part, now I got to do mine."

"Come On, You," He Challenged Hoarsely. "Why'n't You Open Up an' Fight?"

"Well, who would you fight?" Millen asked with a hopeless gesture. "Who is there you can fight? We got to have somebody that's known."

There ensued mention of a dozen different fighters in Lefty's division. Dool was able readily to erect percentage standards over which Millen found it impossible to hurdle. The promoter, anxious to get a good fighter and so fill his house, mentioned men certain to give Lefty a hard fight. The manager, on the other hand, boosted his required percentage each time such a name was mentioned and countered with the name of a fighter with whom Sporg would have no difficulty. It was a trick of Fate that finally brought about an agreement between the two. One of Millen's assistants entered the room.

Millen glanced up inquiringly and the man said: "Sledge-Hammer Powell is outside with a line of gab. He says he's got to see you."

"Sledge-Hammer Powell!" Millen grunted disdainfully. "Throw the bum out!"

But Danny Dool saw things in a different light. "Wait a minute," he said eagerly, reaching across the desk and gripping Millen by the arm. "What's the matter with Sledge-Hammer Powell? He's just about Lefty's weight an' he's been fightin' fer five or six years. He ain't no palooka."

Before Millen could respond, Danny turned to the assistant and said: "Send the Sledge-Hammer in. We might be able to make a deal here, Jim."

So Sledge-Hammer, huge of shoulder, thick of neck, ambled into the room. His features were garbed in the habiliments of his profession. His eyebrows scarred, his nose broad, his lips swollen. His left ear was cauliflower and

(Continued on Page 94)

"Now, Now, Cornelia," Bates Said Placatingly. "I Reckon You're Tired and Upset ——"

LOST IN DEATH VALLEY

By BOURKE LEE

PHOTO, BY WALTER FISH

Funeral Range From the Old Harmony Borax Works

ONE spring afternoon an airplane sang down into Death Valley and landed on Emigrant Wash. The flying visitors did not stay long. The long shadows of the mountains hurried them back into the plane to race the sun to Los Angeles.

Four days later a desert flivver ran across the valley in a cloud of dust and bucked to a nervous stop. Four Indians got out of the topless car to get comfortable in their pants and untie their legs and find their hats. A dignified old squaw sat in the back seat holding a beautiful new basket.

One of the Paiutes asked, "Where is the airplane? The old woman wants to take a ride."

We told him that the plane had been gone four days. The Paiute woman clucked her disappointment. She held up her new basket. Since she saw the airplane flying around she had been working day and night to finish the basket, because she wanted to trade the basket for airplane rides for her two sons and herself. She had hurried and worked hard. They had come as soon as she finished the basket. They had driven sixty miles. And now the airplane was gone. The old Paiute woman was sad.

I asked one of the Indians, "How old is she?"

"Old? Seventy, eighty, ninety—I dunno."

Someone wanted to buy the basket. How much? The Paiutes palavered. Three airplane rides. But the airplane was gone. One of the Paiutes said, "Three, four years ago I saw airplane in Reno say fly with me ten dollars."

The squaw held out her basket. She said, "Three airplane rides. Thirty dollars." It was entirely too much. The man who gave her thirty dollars for her basket knew it was too much. But she was so old and brave. Three airplane rides. She was so disappointed.

The Indians' Warning

IT WAS September, 1849. The desert lands of the Great Basin were slowly cooling after a burning summer in the sun, cooling as slowly as though the desert was one immense heat of metal poured and left to cool. In a broad Utah valley, set deeply below bare buttes and carved peaks, ten Paiute Indians camped. They camped at a water hole close to the base of a water-worn cliff. It was the only water hole in the great desert valley.

Two scouts in advance of a pioneer wagon train peered down upon the Indians from the safety of the cliff above the water. The scouts had been at the water hole. They had seen the Indians first.

Night filled the valley with darkness that became thin and gray in the light of the low-hung stars. The Indian camp fire at the water hole was a brilliant yellow light in the night. The Indians danced slowly around the fire. Their long shadows spun slowly like the spokes of a great wheel around the hub of the fire. The Paiutes chanted in time to their broken dance. The clean, lithe bodies moved darkly through the splashing orange flames. Over and over the Indians sang:

Tu-gwi-nur-ru-a tu-wip
Un-kar-ti-si a-rwi-mi-ni.

The two scouts withdrew from the top of the cliff. They rejoined the pioneer wagon train that was moving into the desert. They said they had found water. And they had seen some Indians dancing and singing a wild, unintelligible song. They did not know they had heard the Paiute Desert Song. They had not understood its warning.

PHOTO, BY KEYSTONE PHOTO SERVICE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

An Emigrant Wagon Abandoned in Death Valley. No One Knows its Story

Again and again the chanting Indians had warned them:

The land is hungry,
The ants are starving.

The first white men who penetrated the Death Valley region and left any record of their adventures within its wide sunburned wastes were members of an emigrant party of 1849. They did not enter Death Valley intentionally. They were on their way from the Middle Western States to the gold strikes of California; and they were in a hurry. They had been in a hurry for six months. They came across the transcontinental trail, hurrying on foot to the slow, slow beat of their creaking ox-drawn wagons. They reached the last outpost of civilization at Salt Lake City in July, 1849. They could go no farther into the desert while it vibrated in the heat of the summer sun. They waited for the cooler weather of fall that would permit them to attempt the passage of the desert, and as they waited they fumed in their impatience to be gone. Other men were already in California. Thousands of other men were ripping the gold from the ground. Even the Chinamen were tearing the treasure from the earth. Ships loaded with gold seekers were speeding around the Horn. There would be no gold claims left. Damn the weather and the desert! Would it never cool off so they could be gone to the gold fields?

A Way Around the Desert

THE precious days slipped by into weeks and months, and the van of the westward-bound Forty-niners in Salt Lake City saw their numbers swelled by the outfits and wagons of other gold seekers who came plodding in out of the East. How far was it to California? How long would they have to wait? Where was the trail to the West? There was no western trail. When the desert was cool enough for travel the high Sierras were deep in snow. The Donner party had tried the western trail and spent a winter in the deep snow of the high Sierras. Better not go west. Better go south to the old Santa Fé trail that the Spaniards and Indians had been following from old Santa Fé to Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles for hundreds of years.

The emigrants found a Mormon guide named Captain Hunt who knew the Santa Fé trail. He would guide them through to Los Angeles for ten dollars a wagon.

No wagons had ever been over the trail, but Captain Hunt thought he could get the emigrant wagon train through. Captain Hunt was a Mormon elder. There were rich Spanish holdings in California. A wagon road from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles would be something the Mormons could use.

In September the emigrants moved one hundred miles south from Salt

Lake City and halted to complete their organization. The months of waiting were over. They were again moving toward the gold fields. Their old enthusiasm revived and they drew up written articles organizing themselves into the Sand-Walking Company, with seven divisions, each under an elected captain. They called their companies such names as The Jayhawkers of '49, The Buckskins, The Hawkeyes, The Bug-smashers, and The Wolverines. They relished the taste of the adventure they were living. They were well organized and strong. One hundred and seven wagons and more than five hundred horses and cattle crawled southward in the dust under the urging of the hardy pioneers who walked confidently forward with their heroic women and their children, with all their possessions, toward the riches of the gold fields. Their outfits were in good repair. The horses and oxen were fresh. They were a strong and valorous company.

PHOTO. BY WALTER FISS

Death Valley's Salt Bed

The great wagon train crawled southward into the lands of the giants. It crept through far-flung valleys toward successive horizons of great-ribbed mountains. In the vastness of the country the importance of the wagon train shrank. Away from the clatter and dust of the wagons and the physical shock of their movement, the wagon train was only a wagon train. It was no longer great. It was not even adequate. It was an ill equipped collection of wagons carrying a handful of courageous farmers who sweated impatiently toward a rainbow and a pot of gold. Ahead of them were the bad lands.

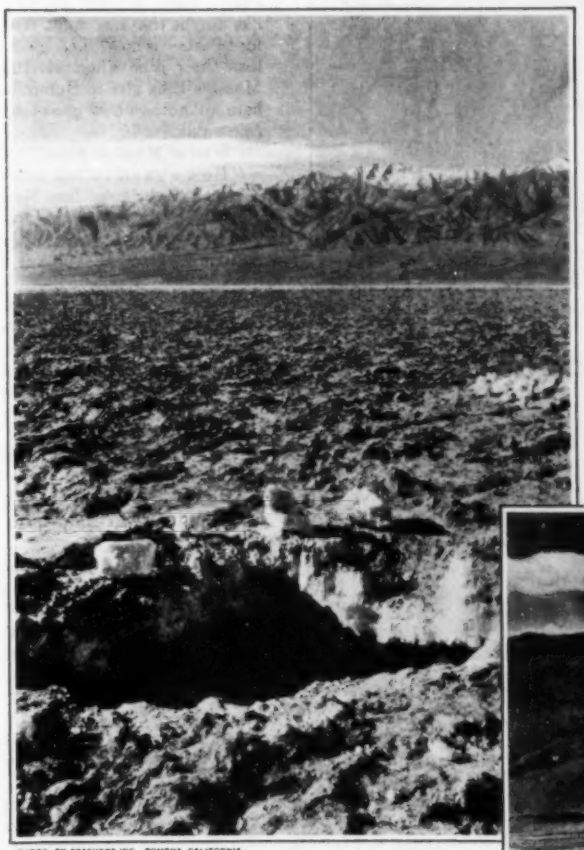


PHOTO. BY FRASHERS INC., POMONA, CALIFORNIA

Telescope Peak, From the Salt Pools

Revolt Among the Sand-Walkers

IN HIGH optimism and deep ignorance they plodded on toward the hot brass of the bad lands. A pencil line of dust across the great bosoms of the valleys marked the passage of the emigrant train. One hundred wagons, two hundred people, five hundred head of stock—a short column of ants crawled across the face of the world. The gold seekers moved toward the gold fields. They were in a hurry. Step by step they moved south.

Few in the emigrant train had any liking for the southerly direction taken by Captain Hunt, their Mormon guide. The gold fields were west. The emigrants wanted to go west, not south. Before they reached Little Salt Lake their clamor led Hunt to turn west. They futilely hunted a western trail until Hunt managed to lead them back to the southerly route. But this attempt to find a cut-off to the west precipitated the collapse of the emigrant organization. Men remembered seeing maps of trails to the west. They chattered around the camp fires about maps and short cuts. They forgot the written articles with which they had formed the brave Sand-Walking Company—articles imposing duties and responsibilities they had accepted for the common good of all the wagon train. Individuals began to promote their own vague schemes for getting west with greater speed. When another wagon train headed by Captain Smith overtook them and Captain Smith flourished a map of a short cut to the Pacific Coast, the Sand-Walking Company split wide open.

Captain Smith's map showed a new route running westward from the southerly trail the emigrants were following. It was an alluring map. The camps were marked. The water and grass feed were marked all along the short cut to the West until the trail pierced a last mountain pass near Owens Lake and emerged into Tulare Valley and Los Angeles. There were long harangues at the camp fires. Why make a long loop to the south to reach a destination to westward? There had been time enough lost already.

Captain Hunt, the guide, listened to the puerile arguments advanced by the blindly enthusiastic emigrants, and warned them. "How will you cross the mountains in the west?" he asked. "There is no wagon road through that country."

"There's no wagon road in this country," they retorted. "We've broken the trail all the way. We'll get across the mountains. The map shows the trail."

Caught in the Mountains

THE map! Captain Hunt gave up pointing out the hazards of an unknown route. "I know nothing about this trail," he said. "I don't believe a white man has ever been over it. I think you are wrong to take your families into that country, but if you all decide to go, I'll try to lead you through. But if only one wagon wants to go the way we started, that's the way I'll go."

When the emigrants reached the fork indicated on Captain Smith's map, only seven wagons continued south on the original trail. Captain Hunt went with them. One hundred wagons turned west along the short cut. The new westward trail led the emigrants upward through pleasant country for three days, until they reached the summit of a divide where the trail plunged down a canyon through which the wagons could not pass. For two days the men scoured the country for a canyon which would let the wagons through. They found no pass. The first enthusiasm for the cut-off died. The same critics who had been unhappy with Captain Hunt's route to the south now raised their voices against the new short cut to the west.

A man named Rynierson spoke up: "It is now the seventh of November. Bad weather is likely any time. I have had enough of this and I'm going to follow Captain Hunt."

"Good luck to you," said one of the Jayhawkers. "The Jayhawkers are going west on this trail. We'll get through or we'll leave our bones along the way."

West or south? There was heated wrangling in some of the camps. Fighting words passed between old friends. Several knock-down frontier-rules fights occurred. Partners angrily divided their equipment. Some, unable to

(Continued on Page 140)

PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY FRASHERS INC., POMONA, CALIFORNIA

The Sink of Death Valley and the Panamint Range Seen From Dante's View

THE SLAPPEYAN WAY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SIS CALLIE FLUKERS stood spellbound in the hallway of her highly respectable boarding house. Through the panels of the door came considerable declamation:

"Under the spreadin' chestnut tree
The village Smith, he stands;
A terrible mighty man is he,
With large and sinuous han's;
An' the muscles of his brainy arms
Is strong as iron bands . . ."

Sis Callie recognized the resonant bass voice as the very personal property of Opus Randall, comedy star for the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. She advanced to the door, timidly turned the knob and insinuated her head. "Mawnin', Opus," she greeted.

Mr. Randall shrugged his fleshy shoulders, indicating annoyance, but Sis Callie continued to be interested.

"Was you makin' talk with somebody, Brother Randall?"

The portly comedian paused long enough for a single remark. "Cease fum pesterin' me, Sis Callie."

Then he wrinkled his coloradomaduro forehead in thought, inserted a thumb in the armhole of his vest, and proceeded to declaim further:

"The quality of mercy ain't strained a bit,
It drops down like the gentle rain fum heavum.
It is twice blessed—
It blesseth him what gives, and him what gits looken fum;
It becomes the thorny monarch Heaps better than his crown . . ."

"Foolishment!" muttered Sis Callie. And having satisfied herself with that verdict, she permitted her eyes to wander about Opus' room. What she saw caused an exclamation of surprised bewilderment to escape from her lips.

Mr. Randall's room presented a strange sight. Tacked to the walls, at different parts of the room, were empty cans which had once been used for the purpose of conveying gently stewed tomatoes. Suspended from the ceiling on strings were four other cans whose purpose in life had been identical.

Sis Callie noticed most particularly that Opus was intent upon speaking directly into the ex-homes of the tomatoes. He would stand under one of the cans which was suspended from the ceiling, head thrown back very much in the manner of a dog baying at the moon, and expound a few classic sentences. Then he would whirl suddenly and leap viciously upon one of the cans tacked to the wall.

Sis Callie was worried. She placed her angular figure positively in a wicker chair and her voice crackled authoritatively through the room. "Opus!"

Mr. Randall was conversing with some of his canned goods:

"Ole Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbor of Mahone.
A dead clam rested on the bay ——"

"Mistuh Opus Randall! I crave to make talk with you."

The actor's voice died down, but his anger mounted. "Always you interferes with an artis' when he is artistin', Sis Callie. Cain't you never leave me be?"

"I got to know what's the meanin' of all this craziment."

"'Tain't craziment."

She sniffed. "So you says. But I got to have mo' than words. This is my house, an' I aim to keep it respectable an' not have a lot of ole tomato cans nailed to my walls an' hangin' down fum my ceilin's."

Mr. Randall paced the floor, pausing only long enough to ignite a perfumed cigarette. He answered Sis Callie's accusation in a bored and superior tone. "Them ain't tomato cans," he said, gesturing toward the decorations. "Them is microphones."

"Hmph! I reckon you can use big words, Opus Randall, but I know good an' well that they is tomato cans."

"Oh, shuh! Ain't you got no 'magination?"

"I ain't got so much that I cain't tell a tomato can fum what you said it was. An' I aim to know ——"

Opus seated himself and became friendly. "Ain't you never heard of a microphone, Sis Callie?"

"No."

"Has you ever seen a talkin' pitcher?"

"Like they is runnin' down to the Champeen Theater?"

"Uh-huh."

"Yeh; I has seen such."

"Well," explained Opus, with the vast patience which one uses in making a difficult subject more obtuse to an inquiring child: "Midnight has went talkie. Us is buildin' a new sound stage which is costin' mo' than one hund'ed thousan' dollars, an' fum now henceforth all the pitchers we make is gwine have conversation in 'em."

"Ain't that nice! But what has that got to do ——"

"When folks is makin' talkin' pitchers," pursued Opus, "the set what the pitchers is taken on has got microphones all over 'em. They is just about the shape of them tomato cans—or mos' nearly so. An' all of us famous Midnight stars has got to practice declaimin' so we will be used to talkin' into somethin' when President Orifice R. Latimer say he's ready to shoot."

Sis Callie was impressed. "You mean you acks into things like that an' then yo' voice comes back when the pitcher is showed?"

"Ezackly. An' it ain't easy. So if you'll just run along, I'll rehearse some mo'."

The estimable boarding-house lady rose. "That sho'ly is impressible, Opus."

"Also worrisome, Sis Callie. Midnight is spendin' a heap of money an' they is countin' on artisses like me to put them over. Some of their actors—like maybe that no-'count Welford Potts—is mos' likely gwine lose their jobs when Mistuh Massive Ellis gits to Bumminham an' notices how good they cain't talk."

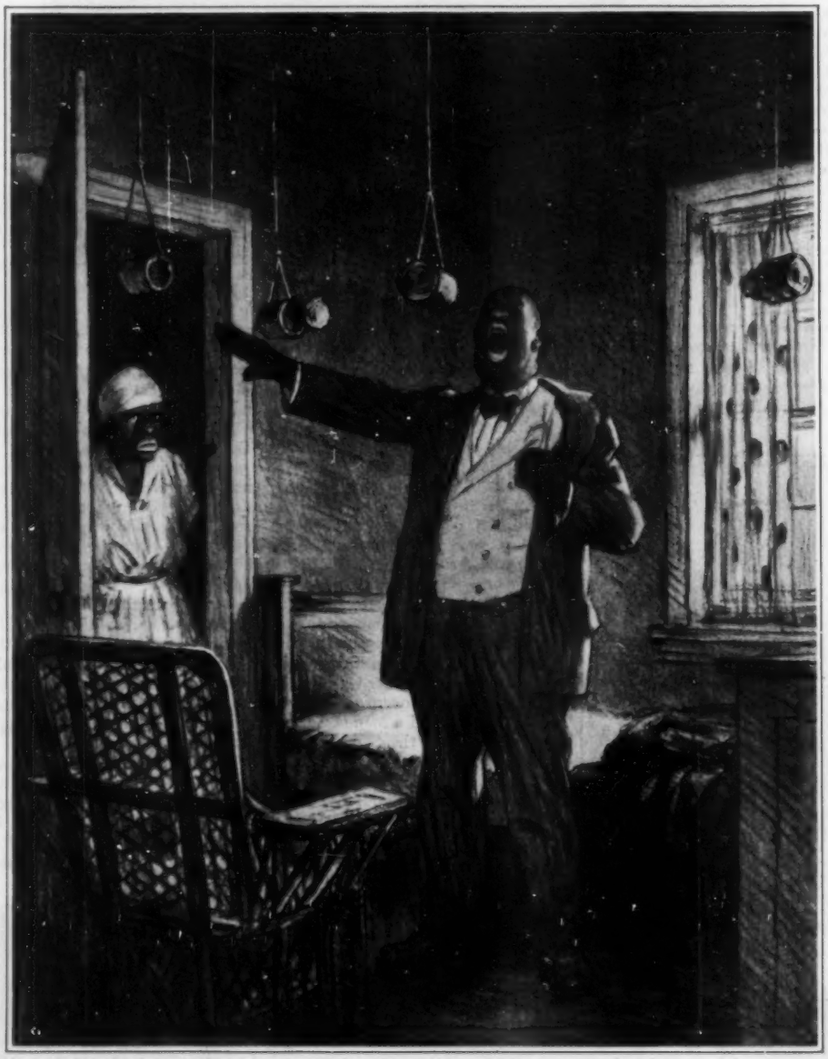
"Who is Massive Ellis?"

"He's a swell cullud actor Midnight is bringin' fum New York. He is gwine teach ev'ybody Midnight has under contrack how to act under a microphone. Of course he ain't gwine have to teach me nothin' on account I has studied ev'ything in adwance. But some of these uppity actors is gwine find themselves lookin' fo' jobs drivin' trucks if they don't watch out."

"When does Mistuh Ellis git to Bumminham?"

"This afternoon," answered Opus. "But don't you tell nobody."

Sis Callie left the room and resumed her housecleaning. It was all very mysterious and awe-inspiring to her; and even though she didn't yet understand, she felt immensely relieved by Mr. Randall's explanation.



"The Quality of Mercy Ain't Strained a Bit, It Drops Down Like the Gentle Rain Fum Heavum"

As for that large gentleman, he made a languid attempt to continue with his rehearsal, then walked to the window and stood staring across Avenue F.

He was not so much at ease as when he had tried to convince Sis Callie. Before the advent of talking pictures Mr. Randall had been securely intrenched in a very excellent job. He and skinny little Welford Potts had been Midnight's outstanding knockabout comedy stars from the company's inception. But recently production had been cut short; colored financiers had visited Birmingham; an impressive sound stage was nearing completion, and the atmosphere of the studio was surcharged with wild rumors and nervous conjecture.

Strange and efficient colored gentlemen had descended upon Birmingham, and Opus was daily hearing many words and terms which he could not understand: discussions of mikes and inkies and interlocks and play-backs and monitors. Each member of the permanent company was terrified lest his voice should fail to record properly, and there wasn't an actor on the lot—except Sicily Clump, their leading feminine star—who had ever enjoyed legitimate-stage experience. It was one thing to slam-bang at top speed through a hilarious scene, and quite another to memorize dialogue and know how to use it. Directors J. Cæsar Clump and Edwin Boscoe Fizz were walking around with

annoyed expressions on their faces discussing the new tempo, the demise of slapstick, the advent of a quieter, more solid type of two-reel comedy. Every person was full of language, but nobody in the organization seemed to know what that language meant.

Opus had been practicing diligently and scheming mightily. He was rather a lone wolf in the organization, not loved by any and hated by some. He had been rather high-hat; a fact which he now bitterly regretted, in as much as he knew he would receive scant consideration should his dialogue work show below par. It therefore behooved him to exercise diplomacy, and to that end he now took from his wardrobe a most gorgeous new suit of clothes which he donned with scrupulous care.

At four o'clock that afternoon, when the New York train rolled under the great shed of the terminal station, Mr. Randall stood eagerly at the colored exit eying the new arrivals.

With unerring accuracy he spotted his man, a tall, athletic-looking, light brown individual, who seemed somewhat ill at ease in the crowd of very dark citizenry.

Opus elbowed to this stranger's side and plastered a huge welcoming grin on his face. "Mistuh Massive Ellis, ain't it?"

The newcomer turned eagerly. "Yes. I am Mistuh Ellis."

"My name is Randall. Opus Randall. Ise the leadin' comedy star of Midnight."

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mistuh Randall."

Opus conducted Mr. Ellis to the curb where a shiny hired car was waiting. He announced himself a greeting committee of one and explained to Mr. Ellis that a room with bath had been reserved at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored.

The November wind bit through their overcoats as they whirled down Fifth Avenue toward darktown. Mr. Ellis was not very loquacious, but he was certainly appreciative. He allowed himself to be taken under Opus' large wing, and eventually they were settled in his room at Sally Crouch's.

Mr. Ellis explained his mission. He was a gentleman of many years' experience on and about the legitimate stage and had been engaged by Midnight to teach Midnight's erstwhile silent stars how to talk—or else.

"Or else which?" inquired Mr. Randall apprehensively.

"Or else lose their jobs, I suppose," smiled Massive. "You see, Mistuh Randall, motion pictures have changed. They ain't the same as they were. It ain't enough now for a man to get hit in the face with a custard pie or fall into a tub of water. The tempo of two-reel comedies is going to be slower, and the laughs will be put across with voice more than with action. Your president is anxious to keep the names which are of box-office value to him, but he realizes that they must be taught to learn and deliver their lines."

"Ain't it the truth?" responded Opus, somewhat dazzled. "An' I bet you is the ve'y bestest man in the world to learn 'em such."

"I've had some experience," confessed Massive modestly, "and I propose to do my best."

"Well, you ain't gwine have no trouble with me. I has been practicin' acidulously."

"That's fine, Mistuh Randall, because I like you and would hate to be forced to recommend you out of your job."

Mr. Ellis prepared himself for the evening and then followed his self-appointed host downstairs into Eighteenth Street, which was crowded with the dusky élite of Birmingham. Opus paused before a modest establishment on the plate-glass window of which was the inscription:

BUD PEAGLAR'S BARBECUE LUNCH ROOM & BILLIARD PARLOR

"Ever eat any ginuwine barbecue, Brother Ellis?"

The colored gentleman from New York shook his head. "I don't believe so, Opus. I've never before been South, and what they serve for barbecue in New York probably isn't anything but fried pork."

"Then foller me, 'cause you is about to inhale the lusciousest supper which ever passed yo' lips."

They walked through the door and inhaled ecstatically as the tantalizing odors assailed their nostrils. Bud Peaglar, somewhat meager and lopsided, limped forward and greeted the eminent Mr. Randall.

"Meet my friend, Bud. His name is Mistuh Massive Ellis an' he's fum New York. He ain't never been South befo', nor neither ever et no real barbecue. I crave, Bud, that you give him some of yo' best an' crispest outside pieces; two toasted buns; an order of yo' finest Brunswick stew, a cup of coffee an' a hunk of lemon-merang pie. Fo' me, the same."

The order was duly served and most properly appreciated. By the end of the ample meal Mr. Ellis was in a friendly and expansive mood. Then, the inner man thoroughly appeased, he permitted his eyes to rove toward the rear of Bud's establishment, where a score of earnest colored persons were seriously engaged in shooting near-ivory balls into little green pockets. Mr. Ellis was interested.

"Do you shoot pool, Opus?"

"Tha's the one thing I don't do nothin' else but."

"How about a friendly game?"

"Hot ziggity dam! Brother, you talks my language sho nuff."

They secured a vacant table and selected cues. Massive Ellis smiled at his new friend.

"What'll we play, Opus?"

"You is the doctor, Massive. Proscribe yo' own medicine."

"Straight pool?"

"Suits me."

"I like to put a little something on each game, Opus. What do you say to two bits?"

"Nothin' could be sweeter. Le's toss fo' the break."

"No," responded Massive generously. "You break. Break open and take what you make. After that call your shots."

Opus smashed into the triangle of balls, but made nothing. Mr. Ellis, handling his cue deftly, inspected the layout and proceeded to run nine before missing. Opus was pop-eyed.

"Does you always play that good, Massive?"

"No. I am usually much better. Most of those shots were set-ups."

Opus whistled expressively. "Tall feller, you ain't even in my class."

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One Look at Massive's Stern Countenance, and Another at the Boy With the Basket, Struck Terror to Welford's Heart

CROOKS PAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"WHAT," that famous American crook, Nick of New York, asked, stretching himself out with the lazy content of a man who has come to the end of a wholesome and well-spent day, "might be the value in English pounds—not dollars, mind—of the Duchess of Clarence's famous diamond, The Light of China?"

There was no immediate response from any one of the seven men who were seated at a round table in the private cocktail bar at Flood's Club.

They all turned toward Amos Grimmett, generally known as Old Grim, the most famous valuer and receiver of stolen jewels in the world, who happened to be the guest of honor that evening. He was a carefully dressed, middle-aged man of Jewish appearance, with fresh complexion, clean-shaven, and with brown eyes like gimlets. He hesitated for some moments before he pronounced judgment.

"I'm Beginning to Have Confidence in You, Nick," She Confessed, "But I Shall be Glad When This Little Show is Over"

"You're asking something, Mr. Conklin," he acknowledged thoughtfully. "I don't want to give you a hasty answer. Let me think for a moment."

George, the faithful waiter attached permanently to the little company, came silently to the table and busied himself with the rearrangement of the glasses. He, too, seemed to find some absorbing interest in Amos Grimmett's anticipated reply.

"In its present form," the expert valuer declared at last, "I should value the stone at one million pounds, and I should congratulate the buyer rather than the seller. Broken up, I presume you would ask me what I would give for it."

"We shall arrive at half the value that way, anyhow," was Eustace Grant's dry comment.

"There is no one in the world who is willing to do business connected with which there is a great deal of risk," Amos Grimmett pronounced didactically, "unless he makes a profit. I have to make a profit and I have to guard against accidents. A club dinner here every week or so, my house at Hampstead and my bachelor apartment at Brighton, suit me a great deal better than the stripes and arrow on the other side of the fence. For breaking up I should offer you a hundred thousand pounds for the stone."

"Have you ever seen it?" Bradman asked.

"Once only, under difficulties. It was exhibited at Christie's for a week, when the late duke thought of selling it. We had to look at it from behind bars, with a detective on each side of us, and to accept the guaranteed weight. As I do not frequent Buckingham Palace or the Opera, I never expect to see it again."

"Oh, you can't tell," Nick Conklin remarked. "I had an idea—in fact, I may say that I am making plans—to go after it."

There was a flash of excitement in George's somber face. Everyone else laughed derisively.

"Father of Abraham!" Amos Grimmett muttered. "Why, young fellow, you wouldn't have a dog's chance."

Sam Rubens, famous at his job, a cracksman who had broken into more impossible safes than any other criminal in the world, smiled in superior fashion.

"Nick, my lad," he advised, "let the idea float away. I used to declare that there was no safe which couldn't be tackled, given time, the right tools and the right stuff. I have seen the duplicate of the safe in Clarence House in the Bank of Montreal, and I have eaten my words. I reckon I'm top of the tree at my job and I'll lay fifty to one in tenners that there isn't a man breathing can break into that safe."

"Sam's right," Chaplain Lane declared. "I went over its specifications once when I was with Tyson's gang, and we decided that there was nothing doing."

Nick Conklin finished his cocktail and nodded amiably.

"You're right, both of you," he assented. "Anyway, I'm a mug of a safe-breaker. I wasn't thinking of doing the job that way."

"Just going to call upon Her Grace, I suppose, and ask her to show it to you," Grant observed with a smile. "You Americans have more nerve than we have."

"Not exactly that way either," Nick said gently. "The duchess is wearing it, I understand, at the drawing-room on Tuesday, and again at the reception she is giving on Tuesday night. . . . That is so, isn't it, Miss Dring?"

"Yes," Martha acquiesced, "unless she changes her mind."

"I shall have to risk her changing her mind," Nick acknowledged. "I thought of planning for Tuesday night."

There was a little ripple of laughter round the table. Even Grant shook his head.

"You'd never get within a hundred yards of her," he declared. "Besides which, if you did, you'd never get away."

Nick thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a roll of drawing paper. He spread it out upon the table and disclosed a couple of elaborate plans.

"You fellows don't seem to think much of me as a worker," he complained, handing them across the table. "When I go out after anything I generally mean having it, and as to not getting away from Clarence House, just study that plan for a moment, will you? You will see that there are no fewer than seventeen possible exits. The one I have chosen is marked in red ink. Nice piece of work, that, for an amateur draftsman!"

"It's a wonderful piece of work," Eustace Grant admitted, passing the plan on to his neighbor, "but as I told you before, you won't have a chance of getting near the woman that night. This isn't one of those big political stunts like you have in the States, where anyone can break in. It's an ultra-fashionable society function, given for the purpose of entertaining foreign royalty. You'll never get near the house!"

Nick of New York felt in the breast pocket of his coat and drew out two very beautifully engraved cards. He passed one across the table to Grant, who studied it through his monocle:

THE DUCHESS OF CLARENCE
AT HOME
CLARENCE HOUSE
MARCH 17TH, 10–3

MR. NICHOLAS

"Here's yours," the invited guest added, presenting a similar card to Martha. "If I make a mess of things myself, I'll try my best not to get you into trouble."

She stared at the card wonderingly.

"I'm beginning to have confidence in you, Nick," she confessed, "but I shall be glad when this little show is over."

Eustace Grant returned the invitation to its owner.

"Well," he said, "we've found out by this time that you have enterprise, Nick, but if you'll take my advice you'll drop this stunt. My opinion is that there isn't a human being alive who could bring it off."

"But why not?" Nick persisted.

"Because," Grant explained earnestly, "the only moment when you will be really near the duchess is when you make your arrival bow. All the rest of the time she will be surrounded by royalties, and, as a matter of social etiquette, you couldn't possibly approach. You might cut the stone from her neck, perhaps, when you make your bow, but what would be the good of it? There will be a couple of detectives within a few feet of her, and you will be wedged in among a crowd of Englishmen who, with all their faults, as you know, are not cowards. Any attempt at rough-house business would be simply absurd. With both those fiendish little automatics of yours going, you still couldn't fight your way a dozen yards."

Nick of New York smiled happily.

"You've got me all wrong, major," he protested. "I have a nice invitation here to a perfectly swell party, and,

with a young lady like Miss Dring to look after, you don't think I should behave like a tough, do you? We're not going to make any sort of a disturbance at the duchess' party, I can promise you that. Just a bow and a civil word, a glass or two of champagne and perhaps a caviar sandwich, and au revoir. But all the same, I may bring away The Light of China."

"Bet you a monkey you don't," Grant challenged.

Nick indulged in a slight grimace.

"I shouldn't call it exactly level betting," he complained, "but I'll take you once. . . . By the bye, did I hear that Sam Rubens was going out tonight?"

Passiter grinned scornfully. "It's Sam's night all right," he assented, "but he doesn't need to go out for it. He's got ahold of a mug and he's going to fleece him here."

"Is he in the competition?" Martha inquired.

"The chief's let him in," Passiter grumbled.

Eustace Grant tapped a cigarette upon the table and lit it.

"Card sharping," he observed, "is certainly the lowest branch of our profession, but, after all, Sam is one of us, and that's his specialty. I remember three or four years back, when things weren't going so well, we were very glad of those few thousands of which he relieved an Argentine gentleman after the Lincoln. It's not high-class work, but we've got to let him in. And that reminds me, his man's downstairs. We'd better dine."

They all trooped down to take their places at the famous round table under the musicians' gallery. Sam Rubens was waiting there, thin and dark, with lean face and hungry eyes, correctly enough dressed in tail coat and white waistcoat, but with a quaint air of aloofness from the class of people who might be supposed so to attire themselves. His companion and guest presented a far more remarkable appearance. He was probably the fattest young man that any one of the party had ever beheld before in their lives. His shoulders, which seemed to be bursting out of a very capacious dinner jacket, were immense. His pink-and-white face was as round as the sun. His stomach, as part of the anatomy of a young man, was incredible. His sponsor, however, seemed to find nothing unusual about him and introduced him with gusto to the rest of the company.

"My friend, Mr. Ned Fordham," he announced, "comes from the north of England—Manchester way. Somewhere where they know how to feed them, eh, Ned?"

The young man grinned. He spoke with a broad, north-country accent.

"Aye, lad," he declared. "I've eaten all there was in Manchester and I've come to London to pick up a bit. I've met with this young mon to start with," he added with a little guffaw.

There was a certain amount of handshaking.

"I am sorry that the rules of the club did not admit of our inviting you to the bar," Eustace Grant explained politely. "I trust that Sam has seen that you had a cocktail here."

"He's seen that I had four, and it would have been five if you had been a minute longer," Mr. Ned Fordham confided. "I don't like that rule of yours, mister. I've been brought up in bars. I've spent most of my time in them and I love 'em."

"Our club is very small, and our members like to keep together," Grant apologized. "I understand, Mr. Fordham, that you are a great card player," he added as they took their seats.

"Oh, aye, I play a bit," was the deprecatory response. "The folks up here are a trifle hot for me, but I've tumbled into a bit of brass, so they're welcome. Are you going to take me on?"

Eustace Grant shook his head.

"We're none of us great card experts here," he admitted. "Sam's our principal performer, but they tell me he's not quite so good as he thinks he is. He'll play with you after dinner, though, if you want a game."

"I'm out for a game all right, or I shouldn't be here," the fat young man responded heartily. "My folks tell me that it's a soft way of losing your money, but it's my brass, after all, to do what I like with, and though I'm not bragging, it will take a bit of getting through."

They glanced at him—Passiter, Rubens, Bradman and Chaplain Lane—with a hungry respect for his wealth. Two people at the table, at least, were envying Sam Rubens. Eustace Grant suddenly looked across the room and waved his hand to a young man who had just made a timorous entrance.

"Come along, Jack," he invited. "We've an empty place tonight and we've a friend here I don't think you've met," he added, indicating Nick of New York. "Conklin, this is Jack Costigan."

The dark young man with the shiny hair accepted the chair on Nick's left, and he lost no time in making himself known to his neighbor.

"I've heard of you often," he confided, dropping his voice almost to a whisper as he realized that the fat young man on the other side of the table was a stranger. "Jimmy Peake, who got the chair last month for putting a cop wise as to where he belonged, was a pal of mine. You worked with him once or twice, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I remember Jimmy," Nick admitted dryly—"a decent fellow, but rash."

"I've been wanting to meet you ever since you arrived," the newcomer went on. "You know who I am?"

"I think I can guess," Nick admitted. "You're Jack Costigan, aren't you, who runs the Bermondsey gang—the Hornets, you call yourselves?"

"You're dead right, and let me tell you this, sir: We're not such gunmen as you fellows on the other side but we put them away all right. Just a flick here"—he touched with a long and not too clean forefinger the side of his neighbor's waistcoat—"and you've got yours all right. No fuss, no noise, no risk to speak of. You leave the knife behind. We have them made common on purpose."

"This is very interesting," Nick Conklin confessed, studying his companion for a moment or two more closely. "Where are you to be met with?"

"Well, I eat here pretty often but I ain't a member. I wish I were," the young man added with almost pathetic wistfulness. "There ain't anything in life I'd rather have than to be a member of this club. Not class enough yet, I reckon. I work for the major sometimes, though, and I'd be proud to work for you if you're looking for help at any time. When I'm not to be heard of here I'm at the Mariners' Alley, Rotherhithe. I'll write it down for you."

(Continued on Page 178)

"Them Ain't the Cards I Gave You!" He Yelled

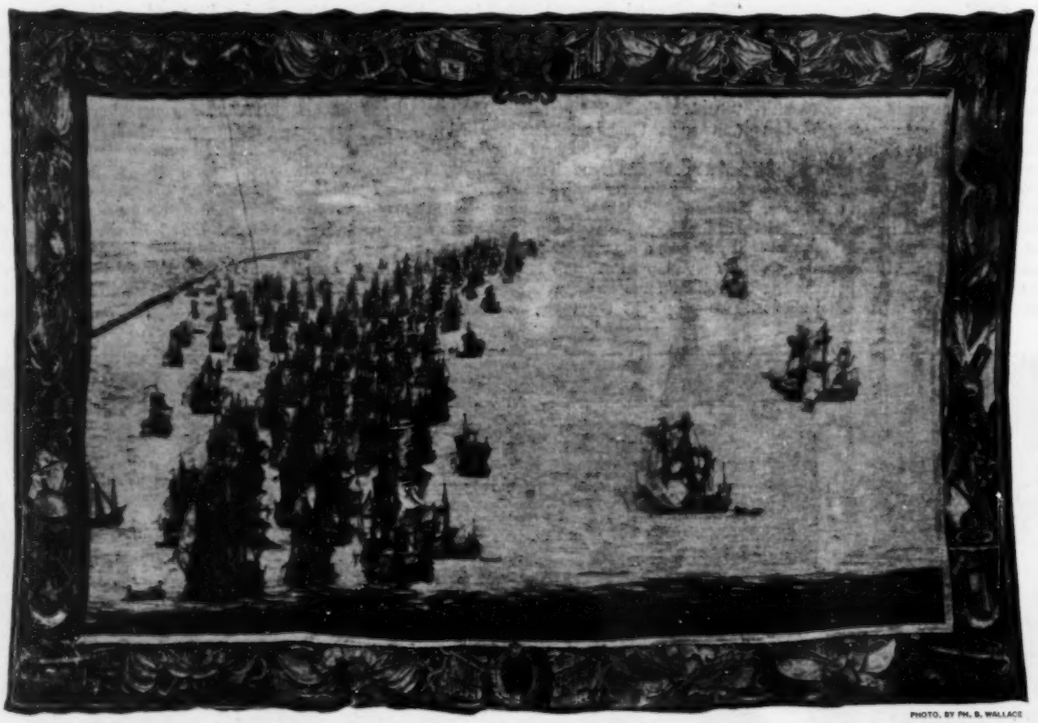
FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

By T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

DEFINITIONS of the expression, "freedom of the seas," are as numerous and conflicting as are national interests. A dominating belligerent would restrict the freedom of the seas to the narrowest limits possible. A weak belligerent interprets the term to mean prohibition of interference with its maritime trade with neutrals. The neutral, in turn, asserts that it means freedom to trade with belligerents; subject, of course, to restrictions provided by international law.

A fair definition of the phrase at the present time would seem to be freedom from interference by belligerents with neutral commerce, subject to certain rules applying to contraband, visit and search, and the violation of blockades. President Wilson's definition, "Absolute freedom of navigation outside neutral waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants," expresses perhaps the most widely accepted view.

Differences in interpretations persist, however, in peace as in war, supplying the basis for long and frequently unsatisfactory discussions in armament conferences and other meetings where representatives of the great powers seek to reach a common agreement on naval-building programs which will assure both economy and security. This is, of course, natural; principally because freedom of the seas is linked so closely with the entire subject of sea power, which has exercised a dominant influence on all history. The ancient as well as the modern world struggled with such problems, recognized or failed to recognize mistresses of the seas, won or lost empires because of naval equipment and methods of employing it.



PHOTO, BY FM. S. WALLACE

Mortlake Tapestries Picturing the Battle of Solebay, Between the Allied British and French Fleets and the Dutch

Fifteen centuries before the Christian Era, Minos, a Cretan, according to tradition, was the "first of the Greeks that rigged out a brave navy and gained the dominance of the sea." The great struggle between Athens and Sparta was fought on the sea as well as on land. Before that, the Greek admiral, Cimon, defeated the Persians in a naval battle and ordered that in the future Persian vessels were not to sail west of the Cyanian and Chelidonian islands with any ships of war. In 423 B.C. the Athenians obtained their Empire of the Sea and forbade the warships of Sparta and her allies to sail along the coasts of Greece.

Those Who Ruled the Seas

LATER the Spartans gained command, only to have it wrested from them again by Athenian navies, which, thereafter, watched the Spartans closely, for fear that enemy forces might reëstablish their power. Thus was recognized a dominion of the sea—a dominion exercised by naval supremacy. The Athenians dedicated their supremacy to the freedom of the seas for peaceful commerce, and tolerated no rival. That this interpretation of sea power has persisted through the centuries is commonly acknowledged. An obnoxious national maritime policy may always be justified in the minds of its promulgators on the ground that it is for the benefit of humanity.

During that interesting period of maritime history, Pericles proposed that all Hellenes unite to send delegates to a conference at Athens to deliberate "concerning the sea, that all might sail it fearlessly and keep peace." The 2000-year-old problem still persists to trouble the nations of the earth. Still they send delegates to conferences, as was proposed by the great Athenian in an attempt to solve an almost insoluble problem.

The ancient as well as the modern world was familiar with exalted opinions regarding the freedom of the seas. Justinian, the Roman, proclaimed that "by the law of nature . . . the following things are common to all men: The air, flowing water, the sea and, consequently, the shores of the sea." Cicero commented eloquently on the use of the sea in the following opinion: "This, then, is the most comprehensive bond which unites together men as men and all to all; and under it the common right to all things that nature has produced for the common use of man is to be maintained . . . everything else shall be regarded in the light indicated by the Greek proverb: 'Amongst friends all things in common.'" The declaration of the Roman emperor, Antoninus, "I am indeed lord of the world, but the law is lord of the sea," is a noble precept applicable today in the interest of peace.

Roman statesmen, however, did not follow the principles of Roman philosophers and lawgivers. When Scipio conquered Hannibal—a victory won by sea power—Rome compelled Carthage to surrender her entire navy—a precedent for 1918. The Romans soon called the Mediterranean "our sea." When pirates dominated the sea in 67 B.C., closing it to all commerce, Rome sent Pompey with extraordinary authority and power to repress them and "restore the sovereignty of the sea to the Roman people." Cicero commented that Pompey, like Themistocles, believed that "he who rules the sea rules the world"—a verity as well as an epigram.

The discrepancy between Roman law and Roman practice has been explained clearly by Prof. Pitman B. Potter, of the University of Wisconsin. The law was applicable only to Roman citizens. The declaration of Antoninus referred solely to Roman law, not to a law governing all nations. Rome never, according to Professor Potter, "possessed a maritime dominion recognized by a law of nations. . . . She claimed a maritime dominion, took control by her naval power and exercised it freely and fully. But not with the consent of free states. As a result of her conquests her sea dominion became a matter of imperial constitutional law and practice. . . . The freedom of the seas was a great problem of interstate politics and diplomacy in this age, but not one which had yet become a matter of formal international law."

At various times following the fall of the Roman Empire, Venice claimed and exercised sovereignty over the Adriatic Sea, Genoa over the Ligurian Sea, and Spain over the waters that bathed the state. When Portuguese navigators, led by Vasco da Gama, made daring voyages of discovery, the Popes, as a reward, granted to their country the rights of navigation, trade and fishing in the waters of the ocean as far as India. Naturally, Spain objected to such a sweeping jurisdiction. When Columbus stopped at a Portuguese port on his first return from America, he was told that his discovery was in Portuguese waters. Spain, hearing of this, obtained a bull from the Pope—a Spaniard—granting to Spain the rights in western waters similar to those enjoyed by Portugal to the southward.

A Present

VIOLATION of papal bulls meant excommunication. Those who, not deterred thereby, were found in prohibited waters were subject to capture, torture and even death. One Portuguese king gave orders that unauthorized persons discovered in his seas were to be thrown into the ocean "in order that they might die a natural death." Not to be outdone, Spain had drastic penalties for those who dared oppose her sovereignty over certain seas. A celebrated case, used to arouse public opinion to a pitch which resulted in war between England and Spain in 1739, had as its central figure one Captain Jenkins, master of an English brig. A Spanish officer boarded his ship, cut off Jenkins' ear and bade him carry it back to his king with the message that had the king been there he would have suffered likewise.

When asked his thoughts at the time, Jenkins is reported to have answered, "I commended my soul to God and my cause to my country." The incident naturally aroused great indignation in England, inspiring among other verses the oft-quoted doggerel:

Jenkins' ear was cut off clean;
The case is clear, the knife was keen.

In the treaty that followed the war no mention was made of the cause. In this it resembled the treaty signed at Ghent after our own War of 1812, in which no mention was made of the issues which incited that war—freedom of trade and impressment of seamen.

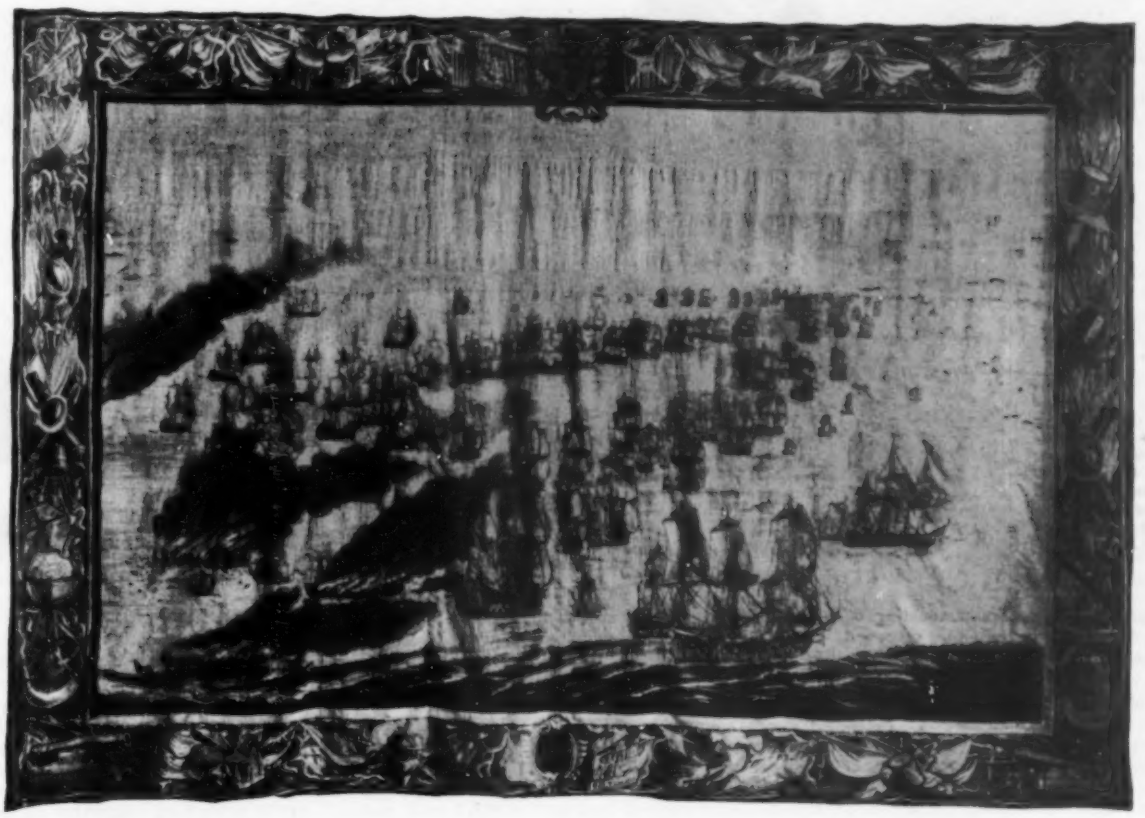
From earliest times English kings and queens claimed a sovereignty "within the four seas" surrounding the British Isles. One, in the thirteenth century, determined to uphold "the sovereignty which his ancestors, the kings and queens of England, were wont to have in the sea so far as concerns . . . the laws by them made to govern all manner of nations passing through the said sea."

British naval policy was defined as early as 1436 in a quaint rime, the Libell of Englishe Policye. The policy was to "cherish marchaundyes, keep the amiraltee that we be maysters of the narrow seas." This early writer recognized the concept that sea power could insure peace in the following lines:

Therefore if we would manly take on hand
To keep the sea from Flanders and from Spain
And from Scotland, like as from petty Brittany,
We should right soon have peace from all her boasts,
For they must needs pass by our English coasts.

The phrase "to keep the sea" had quite a different significance then from what it means now. It meant possession and domination.

In the reign of Elizabeth an English admiralty court decided that the Virgin Queen "hath the whole jurisdiction of the sea between England and France." Sir Leoline Jenkins, sitting in an admiralty court, decided that Britain had the authority and power "to keep the public peace on these seas . . . to maintain the freedom of navigation of the world over, so that not the utmost bound of the Atlantic Ocean, nor any corner of the Mediterranean, nor any part of the South or other seas, but that if the peace of God and the King be violated upon any of his subjects or upon his allies or their subjects, and the offender be afterwards brought up or laid hold of in any of His Majesty's ports, such breach of the peace is to be inquired of and tried . . . in such country, liberty or place, as His Majesty shall please to direct; so long an arm has God by the laws given to his viceregent the king."



Three hundred years ago the great King Henry IV of France sent one of his ministers, the Duke of Sully, as an ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The duke embarked at Calais in a French ship flying the French ensign at the main. On the way across the English Channel the French ship met an English dispatch boat that had been sent, as an act of courtesy, to meet and escort the duke to an English port. The captain of the English boat ordered the French ship to lower her flag. The duke, considering his rank, refused, whereupon the English captain fired three cannon shot into the French ship. Right yielded to might. To his emphatic protest, the only reply the duke received from the English captain was that "just as his duty obliged him to honor the ambassador's rank, it also obliged him to exact the honor due to the flag of his master as sovereign of the sea." The incident impelled Henry the Great to determine to have a force upon the sea such that upon another time would protect the honor and rights of his crown. This arrogant act was in accord with the traditions and spirit of nations of that time.

Making No Bones About It

MEANWHILE the powerful maritime state, Holland, added its protests to the claims of other nations to authority over the seas. In 1602 the Dutch East India Company retained a young Dutch lawyer, Hugo Grotius, to write a treatise controverting the claims of Spain and Portugal to exclusive right in the East and West Indies. One chapter of the treatise considered the question of freedom of the seas. A few years later, in 1609, Grotius published a small book, Mare Liberum, dealing entirely with freedom of the seas. This is important as being the first serious attempt to combat by argument the idea that a nation could have and exercise dominion over the sea. The arguments of Grotius in Mare Liberum were directed not only against the claims of Spain and Portugal but also and more particularly against British pretensions. In 1625 the great Dutch lawyer published his celebrated book De Jure Belli et Pacis, which is the original source of what developed into what is known today as international law; the "jus gentium" of Roman jurists and "Le Droit des Gens" of writers in French. Appropriately has Grotius been called the Father of International Law.

The writings of Grotius led to a strong refutation by an English jurist, John Selden. A book from his pen, Mare Clausum, was published in 1635 and adopted by the Privy Council and the courts of Exchequer and Admiralty as the approved British policy in relation to maritime affairs. The controversy between the principles of Grotius and Selden is one which has, in effect, endured to the present time. It is Mare Liberum versus Mare Clausum—the freedom of the seas as opposed to the dominion thereof.

At about this time the English and the Dutch were having serious disputes concerning fishing rights in the North Sea. The Dutch were advised to acknowledge the King of England's right in his claims, and it was plainly intimated that if the Dutch maintained the Mare Liberum they might arrive at having "neither *terram et solum*, nor *republicam liberam*." Quite a serious threat! The British Minister to the United Provinces was instructed to say that the "Mare Liberum must be answered with a defense of Mare Clausum, not so much by discourse as by the louder language of a powerful navy." Only a short time before this, the doughty old Dutch admiral, Tromp, had been accustomed to sail the British Channel with a broom at the masthead, ready "to sweep the seas." In 1639, Tromp, in a series of complete victories over the Spanish fleet, degraded Spain from her assumed position as mistress of the seas to a minor rank, and the Dutch became the "wagoners of all seas." Their influence and wealth were derived from their sea power. Their sway was maintained by force. This was soon challenged by the British Navy, grown strong under the government of Cromwell. The British Admiral Monk is reported to have exclaimed: "What matters this or that reason? What we want is more of the trade that the Dutch have now."

Before a declaration of war between the two nations in 1665, a British squadron captured Dutch stations on the west coast of Africa, and thence sailed for America and seized New Amsterdam—New York. The war was waged entirely at sea. Three great naval battles resulted. In one, fought in June, 1665, the Dutch Admiral Opdam—who, by the way, was not a seaman, but a cavalryman—had positive orders to give battle to the enemy. This incident prompted the much-quoted comment of Admiral Mahan that "the discretion proper to a commander in chief was not intrusted to him [Opdam]. To interfere thus with the commander in the field or afloat is one of the most common temptations to the government—and is generally disastrous." Opdam was defeated.

Just a year later was fought one of the great naval battles of history; great because of the number of ships engaged—80 English against 100 Dutch—because the rival commanders, Monk and De Ruyter, were the greatest sea fighters of the century, and, further, because of the physical endurance displayed by the seamen, who fought continuously for four days. The Dutch lost three vice admirals, 2000 men and four ships. The English lost 5000 killed, 3000 prisoners, eight ships sunk and nine captured.

The Dutch Sail Up the Thames

BECAUSE of a strategical blunder ordered from London by King Charles himself, the English had the worst of the fight. On the following fourth of August the English decisively defeated the Dutch in the English Channel and descended upon the Dutch coast to destroy a large merchant fleet and an important seaport. Eventually both sides wearied of the war and negotiations for peace were opened. They failed, owing to the harsh terms of Charles II.

Despite his haughtiness, however, Charles permitted his fleet to decline and continued the war by attempting to strike at the Dutch trade with frigates. As a consequence of this mistaken policy of commerce destroying, the Dutch were able to send De Ruyter, unopposed, up the Thames. The light of burning ships could be seen from London. This was soon after the great plague and the great fire of London. The combined disasters made Charles amenable to reason, resulting in a treaty of peace, signed July 31, 1667, by which New York and New Jersey became English colonies. Peace lasted but a few years. France under Louis XIV and England under Charles II were both jealous of the Dutch maritime trade and commerce. These unscrupulous monarchs determined to strike at the sea power of Holland and thereby secure for themselves the profits of sea trade. In order to gain the consent of Charles to a war with the United Provinces, Louis offered him huge sums of money and agreed that as a part of the spoils of the unholy alliance England would obtain the islands off the coast of Holland, which would control the commerce of Antwerp and Rotterdam. As a further inducement, it was promised that an English admiral should command the combined fleets of France and England.

The Dutch sought to avert the impending war, but no concession made by them was accepted. In January, 1672, England sent an ultimatum, ordering Holland to acknowledge the right of England to the sovereignty of the British seas. It demanded that the Dutch fleets lower their flags to British ships. The ultimatum was supported by Louis. Recognizing that war was inevitable, the Dutch prepared their fleets for battle. War was begun by an English attack on a fleet of Dutch merchant ships, and a week later King Charles declared war against the United Provinces. Louis XIV also then declared war.

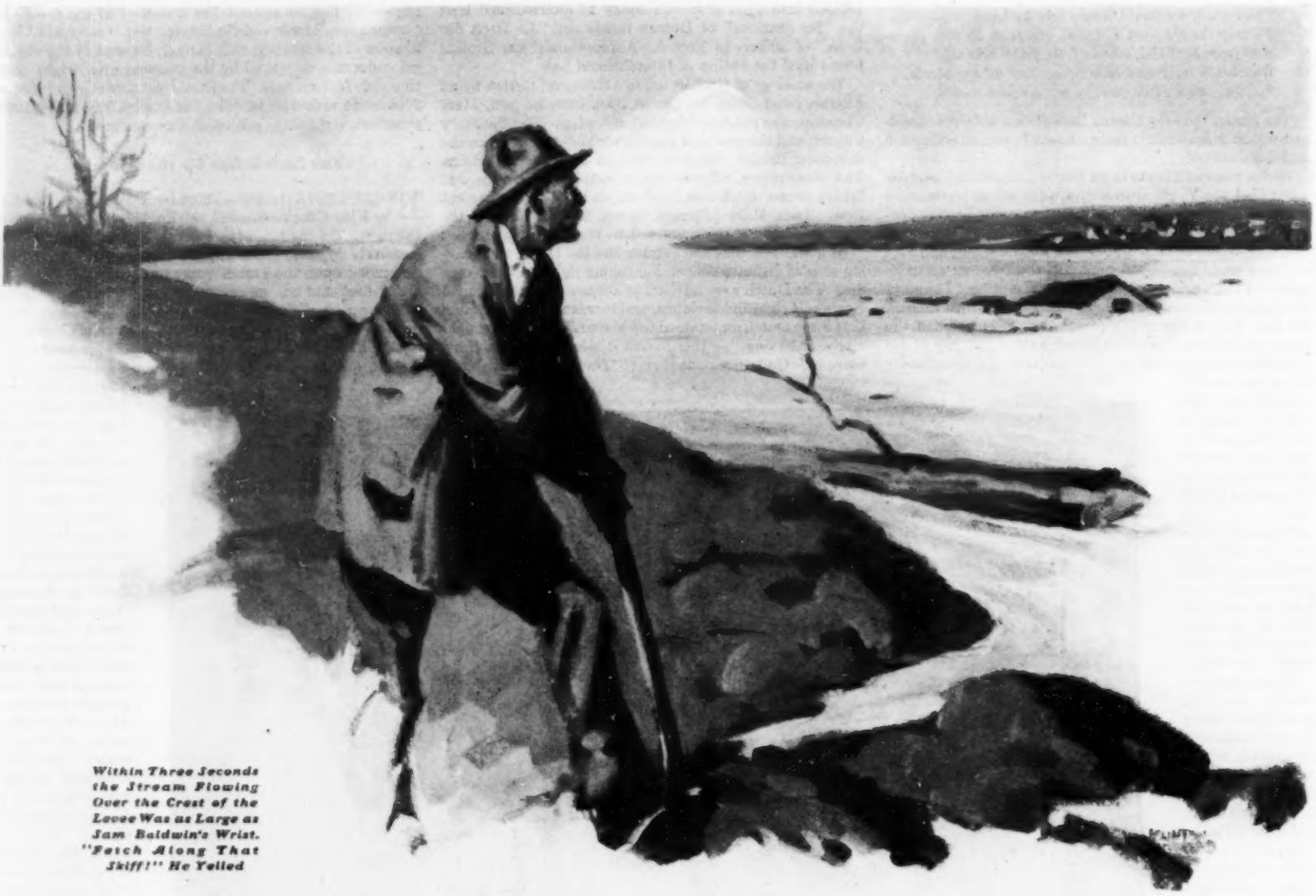
This war was the last contest between England and Holland in their struggle for supremacy on the seas. Within about a year four great naval battles were fought by the United Provinces against the combined fleets of England and France. The great Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, had a

(Continued on Page 182)

STUBBORN

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



Within Three Seconds the Stream Flowing Over the Crest of the Levee Was as Large as Sam Baldwin's Wrist. "Fetch Along That Skiff!" He Yelled

AFTER he had 'spent forty years steamboating on the Mississip', Sam Baldwin craved solid ground for his feet. He wanted to wake up where he went to bed. He wanted to view the same scene forever, and to rest. He was tired of quivering steel decks, clacking valves, whistles, gongs, jingles, bells and voices.

"I want to git where I never hear no steam whisperin' nor singin' nor coughin' nor roarin'. I want to git on a farm, where it's quiet. And by gum, mighty soon now I aim to quit the river and settle down on that piece of land I been buyin' acrost from Beermudy."

This declaration was forthwith relayed by an oiler to Jefferson Hall, the pilot of the Gilmore, who had run the river with Sam Baldwin for all of the forty years.

"Goin' to settle down acrost the river from Beermudy, is he? He's a dern, stubborn dumbhead," Cap'n Jeff commented when the bearer of tidings informed him of Sam Baldwin's resolve. "That bein' the case, I see the channel up ahead marked mighty clear for me. . . . Git out of the pilot house, sonny; you know what the new rules are that the Guv'ment has. I got to land downstream there where the brush gang is workin', and the Guv'ment figgers a pilot wouldn't be able to do nothin' with nobody near him. Git out of here, and much obliged fer the news about Sam Baldwin."

Cap'n Jeff felt a little hurt by the fact that his cribbage associate had kept a lifetime ambition concealed from him.

"Stubborn, secretive old fool! How's he goin' to make a livin' on a farm?"

Dismissing this thought half a mile upstream from the quarter boats that housed the brush gangs employed on the revetment work, Cap'n Jeff lined the Gilmore out for a running landing.

Then he thought better of it. "There's nobody on board except Sam Baldwin who'd know how slick a trick it is, anyhow. No use playin' a fiddle fer a cow."

Cap'n Jeff swung the wheel over and pulled the steamboat well out into the Mississippi. He made a wide, sweeping turn and came around quartering into the current full ahead. Abreast of the office boat at the head end of a string of quarter boats, he stood over with the current shoving hard on the port quarter of the Gilmore. "Cotton-pad landing—nary a tremble when she touches."

The mate roared an order from the lower deck in answer to a quiet phrase from the master of the Gilmore, who stood up by the bell on the boiler deck. The master of the boat turned and nodded to the pilot. Cap'n Jeff, ignoring all this, but submitting to it as part of the formal routine, rang a signal back into the engine room, where Sam Baldwin was handling her.

An argument still rages up and down the river as to whether Cap'n Jeff rang the gong or the jingle. At any rate, there was a quiver in the hogchains, the exhaust coughed heavily, and a Niagara climbed up the Gilmore's wheel as the boat answered the leaping steam. Full ahead! The Gilmore piled into the office boat like a freight train. Stanchions and waling strips let go in a crash, and the four-inch decking planks of the office boat piled up like cordwood. A dozen men yelled, and high above their yells came the roar of the mate's commentary on pilots and engineers in general.

The office boat surrendered and tripped her spars as a prelude to an attempt to climb the bank ahead of the pursuing steamboat. Hard up against the bluff clay she held her ground and fended off the enemy. Somebody got a line ashore presently and snubbed the two drifters.

The tumult died, except for voices of men telling how they would be damned. At this stage in the game the first classic phrases of the argument between the pilot and the engineer were voiced, loud enough for the scissorbills in the Missouri country to hear it all:

What kind of a plow-pushin' hill-billy was it that would shove her nose against the shore and ring for full ahead?

What kind of a grease-jugglin' deef-and-dumb trunion swab would slam her into the collar when he got a backin' bell?

An hour later, with most of the damage repaired, the Gilmore swung out into the channel again and headed downstream. In the engine room Sam Baldwin orated a pledge about never working another holy minute with no such a bell-ringin' maniac as Jeff Hall.

Up in the pilot house Jefferson Hall nibbled a plug of natural leaf and consented to take the wheel from the master of the Gilmore.

"I'll handle her, cap, fer the rest of the run, but I swear by the seven-toed catfish that me and the thumb-handed bullhead in the engine room ain't never goin' to work another shift together after this one! Him or me gits off this boat when we finish the run. Damn if I'm goin' to expose my health and strength to any deef-and-dumb idiots that don't hear a man's signals when he rings 'em! It's a mighty good thing he's goin' to take up farmin'. A farm is where he belongs."

Before the watch went off duty a first-class war had begun on board the Gilmore. Lined up with Cap'n Jeff were the cookhouse crew, the colored laundress, whose equipment had been considerably scrambled by the collision, half of the deck hands, the carpenter and the sailor man.

Galloping into the contest under Sam Baldwin's banner were two strikers and two oilers, all the firemen, the mud clerk, the other half of the deck hands and a painter.

Off watch after supper, Cap'n Jeff and Sam Baldwin had played cribbage together for a good many years. On this night they sought opposite ends of the long table, and with some superfluous verbal advertising they started two games of solitaire.

They discovered that the solitaire offered no battle. The solitaire games were forthwith broken up.

"Git that cribbage board," Sam Baldwin ordered, firing his language at Cap'n Jeff. "I aim to skin hell out of you in three games."

When the cribbage board was produced, "That board won't do fer this here game," the neutral mate protested "She ain't got no backin'-up bell on her."

Sam Baldwin grunted. "Nobody'd ring it if it had. Give 'er the gong and deal the cards!"

A truce came when Cap'n Jeff pegged a 24 hand for himself. "How you goin' to manage to run that farm, Sam, acrost from Beermudy?" he asked affably. "There ain't no worse piece of land in the world than that clay wash. Weeds can't even grow on it."

"Don't pester your head none about that. My old Gumbo nigger that was deckin' on a snagger on Black River before you was born will do all the farmin'. I'm leavin' all them matters to him. I got plenty to do on that farm without farmin' none. I aim to raise me a lot of hogs."

"Suppose you raise a lot of hogs and the cholera misses 'em—how you goin' to keep the high water off your land? A hog cuts his throat when he swims, and there ain't no land fer 'em to stand on where your farm is every time a high water comes along."

"Don't let that worry you none. Whadd'you suppose I been runnin' this river forty years fer? Whadd'you suppose Gumbo has been dredgin' that long fer? Fust thing me and Gumbo does is build up a levee around Beermudy Bend that no high water since the Recordin' Angel himself kept the records kin touch."

"Looks to me like a mighty big single-handed job."

"Me and Gumbo is a couple of mighty big single-handed folks. . . . Cut the cards."

A week after Sam Baldwin and the faithful Gumbo settled down in temporary quarters on the low ground across from Bermuda, a rumor drifted along the river until it went aground in the printing office of the Bermuda Clarion:

Ye ed is reliably informed that an important addition is about to be made to the solid citizenry of our fair city. We stand ready one and all to welcome Captain Jeff Hall whenever he ties up at this landing. Drifting along on the stream of life, no more esteemed gentleman has it been our honor to meet than Captain Jeff, and whenever he decides to lay up for life's winter in this harbor, welcome home, Cap, say we.

With Sam Baldwin off the river, Cap'n Jeff felt somehow that the old Mississip' was a deserted, vacant place. "I wonder if the stubborn old fool is lonesome over there on his farm?"

Sam Baldwin was not lonely. He was too busy to be lonely. Profiting by lessons learned in forty years on the Mississip', the engineer and the coal-black Gumbo, over whom he had enjoyed absentee ownership for twenty years, rigged up a hay-wire hydraulic dredge on a raft of logs, and forthwith the work of throwing up a levee to protect the embryo Baldwin estate was started.

Unlimited time and three thousand dollars out of the money that Sam Baldwin had saved over and above the cost of his farm were the principal assets of the enterprise. Gumbo seemed inclined to use up more than his share of the time at first, but after the crude pumping plant had made a test run and the old negro saw that his principal job would be lying around in the sun, he worked better.

The dredge was not a very elaborate affair, but it handled enough yardage during the first month to verify Sam Baldwin's estimate of the time required to complete his project of fencing in his farm with a protective levee. "We kin begin makin' high ground upstream and fetch a sort of wing dam out of the front end of the corn patch inside of a year. After that's done, if it stands the June raise, we kin run on downstream half a mile or so and then head her back toward the high country. It looks to me like inside of three years we're bound to have this land in fine shape."

"Yass-suh." Then a cloud drifted across old Gumbo's black face. "Whah at all de cordwood comin' f'm fo' de boiler?"

"Don't bother me about cordwood. That's your job. You kin snag onto some driftwood or else take the ax over into the timber and arrange about the cordwood any time you have to. Main thing for you to do is keep sixty pounds on the gauge and shoot a little oil around here and there every so often."

"Yass-suh."

Old Gumbo was glad enough to welcome the first high water which put him temporarily out of business. With ten feet of flood coming around the lower end of the uncompleted levee and rolling across most of Sam Baldwin's estate, about all that Gumbo did was lie around the long shack on the high ground and eat his rations.

"That silt the flood brought probably done the land a lot of good," Sam Baldwin observed to his right bower after the flood had passed. "They's from six inches to a foot of good rich silt over all that upstream land under the levee right now. Mebby you better put in a crop of corn, Gumbo."

"Us makes a crop dis yeah. Gwine to need a mule an' a plow."

Sam Baldwin audited his bank roll, and then: "We'll rent the mule and a plow fer two-three months. Ain't no use investin' all the capital in plant. That's what them civil engineers used to say that worked fer the Guv'ment. You row me over to town tomorrow so we kin git some seed corn and git it planted. I'll see about the mule when the time comes."

"He's a-Chasin' Us. I Cain't Outrun Him Wid Dis Skiff. Dere He Goes, Ringin' de Backin' Bell. Cap'n Jeff Leanin' Out de Pilot House Yellin' at Us, Mistuh Sam."

Under a cool fog which lay across the surface of the Mississippi next morning, Gumbo started rowing across the river.

"Head her upstream, boy. You got a five-mile current to figger on," Sam Baldwin advised him after they were a hundred feet from the shore.

"Yass-suh." The old negro pulled three or four strokes as heavily as he could on his left oar, and then settled into a slow heave which impelled the skiff at a thr e-mile rate.

"Way the foam is driftin', looks to me like you're headin' too straight upstream," Sam Baldwin advised him after they had been on the course ten minutes. "Hit her heavy on that right oar a couple of licks."

"Yass-suh." Gumbo breathed deep and pulled the skiff around until it lay at right angles to three or four lines of foam which strung out along the surface of the river under the gray fog.

"Let her go as she lays. Hit the collar now! We don't want to be all day crossin' this river."

Gumbo pulled for another twenty minutes, and then he rested. "Looks like dat Beermudy town is backin' away f'm us faster dan us kin ketch up wid it."

"Never mind about that. Lay into the collar there. We only been out ten minutes."

Something was wrong, and from then on, as near as old Gumbo could estimate his position, things got more and more wrong, until finally the passenger in the stern of the skiff had to admit that he, too, was lost.

"Keep a-pullin', and pull steady on both them oars. Mebby you been goin' round and round in circles. Dern this dern fog!"

"Damn dis ol' fog!" Gumbo echoed his master's criticism of the gray blanket which lay above them. "Wish dat ol' sun come burnin' th'ough. Knowed a man whut got lost all one day in a fog on dis riveh."

"Never mind about that. Just keep a-pullin'."

The pair landed on the Bermuda shore twelve miles downstream from their objective four hours after the trip began.

"Git yourself rested," Sam Baldwin said to his motive power. "Cross the way there is the mouth of Mud Bayou. We're two bends downstream from Beermudy. You got a mighty long drag ahead of you, boy, but never mind. I'll help you with the pullin'."

Working in alternate shifts and keeping at it steadily, they managed to make the riffle at sundown. Going ashore at Bermuda, the first inhabitant of the village to greet Sam Baldwin was Cap'n Jeff Hall.

"Where you been? I seen you laborin' upstream from a mile down below."

"Never mind where we've been. Come along and help me with a drink of likker. I'm mighty tired." Confession came presently: "Me and Gumbo started across the river at six o'clock this mornin', and it took us twelve hours to make it. I'm mighty tired," Sam Baldwin admitted.

"You poor old fool! Come along with me and turn in. Any man what stands a twelve-hour shift has got a furlough comin' to him." Cap'n Jeff turned to Gumbo. "You come along, too, boy. What you need is plenty to eat and a lot of sleep."

"Yass-suh, cap'n, us sho do."

"Git the skillet hot soon as you git to my house. Cook us some eggs and fixin's, and then git your own supper."

"Yass-suh. Sho will." Visions of a mammoth supper

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UP TO NOW—An Autobiography

By ALFRED E. SMITH

SO I WAS launched on another campaign for the governorship. A long experience in campaigning gives a man the power to sense the general feeling of the community. Particularly in country districts with sparsely settled population, there are always some indications on the surface as to how the public mind is running.

In 1920 I left Syracuse and motored through the Chenango Valley into Binghamton. We were riding for two hours and I never saw a single picture of James M. Cox, the Democratic candidate for President, but just as I made up my mind that there were none in that section, I spied one in a window. I called to the chauffeur to pull up to the curb, because I wanted to get a look at the first man in that section who had the courage to speak out for the Democratic party. Whereupon, my secretary, Jerry Connor, said: "It's all right. He is the Democratic postmaster."

Things were quite different in 1922. Running for governor against the same opponent, I saw an entirely different attitude in the small cities and villages in the upper part of the state. The heat, dust and excitement of the great national campaign had died down and the people had turned their attention to the questions affecting the state. In many respects the campaign of 1922 was novel. One of the candidates was then governor, Nathan L. Miller, and one was myself, the former governor, defeated once in 1920 by his opponent. There was a sharp division between our political policies and the things which each of us represented.

This campaign differed very much from the previous ones in which I had taken part, because it was more of a debate on definite subjects rather than a campaign of general speech making. In my first two years in Albany I had taken a position on many public questions and given my reasons. Over a period of three weeks during the campaign, each candidate summed up his cause before a jury which was the people of the state of New York.

One of the principal differences between Governor Miller and myself was the question of reorganizing the state government by constitutional amendment. Though he did not oppose the principle of reorganization, he declared that it did not require an amendment to the constitution. That argument he was unable to sustain, and he was also compelled, in the campaign of 1922, to bear the brunt of having advised against its adoption during his administration.

Governor Smith Conferring With Leading Supporters in His Campaign for the Democratic Presidential Nomination in 1924

Issues in the 1922 Campaign

HE WAS also opposed to an executive budget made permanent by constitutional amendment. He likewise held to his belief in the principle of centralized state control over what I considered were local problems of control of public utilities. He was unwilling to debate the laws curbing freedom of thought and speech and compelling teachers to submit to a loyalty test, which he had signed and I had vetoed.

He based his campaign on what was heralded as a great achievement of economy. I was prepared for this issue, and before the campaign had even begun I had made a study of the claim he was likely to make, of savings amounting to twenty millions of dollars in one year.

My familiarity with appropriation bills soon disclosed that the reputed savings had been made in three ways. The appropriations for the Department of Labor had been cut arbitrarily, so that three principal bureaus of the department could not function. Inspection of factories, the Workmen's Compensation Bureau and the Bureau of Women in Industry were completely crippled. It was easy to prove that this was false economy.

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The Governor Reading His Inaugural Message to the New York Legislature, January 1, 1923

No appropriation whatever had been made in 1922 for indemnities for tubercular cattle slaughtered by the state. The sum, amounting to more than five millions of dollars, was just allowed to accumulate, drawing interest. It was not difficult to explain to voters that the mere nonpayment of bills was not economy. Something of the same procedure had been followed in curtailing appropriations for the care of the insane in state hospitals.

Governor Miller and I differed on water-power control and development, although he had signed bills to permit the state to develop and operate two power plants on the Erie Canal. On the basic principle affecting the power site on the St. Lawrence River he opposed me.

Senator Seymour Lowman, afterward lieutenant governor and a prominent dry, now Federal prohibition administrator, sought to embarrass me on the wet and dry issue on my visit to his home city of Elmira in the course of the campaign. Before reaching the city I was informed that he had personally paid for a half-page advertisement in the local newspapers asking me a number of questions about prohibition. It must be borne in mind that during the term of Governor Miller the Mullan-Gage Act had been passed, which brought violators of the Volstead Act into the state courts for trial.

Ask Me Another

WHEN I began my speech of the evening at the Opera House in Elmira, I carried a copy of the evening paper onto the stage. Holding it up to the audience, I answered Senator Lowman's questions in detail and succeeded in turning the tables against him. Then I advised him to ask Governor Miller the same questions. Needless for me to say, he did not ask them of Governor Miller, because so far as prohibition was concerned the Republican Party that year was again engaged in its old trick of trying to be dry among the drys and wet when among the wets.

Men who ask questions in a political campaign must be prepared to state their own position. No Republican candidate has ever done that in the state of New York so far as prohibition is concerned when he desired the votes of the big cities.

In dealing with the Lowman questions I followed a policy to which I have adhered throughout my public life. I have always been willing to answer frankly questions put by responsible people, and I have enjoyed particularly those intended to embarrass me. In the city of Omaha, in the recent campaign, I had an experience similar to the Lowman one, when some of that city's leading citizens were induced by the local Republican committee to allow their names to be signed to a series of questions addressed to me. I answered these, and one of my Democratic friends in Omaha, who had talked to a prominent Republican citizen there

who had allowed his name to be used, told me that the citizen whispered in his ear that he'd see that that would never happen to his name again.

Strangely enough, in 1922 the newspaper reporters strongly favored me, but the editorial writers and all the owners of the big metropolitan dailies, except the Hearst newspapers and the New York World, morning and evening, either because they believed the economy claims or because they thought Miller ought to have the advantage of a second term, were outspoken editorially for Governor Miller. The climax of the enthusiasm of the newspaper reporters came during one of our press conferences at the Biltmore Hotel when they undertook to estimate the size of the plurality by which I would be elected. Some had it up to half a million. I offered a suit of clothes to the newspaper reporter who made the best guess. One reporter's guess was accepted on newspaper tabulations the day after election and he received my order for the suit. But the official canvass brought another man nearer the correct figure and I paid twice for being in too much of a hurry to make good my promise.

A Paper Victory

ON ELECTION DAY the people went to the polling booths and rendered the verdict. I was victorious by 387,000 plurality—the largest ever given to a governor in the history of the state. Not only did I win but the whole Democratic state ticket was elected with me. Strange to say, because of our unfair and discriminating apportionment, the assembly was Republican and the senate was Democratic by one vote. This presented to the people of the state the unique situation of having approved of my policies, a great majority of which required legislative enactment, and having the Republican assembly, following the ideas and principles of their leaders, proceed forthwith to annihilate every proposal which I offered.

The situation was summed up in a few words when I said: "I won office, but the people of the state, temporarily at least, lost the opportunity to get the benefit of the things I promised in the campaign." I remember an argument with Fred Hammond, the clerk of the assembly. He had been a member of the assembly with me. When the legislature of 1923 made known its determination to defeat our program, I called his attention to the different planks and promises of the Democratic platform, and he replied, "That wasn't in our"—Republican—"platform." I said: "Your party didn't win. You were overwhelmingly defeated."

Nevertheless, the leaders of the assembly clung to the theory that they must oppose everything I advocated during the campaign and adhere to the principles and policies of their own lost cause.

Tripping back and forth between Albany and New York disorganized the family. The day after election, I was at the Biltmore with Mrs. Smith. The children were at Sea Gate. No. 25 Oliver Street was closed for the summer and we were at a loss what to do about it. We decided to leave the old house on Oliver Street as it stood. We stayed at Sea Gate until the weather, the opening of school and constant trips back and forth made it impossible to stay longer. Then the whole family moved into the Biltmore.

Showing Boy Scouts How He Helped Build Pyramids in the "Good Old Days"

In order to remedy the conditions of which I had complained during the campaign, there was a great responsibility placed on me to begin my labors before the first of January. Accordingly, after less than two weeks' vacation I started on my annual message for 1923 and on the preparation of the financial statements, the budget and the appropriation bills to make my recommendations effective.

We had a small Christmas tree in the Biltmore Hotel—the smallest in our experience—because of the limited quarters. A friend gave Mrs. Smith a Pekingese dog for Christmas and a policeman gave me a monkey. All hands, including the animals, boarded the train for Albany, on the thirtieth of December, 1922, serenaded by the police band. Arrived at Albany, a large delegation of townspeople were at the depot awaiting us. I marched on foot through the slush and snow—it was alternately raining and snowing—to the Executive Mansion, where Governor Miller and the outgoing Republican state officials gave us a cordial welcome.

To the children it seemed like returning home after being on a vacation. As they entered the main entrance, each shot as fast as possible to the room left two years before. It took less than fifteen minutes to settle everybody except the monkey. He was in a small cage, and after the long ride I took a chance and let him out in one of the cloakrooms. He surveyed the entire mansion, looked everything over carefully, before he was induced to go back to the cage by the odor of an overripe banana. Captain, the police dog, was the prize animal of the household at that time. Great was our grief when he was run over by a truck and killed.

The Executive-Mansion Zoo

THROUGHOUT four terms in Albany one of the attractions of the Executive Mansion was animals. In my first term I confined the menagerie entirely to ponies, dogs and birds, but when I returned in 1923 I used the large space at the back of the mansion for housing animals native to New York State. I gathered them with the assistance of the Conservation Commission and by donations of other animals not native to New York State from friends who heard about the Executive-Mansion Zoo.

I left it open to visitors to the city of Albany and to the children and residents of the city. At various times I had raccoons, bears, elk, deer, monkeys, rabbits, pheasants, a red fox, barn owls, and for a while the goat which had appeared in the motion picture entitled Homeward Bound. The goat's name was Heliotrope. At the time that the picture was being shown in the Executive Mansion, Heliotrope was in the menagerie in the rear. Live alligators, turtles and terrapin were sent to me from the tropics. An elk was a present from the Boy Scouts of America and was captured when young in Bear Mountain Park. It was presented to me on one of my summer visits to the Boy Scout camp. When he arrived at the Executive Mansion he was wild. In a very short time the boys of the family, with the staff at the Executive Mansion and with me, were able to go into his inclosure and play with him as you would with a horse or a pony.

All the deer, fawns, raccoons or bears that were brought to me were young and were found by the game protectors in the Adirondack Mountains, the mothers having been killed or lost. An Adirondack deer that was brought up on a nursing bottle in the kitchen became familiar enough with the mansion to come in and out of the house himself.

One small Adirondack black bear which afterward grew to weigh three hundred and fifty pounds was so young when it arrived at the Executive Mansion that one of my boys fed it with

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PHOTOS, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

On His Way to White Pine Camp to Visit President Coolidge

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1929

Mr. Glass' Proposal

NO ONE who recalls the highly valuable services rendered to the nation by Senator Glass of Virginia incident to the establishment of the Federal Reserve System can have failed to read with surprise his proposals for doing away with speculation in stocks. Many years ago Mr. Glass engaged in long and laborious studies of the intricacies of our national banking system and came into the Senate Chamber endowed with such a wealth of knowledge and background that members of both parties listened to him with the deepest respect. But in his eagerness to put an end to the evils of stock gambling, he seems not to have envisioned the consequences of the drastic measure he has fathered.

Senator Glass' proposal, which he is planning to tie to the tail of the pending tariff bill, is nothing more nor less than to impose upon the sellers of stocks which they have held for less than sixty days a five per cent tax upon their market value.

If we take the stand that the stock speculator is a menace to the well-being of the nation and must and shall be eliminated at any cost, much can be said in favor of the means which Senator Glass has devised to that end. But can we be at all sure that in cuffing the ears of the gambler we shall not land a knock-out blow upon the jaw of the sober investor who buys outright for the long pull? No matter how sincerely we may deplore the tactics of the in-and-out trader who seeks to enrich himself without lifting a finger for the enrichment of the nation and its industries, we cannot deny that he often performs a useful service. He it is who does so much to make the market in which the rest of us trade. It is he whose constant readiness to buy a shade under the moment's quotation and to sell a shade above it before the gong strikes at three o'clock, gives us an accurate idea of the price we can get for a stock or the price we shall have to pay for it at a given instant. Obviously the greater the number of buyers and sellers, for the most part free lances, each on his own, spread out from coast to coast, the more difficult it becomes to rig the market in the interests of a small coterie. We do not suppose the most ardent reformer would welcome a return of the practices of the 80's and 90's, when Wall Street was still in short trousers and small compact groups acting in concert were able to make the market do their bidding like a ventriloquist's puppet.

Most programs for the elimination of the speculator are as uneconomic as the efforts of other years to prohibit short sales. In more than one country such prohibitions were put into statutes, but the practical results soon convinced even the reformers that the steadying and stabilizing effects of a substantial short interest in a top-heavy market constituted a factor of safety of too great importance to be legislated out of existence. Any practical consideration of the matter must suggest the thought that although we do not indulge in speculation ourselves nor care to assume the hazards of selling what we do not own, we should be ill-advised to deprive ourselves of the tangible services rendered us by the speculative element. Neither Mr. Glass nor his supporters should forget that it is because there are so many reckless and foolish persons in the world that the wise and thrifty are able to order their own affairs so advantageously, not only for their own benefit but for that of the entire nation. The world has yet to hear of a law which will legislate the fool out of his folly.

The tax proposed by Senator Glass, if we may venture to differ with him, is as unjust as it is uneconomic. Just why a buyer of stocks, whether he be investor or speculator, who chooses to sell them within sixty days of their acquisition should be penalized in an amount roughly measured by a year's dividends is by no means apparent.

The New York Stock Exchange prides itself upon being the freest security market upon the globe. It is prepared to make this assertion despite the fact that it is already artificially trammeled by the profits tax, which restrains the holders of millions of shares of high-grade securities from liquidating them at prices which would be advantageous did it not involve the payment of income taxes which are regarded as prohibitive. This artificial restraint is such a powerful market factor that the Secretary of the Treasury has more than once gone on record as believing that the tax costs the Government more than it comes to. The wisdom of repealing this tax, as has lately been proposed, and discontinuing the allowance for losses, is a matter of opinion; but the tax advocated by Senator Glass is not, we believe, entitled to the benefit of any such doubt. It was not proposed as a revenue measure but as a device for putting an end to forms of trading which do not enjoy the senator's approbation, however great may be the economic service they render to the country as a whole.

Any reformer who launches a program for checking speculation should be required to state precisely what speculation is. This is not so easy as it may seem; for, essentially, the difference resides in the mental attitude of the trader. Two men may buy the same stock at the same moment at the same price, and one may be a speculator and the other not, according to the motives which actuated the trade. How, then, can anyone defend a tax upon the trader who looks for a profit in eight weeks, but which does not fall upon him who does not sell for nine weeks? The simplest test cases uncover the fallacies upon which such arbitrary restraints upon trade are commonly founded.

Speculation, reckless trading and out-and-out gambling bring their own punishments. They are inflicted automatically and without fear or favor. In the long run they work out more effectively than all the statutes of the theorists and paternalists.

Mechanized Medicine

IN ALL fields of human activity economic problems, including those of organization, press for solution these days. In this respect medicine is no exception. Though vast numbers of people, for one reason or another, do not receive adequate medical attention, the physicians, on the other hand, are finding themselves in an increasingly difficult position. Their education is expensive, an increasing amount of costly equipment is needed, much free work is done and many bills are never collected. It is said that the throat specialists of one great city, in this most prosperous of all periods of history, are called upon to perform a majority of the tonsillectomies without any charge to the patient.

At the same time patients of moderate means are complaining in ever more insistent tones of the cost of medical care. That only the very rich and poor can bear the mounting expense of operations, X ray, and the like, has become a perfect truism of conversation, yet we fear that the truth of the remark is making large numbers of intelligent laymen increasingly bitter against the medical profession.

What, then, is the solution of this difficulty, of this most annoying paradox? Offhand the layman would say that medical practice must go through the same evolution that industry followed a century ago. As the artisan or craftsman gave way to the factory system, so must the medical practitioner. Indeed, there are many signs, whether the doctors like it or not, that something of this kind is beginning to happen. So-called groups, or clinics, and institutions are springing up all over the land. If the doctor is underpaid and the patient overcharged under a system of extreme individualism, the obvious way out would seem to be to temper these rigors by group, or collective, effort. Indeed, the more radical social reformer insists that the true ultimate solution is state medicine—that is, a public system of medicine, precisely as we have public schools now.

But large elements in the profession itself are outspoken against these tendencies. They say that human beings cannot be treated by the same routine that is used in inoculating hogs against cholera, and that the last refuge in individualism which we have is when we become sick and go to a practitioner. Medicine, they say, is an art as well as a science, and an art cannot be practiced on a factory system. When people are sick they need more than the routine attention of a salaried employe of a corporation, even if that employe happens to possess a medical degree.

To all this there are many obvious replies, centering around the thoroughness possible in an institution which includes all kinds of specialists and the most expensive modern equipment. Then, too, though the doctors in such a place may be "nothing but salaried employes," they can at least concentrate on the business in hand and not worry about uncollected bills. But the adversaries of mass medicine persist in their attack. Especial objection is registered against advertising by health institutions and clinics as being the opening wedge in the mechanization and commercialization of medicine. The layman can never be persuaded that there is anything unethical in advertising by a philanthropic or other irreproachable nonprofit-making medical organization, but it gives the institute or clinic a distinct advantage over the individual, for in the profession advertising by its members is stamped deep as unethical.

Into this far-reaching quarrel we have no occasion to enter except to urge on behalf of the public that the physicians, public-health workers, dentists, nurses, hospital authorities and others involved persist in their efforts to find a way out. Heretofore even the fundamental facts upon which an unbiased judgment could be reached were lacking, but this defect is in way of being remedied. Doctor Wilbur, former president of the American Medical Association, and now a member of Mr. Hoover's cabinet, is chairman of a committee which is engaged on a five-year program of fact finding, without being committed to any theories or policies regarding the future organization of medicine.

Efforts are being made to discover the cost of education and capital investment as well as the incomes of a large number of physicians, the cost as well as the extent of sickness, the extent of hospital services for persons of moderate means, the extent of irregular types of medical practice, and many other types of information needed to form sound judgments.

We have said enough to indicate the importance of the subject. The problem is a very serious one. Is it possible for individual practitioners, working as individuals, really to care for the health of the country? If every person had only one health examination a year this would mean eight hundred a year for each physician, or three a day, not including Sundays and holidays. It is said that only twenty per cent of the people go regularly to a dentist for examination and repair. Obviously, then, valuable as the individual practitioner has proved himself to be, there seems a place also for groups or institutions. As in every other branch of human activity, changes of organization are bound to occur. The relation between independent, individual action and reliance upon group effort must of necessity vary from time to time in the evolution of society.

Are We Successful Imperialists?

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

SOME years ago, at seventeen, the capture of the Philippines made a tremendous impression upon me. Those who are old enough remember that there was patriotic talk by some as to the United States flag never coming down when once raised over new territory.

That was bosh, of course. So was the fanatic campaign to give the Filipinos immediate independence. The Philippines were no great prize, but they were a great obligation. The last experiment in territorial imperialism ever to be undertaken by a wise United States was on! It was begun almost inadvertently and by Hobson's choice. We had to get in; we could not get out.

Have we been successful in our principal one-act play of imperialism? Why, that remains to be seen! That is what still is dramatic about the Philippines. It's the challenge. It's the problem. It is the question mark that calls to our public opinion—a rather sleepy, neglectful, public opinion—about the Philippines.

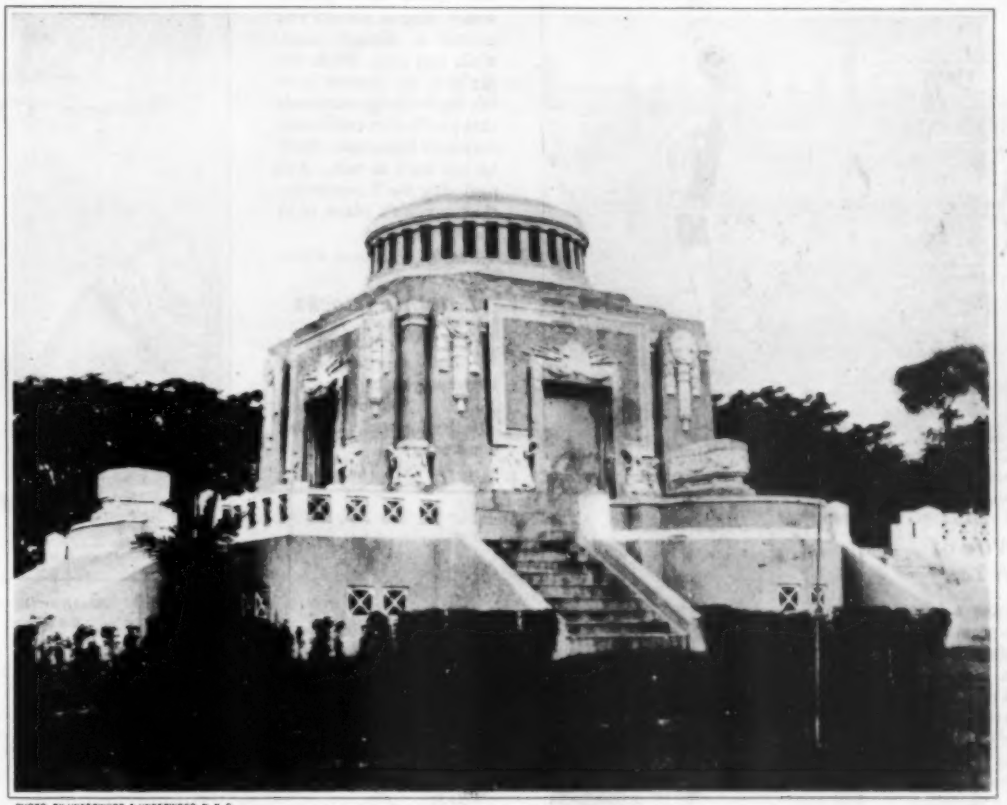


PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A Memorial to the Veterans of the Revolution Against Spain. It is Situated on the Outskirts of Manila

The last time I was in the islands I ended the report I made in these words:

"The key to successful and ideal imperialism lies in recognition that the people of these islands, diverse as they may be in race, dialect, custom and religion, do not astonish one who is unprejudiced by their differences of feeling, but rather by their universality of fundamental political sentiment; not by their helplessness, but by their hopefulness; not by a supine and cringing spirit seeking paternalism and paying for it in gratitude, but by a common desire to become a people, to owe no obligations, and to express themselves as a self-directing commonwealth."

A Problem of Coöperative Mechanics

TODAY I see no reason to change that formula. To it I would add: "Public opinion in the United States, if it overlooks our dramatic experiment in imperialism, is stupid; and if it fails to give attention to that experiment it is censurable."

Who for instance knows what Harrison did as governor-general of the Philippines? Or General Leonard Wood? Or Stimson—now our Secretary of State? Who knows anything about the fascinating mechanics of setting up an assembly plant to build a concrete mixer to unite our duty of guardianship with the desire of a people for an autonomy? Who can say that such an autonomy should be less than the autonomy and independence of your particular state of the United States?

The Philippines still seem far away. We read that Dwight Davis, yesterday's Secretary of War, has gone as governor-general. He is the nearest approach we have to the British Viceroy of India, and that approach we may assert is not very close, and so be it! The donor of the Davis Cup, with St. Louisian common sense, belongs to an age when imperialism is a liability, not an asset, and durbars are not on the program. And yet Davis—and Uncle Sam—mean so much to almost thirteen million people! That is more people than live in any state of the Union—more than in New York State, on a territory more than twice as large as Pennsylvania.

The hero of the Filipinos—just as George Washington is ours—was a youth who gave himself to sacrifice under the inept Spanish régime—Jose Rizal. Said he: "He who loves his independence must first aid his fellow men, because he who refuses service for the common good will find himself without protection; the single rib of the palm is easily broken, but not so the broom made of the ribs of palm bound together."

With this wisdom in mind, with this symbolism which partakes of the fundamental inspiration of Mussolini's effective Fascism, the independence sought by the modern Filipino is the same independence and the same ideal which is the woof and warp in the textile of what remains of our own national sense of individual and community independence and freedom.

On the other hand, the only paternalism worth anything is that which, like a wise parent, fosters self-reliance. And there is always the danger that we may make the mistake of perpetrating the wrong kind of paternalism in the Philippines. The policies of Henry L. Stimson as governor-general were, we may say, tactful obstacles to such a mistake.

Knowing the Philippines and several of the native leaders, it would be folly for me to feed the idea that any but cranks among the Filipinos would take secession from the United States as a gift.

Knowing how important the Philippines are to us—let us say, a friendly introduction to the Far East, provided we produce the proper performance of administration and coöperation there—it would be utter folly for me to feed the idea that casting these islands loose from the United States would be anything but outright madness on our part.

Both we and the Filipinos have a stake—a big stake. And the Filipinos, on the whole, have the larger stake in successful management of imperialism. This means working out a relationship. It is a fascinating problem of coöperative mechanics and the gateway to a new outcome of "imperialism." I use that word on purpose; it is an odious word to so many! But it blessed, for one instance, the state of Texas! Stimson saw the problem clearly, and Davis may and probably will.

Means of Aid

THERE are two fields for effort. One is political, or, in other words, the mechanics of adjusting an American-made governor to a Filipino-made legislature. The other—which today I regard as even more important—is coöperation to give economic construction to those fascinating islands. We have every interest—except the interest of some selfish propagandizing, tariff-lobby group—to give the Philippines a square deal, to get the blood of our capital into their veins, to raise their standard of living and give them the economic background upon which all self-governing aspirations not founded on the sands of sentiment must be based. As one Filipino politician has said to me, "Straw sandals and sentiment cannot compete with sole leather and sanity!"

It is not enough to do for the Philippines what Japan has done so well for Korea. We can give them roads and schools, where, foolishly, any moron of course wants to be a doctor, a lawyer, a politician or a merchant chief, instead of a planter, a machinist or a contractor. We can introduce a system of justice and superimpose invaluable sanitation. We can pat ourselves on our chests for all that—and we have!

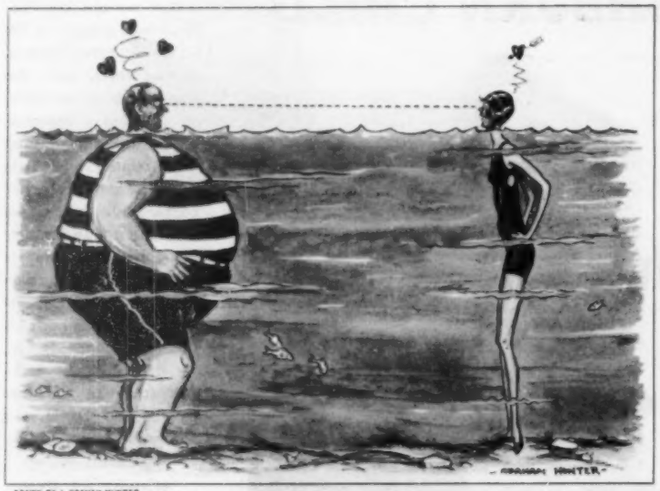
We owe them much more, not only for their purposes but also for our own—call it your pocketbook and mine.

We owe them peace of mind and they owe us peace of mind. How quickly we forget that, before Stimson went there, the Filipinos had since 1923 boycotted politically General Wood—that great, benevolent administrator—and had even sent a commission to Washington to ask for his recall! The trouble then was lack of coöperative machinery, as I shall show. We owe investment, too; they, in the mass, owe industry. To be in our picture as independents, as citizens of a state of the Union are independents, they then, as Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn would say, ought to "hump themselves!"

It is not a pretty situation when for nearly five years after 1923 our imperialism worked so badly around Manila that there exists substantially a passive revolution against coöperation between Manila and Washington. To be sure, that made no impression on the general American public. It was deadly as to the Philippines. The cabinet had resigned, undersecretaries conducted the department of government. General Wood almost killed himself trying to

(Continued on Page 56)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



DRAWN BY A. GRAHAM HUNTER

Both: "Gee, What a Pippin!"

How to Cure Your Wife of Going Fishing With You

URGE her to go. Choose a lake that's all fished out. Impress upon her the necessity for silence. Let her wear her pretty frock in the boat; she'll ruin it. Start in the heat of the day. Let her do the rowing. Chatter a blue streak yourself. Don't let her talk.

Give her the rod you'll regret least having her lose in the lake. Leave your pet Parmachene Belle and Royal Coachman at home. Give her a five-hooked minnow and a wide berth. Keep inshore, so she'll snag all the bushes. Make her unsnag her own line. Don't let her talk.

After a couple of futile hours, suggest she dig worms. Let her impale the worms. If she gets a nibble, stand up and shriek: "Reel out your line! Take it in! Let him have it! No, not that way! Out! In! . . . There, I knew you'd lose him!" Rock the boat till she falls overboard; then give her merry aitch for losing the fish. Don't let her talk.

Keep fishing. Keep saying "Don't." If she lands a sucker, make her remove the hook. Expatiate on the poor fish's dying flops. Tell her to whack its head on the side of the boat. She'll try to call you a brute. Don't let her talk

Take no refreshments. Be late for dinner. If your wife shows she's getting weary, suggest she row you around a distant bend, while you troll. When the sunburn and insects have left her writhing, announce that you'll start earlier and stay later tomorrow. She'll be too mad to talk. And next day she'll remember that woman's place is at the bridge table.

—*Isabel Woodman Waitt.*

Laughingstocks

WHEN you read your daily paper almost any pleasant morning,
You will find a jeremiad full of protest, woe and warning;

DRAWN BY RAY THOMPSON

Mother (1969): "Remember, Grace, Don't Go Away From Over the House!"

For, as someone has discovered, or at least attempts to show it,
"We're the laughingstock of Europe!"—only Europe doesn't know it.

It's perhaps about the tariff, or, as likely, prohibition,
Or a folly that is speeding our toboggan to perdition,
Or a presidential message; but, as Earnest Souls will word it,
"We're the laughingstock of Europe!"—only Europe hasn't heard it.

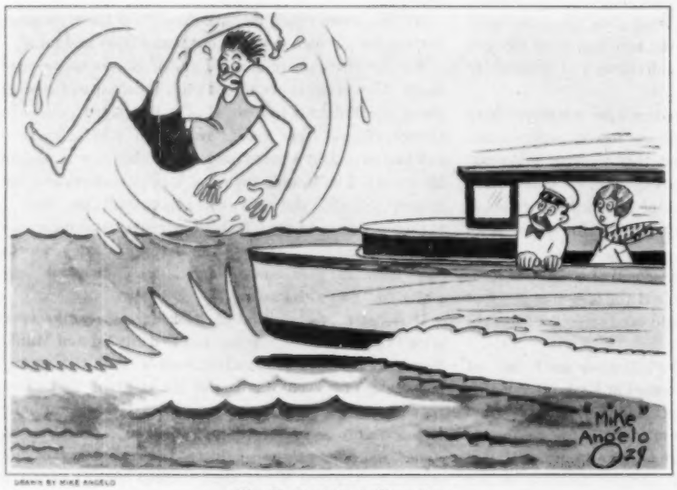
Where's the continent so perfect that the laughter, scorn and railings
Of its nations may be centered on another people's failings?
Yet these egoists would tell us, while they wish that they could shake us,
"We're the laughingstock of Europe!"—which is what they'd love to make us.

Oh, you pompous mischief makers with your everlasting sneering,

(Continued on Page 109)

DRAWN BY MARGE

"This Costume is a Wow! All I Need Now is a Terrible-Looking False Face!"



DRAWN BY MIKE ANGELO

The Pedestrian's Vacation

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Passenger on Observation Platform: "I Wonder What is Delaying Us. We're Two Hours Late Already"

~now one of the most popular luncheons!

VEGETABLE SOUP by Campbell's famous chefs! Be ready to enjoy a real treat when you serve it! For no matter how great a favorite of yours vegetable soup has always been, Campbell's is sure to give you an extra enjoyment and satisfaction.

Did you ever taste vegetable soup made with 15 vegetables? That's what you get in Campbell's! Did you ever taste vegetable soup blended by French chefs who have devoted their lives to soup-making? That's what you enjoy in Campbell's! 12 cents a can.

A choice for every day

Asparagus	Chicken	Consommé	Mutton	Printanier
Bean	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Julienne	Ox Tail	Tomato
Beef	Clam Chowder	Mock Turtle	Pea	Tomato-Okra
Bouillon		Mulligatawny	Pepper Pot	Vegetable
Celery				Vegetable-Beef

Heap Big Indian
Chief you see
And my name is
"Soup-for-Me"!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

LADY CAN DO

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"But You Had a Pretty Good Memory of it This Morning. That's Why You're Staging This Dramatic Scene"

X

ELSIE, still trembling, held her pencil poised. "After all," she told herself, "it's a lot better to be kept busy, even in this awful business, than to sit helplessly about like those others downstairs."

What were they waiting for? The hush was painful. It seemed to run with a prickling sensation along your nerves. She heard that coroner clear his throat. The woman in the bed turned and sobbed.

Then Carlock spoke in a kindly, low voice. There was something of the gentleman in that state-police official:

"We are extremely sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Cuppy. I assure you we will be as brief as we can. But there are a few questions we must ask." The sobbing swelled out a little louder. There was a distinct touch of hysteria in it. Curious, in a way. You could understand sorrow, the crushing hand of tragedy. But this was an ungoverned woman, beside herself. Surely she hadn't loved that hulk of a husband so intensely. Why, she couldn't have! Carlock pressed on, quietly enough, but firmly: "Will you try, please, to tell us when and how you came into possession of the Chinese cap?"

Mrs. Cuppy was slow to answer. She made one or two false starts, still weeping uncontrollably. But finally she cried out, "I don't know! My—my husband gave it to me!"

The voice had none of the rippling, cooing quality that Elsie had noted in it at their first meeting. It was a broken, shaky voice, hoarse from the paroxysms to which she had been surrendering herself.

Now, abruptly, she screamed, "Where is my secretary? Why hasn't she come to me? She's a sly girl! She stole that cap!"

"We have the cap, Mrs. Cuppy," explained Carlock. "But we must learn how it came into your husband's possession. Do you know? Try to think clearly."

"Oh, how can I? He bought it."

"Can you tell us from whom he bought it?"

"I? How should I know?"

"Did he bring it out from New York?"

The woman merely sobbed.

"It was a common thing, was it not, for the Chinese merchants to come out here to show their wares to Mr. Cuppy?"

Another outburst of grief. Then: "Yes! Oh, yes! Of course!"

"Was the cap brought out here in that manner—by one of the regular merchants? By a man with whom he was in the habit of having dealings?"

"I think so. How should I know? I wasn't there, I tell you." Then, a thought more steadily: "He bought it for a surprise for me. I wasn't there."

"He told you nothing about that side of the transaction?"

"No! No!"

"He didn't tell you how he bought it, or from whom?"

"I tell you, no!"

"And he didn't mention how much he paid for it?"

"Of course he didn't! It was a present!"

"Then you know nothing whatever of the transaction?"

"Haven't I told you I don't? Why do you ask me these questions? Why do you come in here like this?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Cuppy. I'm sure we all are. But it is our duty to ascertain the facts. Now will you tell us, please, exactly what you did with the cap last night, before you went upstairs?"

"I don't know what I did! I will not be questioned like this! Who are all these men, doctor? Why did you bring them into my room? Send them out!"

"They are all officers of the law, Mrs. Cuppy." Thus Doctor Obry. "I'm afraid I have no power to send them out."

"Just a minute." This was the chief, speaking for the first time, in a hard, raspy voice. "You don't remember asking Miss Penn to take care of the cap?"

The sobs began again.

"Answer me! You had been drinking, had you not?"

Elsie, startled, looked up. The chief was leaning forward, his stony eyes fixed on the wailing woman behind the screen. Carlock was watching him, his lips compressed.

"He's torturing her," thought Elsie. "How awful!"

"Really," Doctor Obry put in, "I doubt if it will be of any use to ——"

"Be quiet!" The chief's voice suddenly took on body and force. "Isn't it the fact, Mrs. Cuppy, that by that time in the evening you were too drunk to know what you did or didn't do?"

Elsie, horrified, looked up again and saw Doctor Obry's shoulders twitch in a sort of shiver. But he merely clasped his hands tightly on his knees and stared down at them. He was, as he had intimated, helpless.

The chief drove remorselessly on. Elsie thought fantastically of a grim gray warship stripped for deadly action. "Tell me this, Mrs. Cuppy: Were your relations with your husband pleasant or otherwise?"

Doctor Obry's shoulders twitched again. But he didn't lift his heavy eyes.

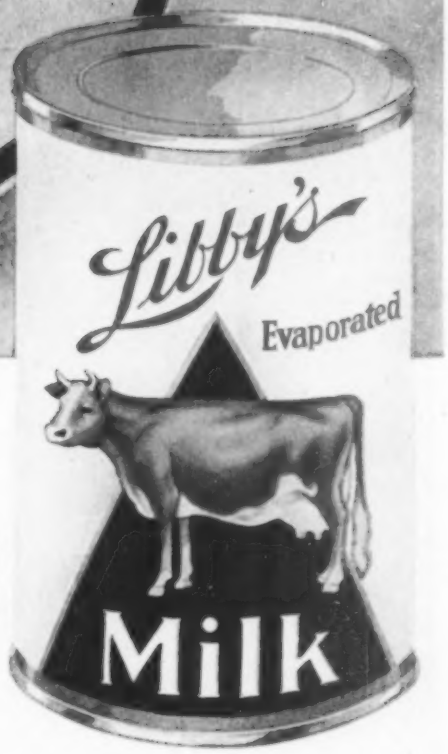
The sobs swelled into a sound not far removed from screaming. But the chief raised that big voice of his: "You are perfectly able to answer me. These hysterics aren't going to get you anywhere. Not anywhere at all. I'm going to stay right here until you make up your mind to drop this nonsense. Answer me! Now or later!"

A chair moved. There was a step. Atkinson appeared within Elsie's range of vision, standing over the chief sternly.

(Continued on Page 38)

Pecan Muffins, made rich and light-textured with Libby's Evaporated Milk

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Evaporated Milk, Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon



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Recipes that are "different," *in a new kind of file case. A book with indexed folders, bound in kitchen blue. Each recipe on a card. 72 new dishes, unusual, yet simple, from appetizers to dessert. Extra cards, too, so you can file recipes of your own in permanent form. To get case and recipes, send 30c in stamps (60c in Canada), with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-33, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ontario, Canada. Write for FREE recipe leaflet, "Harvest Dishes."*

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 36)

"This can be done at some other time," he said tartly.

The chief ignored him. "Mrs. Cuppy, did you love your husband?"

There was a breathless hush. Doctor Obry, looking up now at last, stared unhappily. The sobbing started up again. And she wailed, "Oh, yes! He was the dearest, the most generous man that ever lived! We were utterly happy together! He lived only for me and I only for him!"

"How long have you had John Dane here?"

Another hush. Then a sudden scream that froze Elsie's blood. And a rustling sound, as if the woman were sitting up in bed. And a queer soft pounding. Was she beating a pillow? "Is that man still in my house? Throw him out! I won't have him here!"

"And why won't you have him here?" the chief thundered.

"He's a monster! He had pursued me! I had to tell my husband! He gave me no peace! He tried to compromise me! He outraged my hospitality! My husband ordered him to leave the house this morning! Why is he still here? I won't have him here! Throw him out!"

This was screamed out incoherently, broken with sobs and hysterical, quick intakes of breath. Then more screaming and that frantic pounding sound. And Elsie wrote it down—or her hand did.

"So you loved your husband dearly?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, always!"

"And John Dane annoyed you?"

"He did, I tell you! He did! He did!"

"And you didn't respond to his advances?"

"How dare you suggest such a thing!"

"Wait just a minute now! Wait just a minute!" Deliberately the chief drew that folded paper from the inside breast pocket of his coat, spread it open on his big knees. Quite as deliberately he removed a pair of spectacles from their case and put them on. Atkinson was still standing over him in an almost threatening manner, and he had to look out around the thinner figure of the assistant district attorney to glare—over his glasses—at the woman.

"If you weren't inclined to respond to John Dane's advances, then why did you write him this note?"

"I never wrote him a note! Never! Never! Never!"

"You not only wrote it but you weren't so drunk but what you had a pretty good memory of it this morning. That's why you're staging this dramatic scene. Thought you could throw us off the scent by accusing Dane, did you? . . . You wait a minute, now. I'm going to read it to you. You listen to me! Sooner or later you'll listen. Here, now, is the cool little note you wrote last night to the man you despise: 'John, you darling ——'"

There was a sudden scraping of chairs. All the men sprang up except the chief. He sat motionless, with the faintest imaginable flicker of a smile on the wooden face.

"She has fainted!" Doctor Obry's voice. "Lower her head! Quick!"

"I wouldn't worry, gentlemen," said the chief, dryly. "She'll come round when she's made her point. After all, we're in no great hurry. Let her play her scene out."

Atkinson came back at him. "If I were you," he said in a suppressed voice, "I'd watch my step. You can't get away with this third-degree stuff. Not with people like the Cuppys. You'll find yourself in some pretty hot water first thing you know. But then"—he spread his hands—"you've spilled the beans already."

The chief looked up at him now. "I'll take care of the beans, Atkinson. And I'm not asking your advice. I've got her. Got her cold. There! See? She heard me. Really, gentlemen, you'd better just lay her on the bed. And you just sit down. I'm going to read you this letter. Don't worry about her. She'll hear it, all right. She'll hear it."

He readjusted his spectacles and turned the paper toward the window. "'John, you darling: Come to my room tonight. It's perfectly safe. Old Cuppy'll be snoring his stupid head off downstairs. I'll leave my door ajar. Oh, I'm crazy about you—crazy—crazy—crazy. Hazel.' . . . It's just scrawled, you see, in pencil. Must have scribbled it the minute she got upstairs. And either took it or sent it to his room, for that's where we found it. And it's all here. The paper Dane burned must 'a' been just the envelope. Then he likely thought that was going to look pretty messy, so he just tears up the note, very small. But we got it. And it's all here."

Through all this there was not a sound from the bed.

"Well," said Atkinson acidly, in that same suppressed voice, "I've warned you. You can't handle rich and influential people the way you'd handle a bum off the street. Likely it'll cost you your job. Anyhow, it's not our business, this stuff. Even if there was a little of this sort of thing going on. People do these things. You can't do anything about that. It may mean something and it may not, but for heaven's sake ——"

"Not our business? Then what is our business?"

"To find the murderer or murderers of Jonas Cuppy."

"The murderers of Jonas Cuppy are in this house." Impressively he said that. And complacently. Suddenly then, with an agility astonishing in so large a man, he sprang up and pointed at the bed.

"There!" he thundered. "See that? She moved! She's heard every word of it!"

The silence that followed this bellow came upon them like a stunning force. Elsie pressed a hand to her breast, struggling to breathe.

From the bed came a faint whimpering.

XI

THE five men filed out into the hall. Mrs. Cuppy was whimpering on. The nurse stepped methodically about the room, moving chairs.

The door behind Elsie opened, slowly and very softly. She turned with a start of something near panic. Luckily she made no sound. Funny, her hand was pressing, almost painfully, against her breast. And her toes were curled tightly within her shoes.

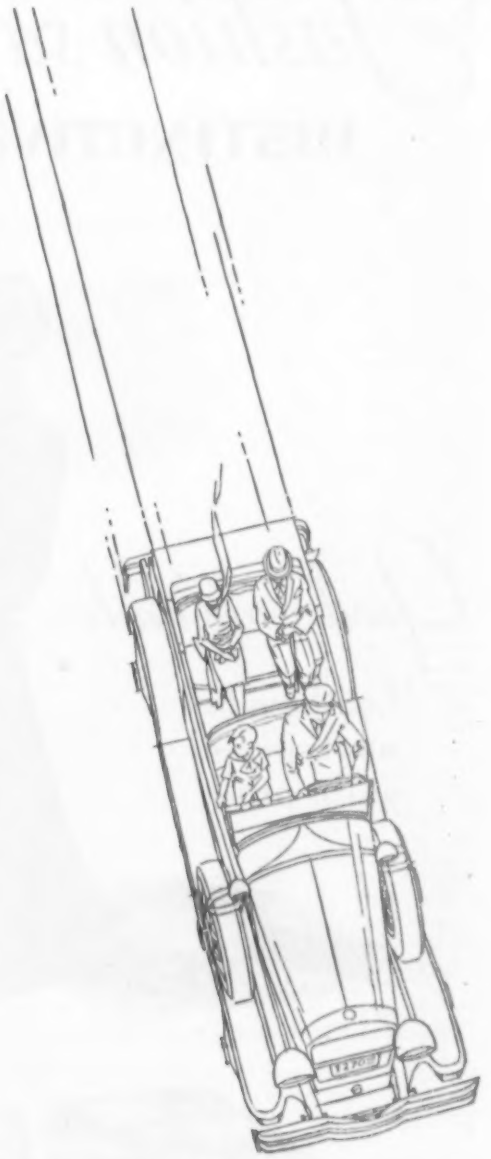
It was Mr. Carlock. Uncertainly Elsie smiled. Might as well smile. He was beckoning. Very carefully she slipped out. And in that same cautious way he shut the door. The other men must have gone directly back downstairs; they were not in this upper hall. She walked with Mr. Carlock toward the stairs. It was odd, but the situation had taken on so intense an air of drama that it had begun to recede a little way, but a very definite way, from reality. It might almost have been framed within the proscenium of a theatrical stage. Certainly, at the present

(Continued on Page 132)

"Your Own Position, I'm Sure You Realize, is Rather Delicate"

Power! Will it weaken?

First-year feel! will its surge of power survive?



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After thousands of miles of laboratory and road tests we are also willing to say this: the New Mobiloil will help your engine develop more power than other oils of equal viscosity and give you 20% less oil consumption at high speed than you get with oils generally sold for the same motor.

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Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

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Why not try *Sealex Linoleum* over one old, unsightly floor in your home? This is a logical way to prove to yourself the smartness and practical economy of these modern floorings. Let your dealer show you the charming variety of lovely patterns.

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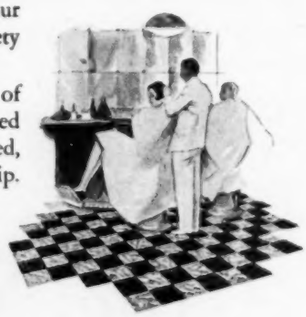

"DEAUVILLE," Sealex Linoleum No. 3041. This richly marble-ized design in 9" square tiles is unusually effective for smart shops.

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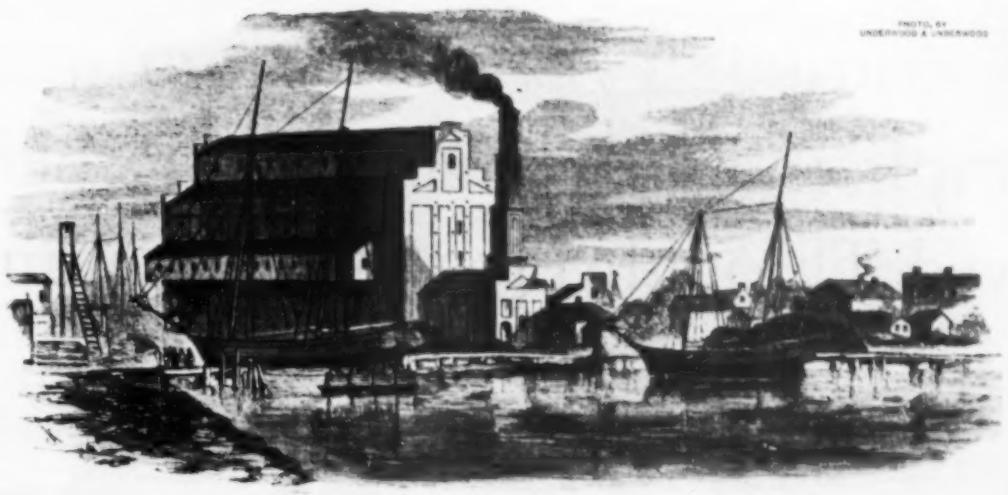
PAPER WHEAT—By Will Payne

THE long downward drift of prices that culminated in 1896 bore hard on farmers. The Government's index number for the price of all farm products fell from 75 in 1891 to 55 in 1896. About harvest time in the latter year cash wheat sold in Chicago at fifty-three cents a bushel, corn at nineteen cents, oats under fifteen cents. Deduct freight and commissions to get the farm price. Farmers burned corn for fuel because it wasn't worth hauling to town. This price movement was world-wide. Recovery from the low point came slowly.



An Early Grain Elevator, the Chicago and Galena, at Chicago

Bears were on top in the speculative markets, and took advantage of it. Anyone whose memory runs back that far will recall that the country was bearish—one of those glum spells that used to follow a first-class panic. Ed Partridge, a leader of bears on the Chicago Board of Trade, would walk out on the trading floor, call a group of brokers around him and say, cheerfully, "Sell 'em all they want." There were, of course, no plow calluses on Mr. Partridge's hands. Men with plow calluses and ragged clothes read about it and figuratively reached for the family shotgun. What chance had a farmer, they wanted to know, when men who never saw a kernel of wheat or a strand of cotton could sell millions of bushels and thousands of bales day after day?

That speculation depressed the price of farm products became an article of faith in the West and South. Producers were especially incensed against short-sellers, to whom they charged no small part of their troubles. Anybody with a grain of imagination must sympathize with them. The wheat, corn, oats or hogs that a Nebraska farmer hauled to market in a battered wagon behind two lean horses represented a year of strenuous toil on his part; his family's sustenance depended upon it. But in town he saw a market report that the price was lower than ever under vigorous bear raids. Market gossip in that day's Omaha Bee might mention that victorious Chicago bears were buying race horses. He had raised his crop by hard labor; it seemed to him that speculators had sold it many times over from under his feet. The shotgun being impracticable, farmers turned to legislation. Their hostility to speculation, especially to short-selling, long outlived the era of falling prices.

A Bill to Curb Speculation

YEARS afterward the House of Representatives passed a bill that would make it unlawful to send any interstate or foreign message for the sale of cotton for future delivery unless the sender owned the cotton or was bona-fide agent of the owner. Every sender of such a message must file with the telegraph company an affidavit affirming that he was actual owner of the cotton mentioned or agent of the owner. Every book, newspaper, pamphlet or other publication containing matter tending to promote the sale of cotton for future delivery by nonowners was declared unmailable. Any person who deposited such unmailable matter in the mails or took it from the mails for the purpose of circulating it should be fined $500 to $5000 or imprisoned one to five years or both. Sage members who voted for this measure thought it would end short-selling, but it may be mentioned here that all legislative attempts to prohibit speculation have been futile.

There is no doubt that persistent short-selling may depress the price of a commodity for the time being. No one can sell anything unless somebody else buys it. When a bear who owns no wheat is selling short, a bull, who probably intends to own no wheat, is buying long. There must be as many buyers as sellers or there can be no trade. That is true in all trade, whether it is speculative or not. But, in speculative and nonspeculative trade alike, it makes a difference whether it is a buyer's market or a seller's market; whether those who sell are taking the initiative and offering the price down or those who buy are taking the initiative and bidding the price up. Everybody who buys or sells anything knows that difference. If your house is to change hands, no matter at what price, there must be a buyer as well as a seller; but if buyers are more eager than sellers, the trade will take place at a higher price than when sellers are more eager than buyers.

So aggressive short-selling may depress the price for the time being. But the short-seller, owning no actual grain, must buy back his contract in the same market to cover his short sales. He cannot do that at a profit unless the natural drift of the market is in his favor. His aggressive selling on one date will depress the price; but his purchases to the same extent on another date, to cover his short sales, will have the opposite effect. If there is an oversupply of wheat at the time, with a natural downward trend, he will profit; otherwise he will lose. The effect he produces on price is only temporary.

Big speculation is almost always on the bull side, for a great majority of Americans are naturally bulls. A rising market attracts them; a falling market repels them. Therefore, if speculation could have any such lasting effect on prices as legislators once thought it had, producers ought to be rather friendly to speculation than otherwise, because, by and large, its push would be upward. But all purely speculative transactions in wheat, cotton and other commodities soon cancel themselves and count as much on one side as the other. In that respect, as will appear later, there is a great difference between speculation in farm products and speculation in stocks.

We can speak much more confidently of commodity speculation now than would have been possible up to a short time ago, because lately the Grain Futures Act and investigations by the Federal Trade Commission have supplied accurate information, whereas formerly the whole subject was a foggy field of surmise. In the crop year 1923–24 wheat held lower than it had been since the war. Several times it dipped below the dollar mark at Chicago. And the speculative trade—that is, the volume of trades for future delivery, as reported by the Grain Futures Administration—was only 8,500,000,000 bushels. But in 1925 the crop was smaller than the year before by almost 200,000,000 bushels. Consequently the price was the highest since 1920, when government control of prices ceased. So the speculative trade exceeded 18,000,000,000 bushels, or more than double the volume of 1923. From 1925 to date the general trend of wheat prices has been downward, and the volume of speculative trading has shrunk year by year. In 1928, with a crop more than 225,000,000 bushels greater than in 1925 and prices sagging toward the dollar mark, the speculative trade was less than half as great as in 1925.

Big speculation is bull speculation. Whatever push it has on prices is upward, but, except for a very brief period, it can only push with the stream. A couple of typical instances will illustrate its effect. Early in 1925, on poor crop prospects, professional operators bought the May wheat future heavily. Then people generally became more impressed by poor crop prospects, and many nonprofessionals rushed into the market. The record shows that at about $1.75 professional operators began unloading; but nonprofessionals ran the price up to $2.05—enabling the adepts to sell 26,000,000 bushels of May wheat at a gratifying profit.

We may note, first, that because of a short supply, wheat was actually worth more money; the rise in price was legitimate. Well-seasoned and well-informed professional traders saw it first and loaded up with May futures. Amateur speculators saw it next, and put the price higher than it should have gone, as it subsequently declined somewhat. An able set of speculators gained something at the expense of a less able set. But producers of wheat lost nothing, and the bulge in price above what was presumably a true commercial level lasted only a short time.

The following year brought a decidedly larger supply of wheat, and as the new crop was coming plentifully to market some professional operators sold large quantities of December futures. At one time in September thirty-two large speculators were short nearly 26,000,000 bushels. No doubt this heavy selling depressed the price, but at once the professionals began to cover. In a week after their heaviest commitments on the short side they had bought back something like 15,000,000 bushels of December wheat; in another fortnight they had bought back about 7,000,000 bushels more, and the remainder of the short line was covered in October. Of course, buying back to cover pushed the market up as much as the original short sales pushed it down. These thirty-two operators, be it understood, did not act as a pool or group. They were simply the largest speculators at that time. Their dealings, taken together, show the effect of professional operations on price. For the moment speculation may push prices either higher or lower than they would go otherwise, but in a comparatively short time it merely cancels itself.

Keeping Just Ahead of the Current

THIS comes out more clearly on a broader view of the subject. The Federal Trade Commission examined in detail 379,000 trades in futures at Chicago. It found that far the greater number of them remained open only a few days. The average for the whole number was seven days for wheat, ten days for corn, fifteen days for oats. Generally speaking, then, the speculative trades are always canceling themselves very promptly; a man buys one week and sells the next, or at most within a fortnight. Obviously, that hopping in and out can have no permanent effect on the trend of prices.

By and large, it will make a difference whether the trader is a professional or an amateur. A professional has experience, information and at least some reasoned judgment of the market. Therefore he will buy when wheat, on the basis of actual conditions and well-considered prospects, is too cheap, and sell when it is too high, striving always to go with the natural current, but anticipating it somewhat. Wheat is harvested somewhere or other every month in the year. Argentina begins exporting in November; Russia and Scandinavia finish cutting in October. The wheat that is cut in one month may not be eaten until six, eight, twelve months later, and meanwhile new harvests are coming in. Obviously, somebody has to take a chance on price fluctuations during that long carry-over from harvest to oven. A professional speculator would better take it than anybody else. If he loses, nobody need weep over him.

Amateur speculators, inexperienced and imperfectly informed, will be more apt to push the price decidedly out of its natural line and to induce violent fluctuations. Sometimes they cannot afford to lose. On the whole, they are a nuisance. But the Federal Trade Commission found that even when the market was quite active the volume of amateur speculation was much less than had been commonly supposed. Its conclusion was that, on the whole, such speculation accounted for hardly more than 10 per

(Continued on Page 44)

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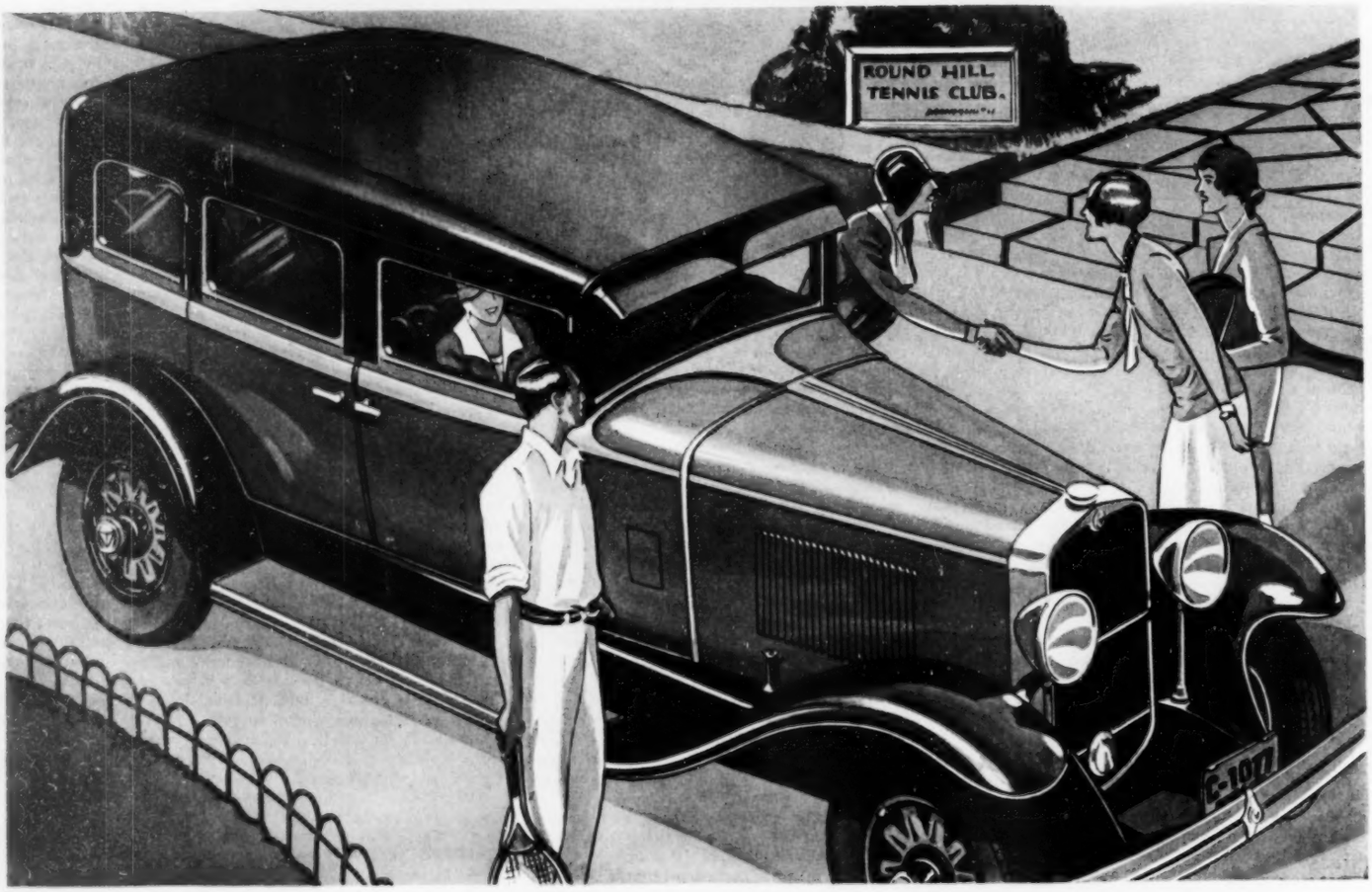

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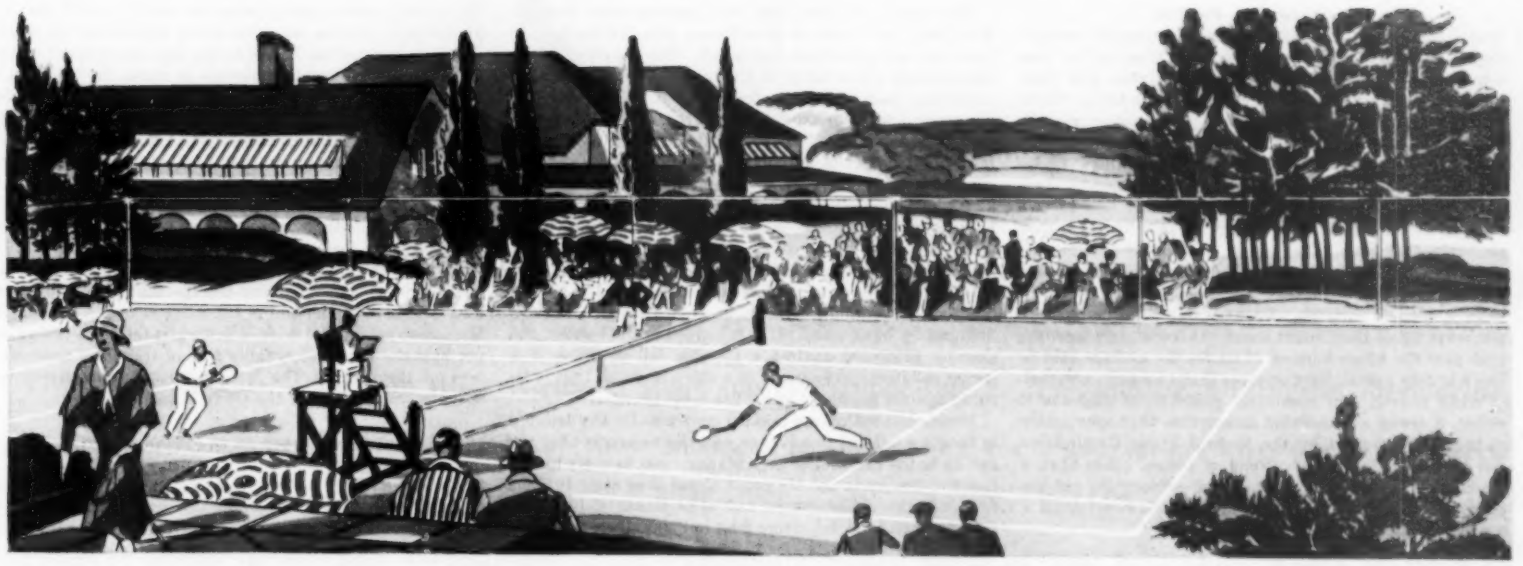

THE NEW VIKING V-TYPE eight possesses definite performance advantages which not only distinguish it from other automobiles in the medium-price field, but impart exhilaration to motoring and thorough enjoyment to motor car ownership.

And performance of this superior character is to be expected when you consider that the Viking is powered by an 81-horsepower engine of new V-eight design—a power plant that introduces new and desirable advancements which add to the fundamental advantages of the ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder principle.

In creating the new Viking, Oldsmobile engineers studied every type of eight-cylinder design. They built new engines—tried out new ideas. With an open mind, they subjected all to the same exhaustive tests on the great General Motors Proving Ground, keeping an accurate record of results for purposes of comparison.

Through this ruthless process of elimination, the Viking engine was developed—winning its right to survival because it demonstrated decided advantages in speed, power, and getaway—as well as in simplicity, rigidity, smoothness, and economy.

This superb power plant delivers greater speed than the average motorist will use—remarkable response to the throttle, both in getaway from a standing start and in acceleration at the higher speeds—and ample power for steep hills, long grades, or hard pulling. Its power flow is smooth, quiet, and effortless throughout the entire speed range. And its exceptional rigidity and compactness contribute dependability and stamina to insure complete satisfaction throughout months and years of steady service.

An especially noteworthy feature of the Viking engine is the exclusive horizontal action of the valves, resulting in high efficiency, unusual quietness, and ready accessibility.

Another important advancement is the new down-draft manifolding method of fuel distribution, through which the gas always travels downward, after it leaves the carburetor, an equal distance to each cylinder. The efficient lubricating system, with its new precipitating-trap method of oil cleaning, and the extraordinarily thorough cooling system are other features which possess unusual merit.

This remarkable engine is mounted in a low-swung chassis of modern design, embodying generous factors of safety and durability. The powerful internal-expanding four-wheel brakes are self-energizing. Thermostatically-controlled vertical radiator shutters and four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers are standard equipment.

In Viking bodies by Fisher, beauty and grace have been achieved through tailored lines. The interior decoration scheme is restful and harmonious—with rich upholsteries and appointments, and wide, deep-cushioned seats.

All in all, the new Viking is a most luxurious motor car, offering every assurance of motoring enjoyment—fine appearance, restful comfort, brilliant performance, and thorough dependability. And we confidently believe that when you have inspected the new Viking and driven it yourself, you will conclude that it offers a measure of value which cannot be duplicated among cars of medium price.

$1595

f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich. Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

Consider delivered price as well as list price when comparing automobile values. Viking delivered prices include only reasonable delivery and financing charges.

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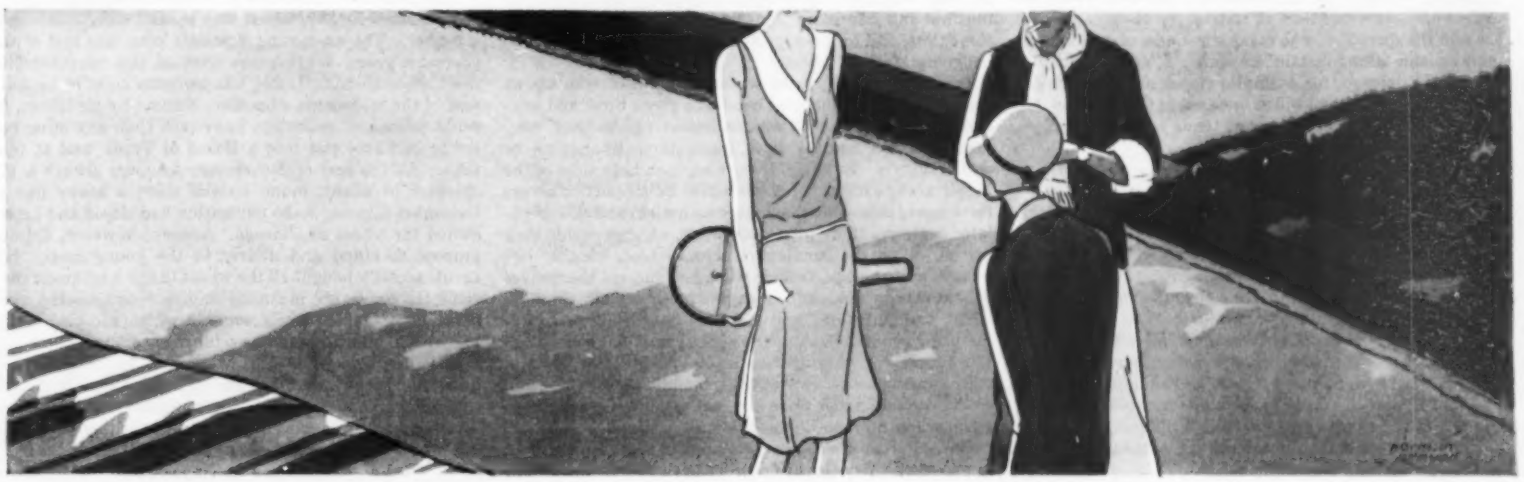

(Continued from Page 41)

cent of the total. Taking 379,000 trades where the occupation of the trader could be traced, more than half of them were persons engaged in the grain business, and their operations accounted for a large part of the total. Other persons, not rated as grain traders by occupation, may be well informed and experienced operators on the board.

Personnel of amateur traders fluctuates rapidly. Books of private wire houses that reach out into the country show many fledgling speculators who made only one or two trades, then dropped out. It may be said for them that probably they didn't lose much. As far as possible the commission looked up the financial standing of speculative traders and concluded that the large majority of them were well-to-do citizens who had ample means to pay whatever losses they might incur. It found, furthermore, that over the whole number of trades the average gain or loss was only a small fraction more than two cents a bushel.

While nobody can absolutely prove it, or disprove it either, it seems a reasonable assumption that speculation of the kind reported by the Federal Trade Commission can have no effect on the trend of prices, other than a tendency to stabilize them somewhat—smoothing out the sharp angles. That, clearly enough, is the function of a special sort of speculator called a scalper.

There is no absolutely hard and fast line; a broker who executes orders for others may do some scalping; but there are probably about 200 members of the board whose principal occupation is scalping in the various pits. They are on the floor all the time while the board is open, watching every minute fluctuation, buying and selling great quantities of futures, but closing the trades out quickly as soon as they have shaved off a small profit. It is a rule among them to close every day's trades during that day and go home at night with their books even. It is a strenuous occupation and the gains, as a rule, are surprisingly small in proportion to the large amount of business done. The books of one enterprising scalper whose trades averaged about a million bushels a day in an active market showed net profits averaging fifteen to eighteen dollars a day. Probably the average is not above that, yet at times scalpers may do as much as half the total day's trade in futures. In a very dull market, indeed, a great part of the total speculative trade may represent nothing more than the efforts of hard-pressed scalpers to scalp one another.

The true scalper doesn't care what wheat is going to do next week, or even tomorrow. He simply takes a shaving off that day's fluctuations, buying and selling in very quick turns the moment he gets a profit. On the whole, no doubt, his operations tend to restrict fluctuations. There are also the spreaders, who make a business of watching all markets and taking instant advantage of any disparity in prices. If Chicago, for example, moves up a little faster than Minneapolis, they will at once sell in Chicago and buy in Minneapolis. That, of course, tends to stabilize prices.

The Adjustment of Society to the Probable

FIFTEEN states, including the big producers, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, begin cutting wheat in June. Last year rather more than 60 per cent of the total receipts at primary markets came in the four months, July–October, and less than 40 per cent in the eight other months. The wheat must be bought as it comes to market, but it is impossible to say what its true commercial worth may be three or six months later, when it is finally sold for consumption. In a Supreme Court decision dealing with Board of Trade futures, Justice Holmes reviewed the methods of dealing there and remarked, "Speculation of this kind by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probable."

The wheat will come first to a country-town elevator, which may be a week or more from a primary market. In that time the price may rise or fall. But the elevator can immediately sell a future in Chicago against the wheat it is buying—hedging, as the trade calls it. Then it forgoes the profit it would make if the price rose, but it also is protected against a loss if the price falls. In other words, it is insured against the speculative risk and can figure its profits with certainty on a straight merchandising basis. The wheat moves on to a terminal elevator which may be holding several million bushels that will finally be disposed of to millers and exporters. The terminal elevator sells futures to protect itself against a possible fall in price while it is holding the grain. Otherwise it would demand a wider margin for handling. Grain in transit and in store is financed by bank loans. If it is hedged in the market and thereby protected against a possible fall in price, it is better collateral, very much as a stock of goods that is insured against possible loss by fire is better security.

Meanwhile millers are making contracts for the delivery of flour a good way in advance—all the contracts they can get, up to the capacity of their plants—just as every manufacturer prefers to sell his goods ahead if he can. In June and July the miller cannot tell what the price of wheat may be when he is delivering flour in September, and on to January, but he can buy wheat futures. Then it is immaterial to him whether wheat goes up or down. He knows just what his wheat will cost him and can figure his manufacturing profit on flour. An exporter may contract ahead to ship wheat, and buy futures for price protection. Again, a miller may see a big lot of wheat that exactly suits his purpose and buy more than he will be able to grind for some time, and for price protection he may sell a future to hedge his stock of wheat.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Spot-Cash Grain Table on the Chicago Board of Trade Before the War

In short, anybody with wheat on hand or who knows that he will have wheat on hand at a given time, and anybody who knows he will want wheat at a given time, may insure himself against price fluctuations by buying or selling futures—hedging. If the hedges on both sides of the ledger always matched, there would be no particular use for a speculator. But they never do match, and the speculator is always there to take them up, whichever side they are on. Thus the handlers of actual wheat, whether elevators, millers, exporters, or what not, can rid themselves of speculative risks and always have a certain price on which to figure their legitimate merchandising or manufacturing profits, while the purely speculative risks fall on speculators. If they had to assume speculative risks of price fluctuations, undoubtedly handlers of real grain would demand wider price margins to cover the insurance against loss through falling prices.

Trade in real wheat runs into large figures. An exporter at one stroke may close a contract to ship 500,000 bushels. He doesn't know exactly where or when he will get the actual grain, but he can at once buy futures for the whole amount. Around the end of a crop year there may be only 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 bushels in store, or "in sight," all over the country. If there were just the cash trade, several big export and milling orders coming at the same time would presumably cause quite a fluctuation in price. But in the big futures market 1,000,000 bushels or more may always be bought or sold in a very few minutes with little or no effect on price.

The cost of futures trading in an active year was estimated by the Federal Trade Commission at about $20,000,000, consisting chiefly of brokers' commissions. But the commissions are paid by the speculators, not by producers or consumers, and of the 379,000 trades examined, the losses per bushel were a little greater than the gains per bushel. That was notably true of trades by nonmembers of the board. The losses, of course, are borne by speculators and not by the trade in real grain.

The Gamble in the New Crop

SPECULATION in stocks may have a big, long-enduring effect on price. There are just so many shares of stock outstanding. When a speculator buys 100 shares they are delivered to his broker next day and put in the bank as collateral for a loan. The number of marketable shares is diminished by that much. Very often dividends received on a share of stock will pay interest on the loan, in which case a speculator may hold it for months or years with no cost to himself. If that particular industry expands or if prosperity rises in the country at large, the intrinsic value of the stock will increase. With some luck a stock speculator may hold on forever. But nobody knows exactly how much marketable grain there is at any given time. Still less can anybody guess how much will be marketable after the next crop. Farm products pay no dividends, but entail heavy carrying expense for storage, insurance and interest. In the latter part of the crop year the principal factor in determining price will be the prospects for the new crop, which nobody can foreknow long in advance. Increased general prosperity may have no effect, or almost none, on price. The country is more prosperous now than in 1925, but wheat is cheaper, because the crop last year was 225,000,000 bushels larger than in 1925. As against the new crop, the speculator is always helpless. He is restricted to much shorter views and operations than the stock speculator.

The Leiter deal illustrates it. When Leiter began buying in midsummer, 1897, wheat was around sixty-eight cents a bushel. The on-coming domestic crop was one of the poorest in years. What is very unusual, this coincided with short crops abroad. Leiter was perfectly right in his forecast of the real wheat situation. Backed by his father, he could command, probably, more cash than any other operator had ever put into a Board of Trade deal at that time. At the end of November, Armour, always a big operator in wheat, found himself short a heavy line of December futures. Lake navigation had closed and Leiter owned the wheat at Chicago. Armour, however, did not propose to stand and deliver to the young man. His agents secretly bought all the wheat in the Northwest they could lay hands on, including milling reserves. He chartered all available vessels, some of which had tied up for the winter, and fleets of powerful tugs to break the ice at Duluth and the Soo. In two weeks of December he brought in some 4,000,000 bushels of wheat—which Leiter cheerfully received and paid for, and soon sold for export. As the crop year advanced it appeared that there was even less wheat in the world than Leiter had calculated on.

(Continued on Page 122)

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who created the rôle in the original stage success as "Skid," erratic comedian dancer. You first see him behind the footlights of a burlesque troupe, you follow him to Broadway, and back to the one night stands again.

"THE DANCE OF LIFE"

Directed by John Cromwell and A. Edward Sutherland. Adapted by George Manker Watters from the play "Burlesque" by Mr. Watters and Arthur Hopkins, the reigning stage hit of New York for over a year.

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Paramount's dancing, singing star as faithful, loyal "Bonny," Skid's partner off stage and on. To see them do a waltz clog together is a joy to watch, and when she sings "In the Gloaming" she'll break your heart.

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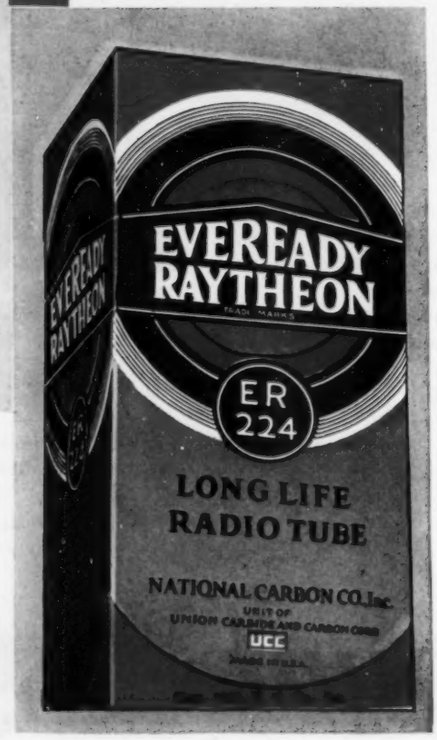

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From all parts of the country come reports of greater volume—more distance—more natural, enjoyable tone—speed in getting into action with full power.

For the first time, anyone can utilize the capabilities of a receiver to the full, because anyone now can buy radio tubes that are as perfect as when they left the laboratory test room.

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A WELL-KNOWN *figure in the business life of Cleveland is Mr. Christian H. Sellman, Auditor Freight Accounts, the Nickel Plate Road. Mr. Sellman is one of hundreds of railroad officials who maintain a dignified spruceness in Nash suits.*

OF course, as a senior railroad executive, Mr. Sellman is unusually alert to the importance of keeping right up to the minute—in clothes as well as in accounting methods.

And so, in Nash pattern No. 1659, he found the necessary blending of gentility and dignity that appeals to a man in his position.

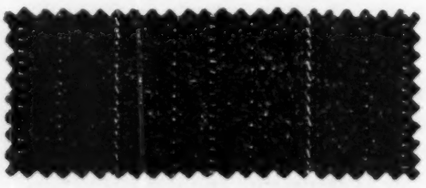
This gray silk-stripe worsted has proved itself a popular pattern with business and professional men. 1209 of them, in widely scattered cities, chose it this season from among the 307 attractive Nash patterns.

To help you select the pattern best suited to *your own* particular needs, consult the Nash representative nearest you.

There are 1800 of these Nash tailor-trained resident representatives located in cities and towns all over the United States. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THIS popular Nash pattern No. 1659 is gray worsted with faint silk stripes of maroon. Its air of quality makes it a favorite with senior business executives as well as with younger men—and it wears.

NASH



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NEVER GO BACK

(Continued from Page 9)

afternoon did she show the slightest emotion. 'Then, why can't I go back to New York and kiss my babies again?' she cried. 'That, madam, depends entirely on the ship's authorities.' Instantly she left the palm court, famous for its colossal nudes, and hurried off in search of the captain." He jabbed a period. "How's that, Mrs. Blackston? Anything you want to correct?"

"Yes. I'm not traveling alone, but with my niece, Miss Flora Belknap, of New York and Tuxedo. There's one more thing—everybody knows my 'babies' are six, nine and eleven years old."

"Your niece, Miss Flora Belknap, of New York and Tuxedo, gets in," said the reporter magnanimously, "so 'traveling alone' is out. But the 'babies' has to stand. Without that creamy line the interview would read like skimmed milk." He closed his book, snapped an elastic around it, and thrust it into his overcoat pocket. "What's the chance of your asking for a few extra rolls when you ring for your coffee?"

"Certainly," said Maida. "You poor men, I'll get you one apiece at least." Her head disappeared and a moment later she was saying excitedly, "Did you hear everything, Flora?"

"Sure."

"About the possibility of our getting ashore?"

"Sure."

"Well, what about it? Aren't you going to get up and dress?"

"Oh, I suppose so; but what's the rush about a trip to New York? I thought I was going to Europe."

"So you are, but do you want to stay out here in the mud all day?"

"There's a swimming pool, isn't there?"

"Yes; there's the pool, but no fresh sea water to put into it. Besides, we're not even three miles out, and until we pass Sandy Hook the bar stays closed."

"That's so," said Flora, preparing to arise. "Even if I don't care about a drink myself, everybody else will be having a grouch. I'll go with you, Maida, if it's only to be nice to Teddy for looking the way he did."

"Won't the kids be tickled when they see us come sailing in? Did you get what the man said about its having happened too late for the morning papers? That means we've got at least until noon to surprise the world—even Alec—and I haven't been able to think up anything that would surprise Alec in ten long years!"

As it developed, nobody was allowed to leave the ship until the first effort to refloat her had been made, and failed. Even then the matter remained in doubt for so long that the general confusion began to breed a surliness which divided the passenger contingent against itself. Acquaintances formed in the excitement of the morning began to break up.

People who had joked together for hours on end took a sudden dislike to one another's faces and crawled off to solitary corners or into their cabins, and it was only owing to a chance encounter between Flora and the heavy-jowled man, who had stood next to her at the rail, that Maida was interrupted in the process of going to bed at seven o'clock.

"Want to go ashore?" asked the big man mildly as he encountered Flora on the way to her cabin.

"Feel my face," she muttered.

"Eh?" he grunted, startled into examining her unsmiling visage. "What's that you said, young lady?"

"Feel my face," repeated Flora immovably. "Listening to that swell joke all day has made it what it is."

"Oh, I get you. Well, I ain't joking; I'm going ashore. You have to climb down a rope ladder up forward."

He moved ponderously along the alleyway, and looking at his broad back, Flora was abruptly convinced of his sincerity. Instantly the prospect of returning to New York, which earlier in the day she had viewed with such apathy, became glorified into her heart's prime desire. She flew to advise Maida, and ten minutes later they were performing the acrobatic feat of descending a pilot's ladder. No sooner were they safely on board the tug than it cast off and made for the Brooklyn shore.

The group of people who caught the first tender was surprisingly small—not more than twenty, all told. Besides Flora's bulky friend, who announced himself as Mr. Harold Bromley, the only familiar face was that of the nice young man whose coat she had held while he had leaned perilously over the rail. It now developed that his name was Stevens and he was on the way to three years' commercial exile in Calcutta. Next to him stood a large woman with staring eyes and a pendulous thick underlip which vibrated in unison with the throb of the tug's engines. She said she was Mrs. Sturder Brown. All this specific information, including the identities of Mrs. Blackston and Miss Belknap, was gathered point-blank by a sharpshooter who introduced himself as Esau Hepstein.

"Might as well get acquainted," said Mr. Hepstein, "since we're going to be cooped up on the same little boat for six days. What I mean is we will be if it ever pulls itself off the little old mud bank." And then he would ask each individual what was his native city, where he was going abroad, what for, and how long he was going to stay. "Ain't it funny? 'Most everybody here is from little old New York! Gee, ladies and gentlemen, I don't mind telling you I'm glad we got hung up. There's one little dame crying her eyes out right now, and if this chance hadn't fallen on my neck I'd have lost her regards forever!"

He offered to pilot anybody who needed guidance through the intricacies of South Brooklyn to the Subway on Fourth Avenue, but Mr. Bromley secured the second of the two taxis available immediately upon landing and invited Maida and Flora to share it. The only reason he failed to get the first one was that Mr. Stevens beat him to it.

On the tender Flora had studied the young man with interest rather than satisfaction. Having been surprised into submitting to Mr. Hepstein's interrogation, he had promptly withdrawn and held himself aloof in the prow of the boat, where the threat of spray protected his solitude. Diffidence had fallen from him, a hard gleam shone in his eyes, and the way he rushed for the first taxi, and monopolized it, demonstrated how swiftly good manners can be corrupted by contagion.

As a mere matter of research Flora would have preferred to have accompanied him rather than the stolid Mr. Bromley, who, throughout the entire long ride, reacted to a bombardment of glances and leading remarks from Maida only with a series of apathetic grunts. He was practically minded, for he dropped them just short of their corner on Fifth Avenue, explaining that he had to turn west through the park at the Eighty-sixth Street cut.

"Remarkable party," commented Flora, "unique of his kind."

"What's so remarkable about him?" asked Maida absently. "I'm sure I don't see it."

"You didn't notice anything special?"

"No. What?"

"He's the only man I've ever known to fail to fall for you. You were funny, Maida. It was like watching weak little waves washing at a big rock."

"How foolish! As if I'd really tried. But here we are, Flora, and do let's stop talking, so they won't hear us and spoil it all."

"Have you got your key?" whispered Flora as they rose swiftly to the twelfth floor.

"No, and it's too bad. I didn't want to bother lugging it all over Europe, so we'll have to ring. Anyway, they probably know all about the accident by this time."

The door to the luxurious apartment should have been attended by a butler to match, but it was opened by the second chambermaid, who drew back with wide eyes, paling cheeks and a dropping jaw. She was Irish of the Irish, and from her youth up phantoms had always been more real than tables, chairs or even a dishpan. She thought that the sea had given up its dead, and if she had been only a little less scared she would have screamed the house down.

"She hasn't read the papers," said Mrs. Blackston in a pleased whisper; then she addressed herself to the maid: "What are you doing on the door, Moira? Where's Angelo?"

"He's out, ma'am," Moira formed the words rather than uttered them.

"And Millie?"

"She's out, ma'am."

"What about the governess?"

"She's out, ma'am."

"Do you mean to tell me you're alone in the house?"

"Yes, ma'am; me and the children."

"Where's Mr. Blackston?"

"He's out, ma'am."

"Where are the children? In the playroom?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Blackston started forward, but to her amazement the maid barred the way.

"What on earth's the matter with you, Moira?"

"I'm after caring for the children," stuttered Moira, her teeth commencing to chatter.

"Go easy on her, Maida," said Flora; "she thinks we're ghosts. Don't you, Moira?"

"Nonsense!" raged Mrs. Blackston.

"Quit worrying, Moira; we're real," continued Flora. "The ship stuck in the mud down the bay and we've just come from Brooklyn in a taxi."

"From Brooklyn?"

"Yes."

"In a taxi, miss?"

"Yes."

Moira drew a quivering breath of relief and stepped aside. "I'm sorry."

Mrs. Blackston and Flora passed down the main hall, turned a corner, and tiptoed to the end of a lesser corridor. Maida carefully seized a knob, twisted it noiselessly, and threw wide the door into the playroom. Eleven-year-old Anne was sitting hunched up on a foolishly low chair with an open book on her knees; nine-year-old Alfred was connecting up the contacts on a toy electric railway, and six-year-old Joy, having pushed in one eye of a doll that refused to go to sleep, was earnestly endeavoring to push in the other.

Mrs. Blackston opened her arms. "Darlings!" she cried with shining eyes.

The children were not startled, nor were they particularly pleased. Only a few hours ago they had hugged, kissed and sobbed with sincerity. They had lived up to the age-long traditions of the heartrending fond farewell, and subconsciously and at once, they now perceived that the job was all to do over again. Anne was the first to make a move. With poised deliberation she laid her book aside, arose and came slowly forward.

"Hello, mother; hello, Flora."

Alfred paused in the act of joining the stripped ends of two insulated wires, a delicate process, glanced over his shoulder, and grunted, "Hunh!" But Joy was the one who gave the true key to the event. She settled back on her haunches, burst into tears, and howled "I kissed you goo-by! I kissed you goo-by!"

"Well," gasped Maida ruefully when she and Flora could at last retreat from the playroom to the privacy of Mr. Blackston's den, "did you ever know anything so weird?"

"What's so queer about it?" countered Flora. "Come to think of it, I'd have felt that way myself. Let's call up some men."

"Of course; I must get Alec first, I suppose."

Mr. Blackston was one of those men who can always be reached by anyone in possession of his private secretary's private number. He had twice been called to the telephone from his seat in a London theater to talk to New York, conductors on extra-fare trains were always handing him telegrams, and he was largely responsible for the rise in wireless stocks. But though Maida was soon in communication with the pivotal secretary, on this of all evenings, one hour of violent telephoning and cross-telephoning failed to unearth Mr. Blackston.

Boyd was the secretary's name. "Mr. Boyd, you told me you thought my husband must have gone to a conference either with Mr. Waring or Mr. Stenton at some unknown address. After a great deal of trouble I have found out that the entire Waring family, including Mr. Waring, left yesterday for California and that Mr. Stenton is at home in bed with the flu and two night nurses. Now, Mr. Boyd, I don't want any more nonsense from you. If you don't find Mr. Blackston inside of the next hour I'll give him the choice of getting rid of you or paying me a million-dollar settlement." She hung up and fell back in her chair. "Whew!"

"Forget Alec," counseled Flora, "and try somebody else. Send out a summons for the whole troop, Maida, and get someone specially for me."

"Why don't you call up Teddy?"

"I've tried—on the kitchen telephone," answered Flora sourly. "What did you think I'd been doing for the last hour—reading a book?"

"Oh!"

Maida attempted in vain to reach Mr. Jack Smith, Mr. Julius Jones, Mr. Walter Tanner, Mr. Harry Donohue, and several others. In all, she called up eighteen men without result. Her lips had begun to droop long since, and now her head, shoulders and entire body collapsed into a pitiful small heap as she waited stubbornly for Mr. Boyd's report.

It came at last. "Mrs. Blackston, I've done everything I know. I've not only called up all Mr. Blackston's clubs, friends and business associates but I've interviewed the room clerks of every first-class hotel in town. I can't find a trace of him since he went on board to see you off. Such a thing has never happened before in my long association with him, but there it is, and if you want to have me fired, go ahead. I'm awfully sorry, but the way I feel now I wouldn't care if someone pushed me off the top of the Woolworth Building. I'm going to bed. Good night, everybody."

"Could you hear?" asked Maida of Flora with a trembling lip as she abandoned the telephone.

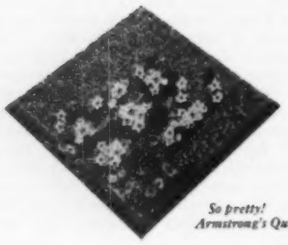
"Enough. Good heavens, Maida, you're not going to cry, are you?"

"No!" said Mrs. Blackston with energy, as she suddenly straightened out to her usual proportions and leaped to her feet. "Let's get back to that ship."

On the crowded tender which carried them out to the stranded vessel, of the group which had made the shore journey together, they found all except the nice young Mr. Stevens, but how different everybody was! Mr. Hepstein kept moodily to a corner by himself, which was in the nature of a complete metamorphosis and yet was as nothing compared with the change that had come over Mr. Bromley. For a moment Flora failed to recognize him. His naturally florid face had taken on a greenish tinge, and seemed then to have solidified in unfamiliar lines. His pale blue eyes protruded farther than ever, and though they were rotating with a steady

(Continued on Page 51)

The Rug with no "don'ts" for CHILDREN



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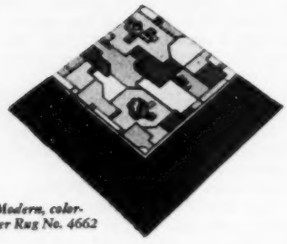

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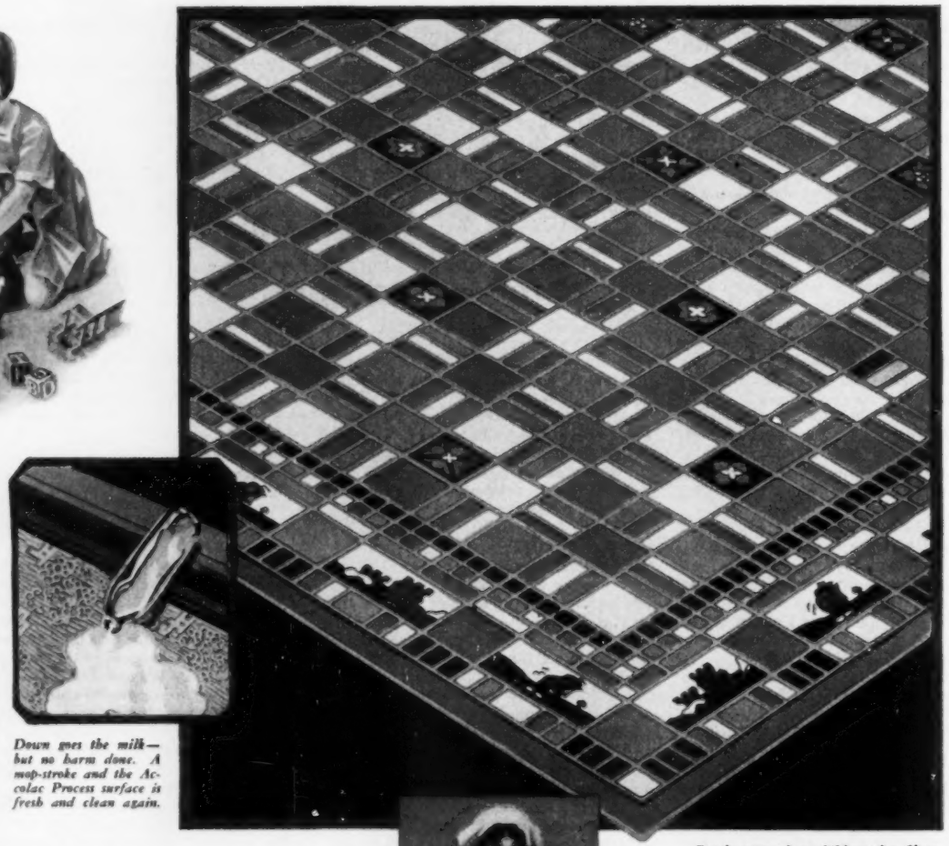

Down goes the milk—but no harm done. A mop-stroke and the Accolac Process surface is fresh and clean again.

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BEING a healthy boy or girl is so restricting. "Don't do this," "Don't do that"—all day long. Often a fellow thinks that mother's aim in life is to keep him from enjoying himself. Yet it isn't that at all. It's just that children unwittingly make a lot of work.

But now come Armstrong's Quaker Rugs to let children have their good times—without making a drudge of mother. What of it if this rug does get soiled—dirt wipes right off. What of it if Junior does spill the milk—a mop-stroke and it's gone. Stains, grease spots—all those things that you would expect to leave ugly marks can do no harm to an Armstrong's Quaker Rug.

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To cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.

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movement, like anti-aircraft guns sweeping the sky, they apparently saw nothing. His lips were going also, but since his jaws were hard set she could not make out what it was he was repeating.

She drew near, dragging preoccupied Maida along, and asked, "What were you saying, Mr. Bromley?"

"I guess you'll hear some news, before we get over—guess you'll hear some news all right."

He was speaking to them, and yet he seemed not to be speaking to them, but to an entire listening world. His eyes passed straight through Flora, giving her an odd feeling of being made of air.

"Good news?" she asked brazenly.

He shook his head, not in denial but like a man with water in his ears. "I'm going to buy me something over there," he muttered, "that may cost a hundred thousand dollars, but I won't have to pay any duty on it; I won't even have to declare it."

"Oh, Mr. Bromley," teased Flora with the cruelty of the young, "do tell us what it is."

"Hush," said Maida, drawing her away. "Leave tne poor man alone."

"But what could he have meant?"

"A divorce, silly. Can't you see he's been hit where it hurts?"

"Oh! Like us!"

"No, not like us," said Maida with rising spirits. "A lot worse."

They came across Mrs. Sturder Brown, the large woman with the full vibrating lower lip. She, too, was changed, but it was a matter of degree. Her staring eyes were staring harder, her lip was going faster, and so was her tongue. She spoke in little rushes, as if inviting comment, but never quite gave anybody a chance to interrupt.

"I told you I was Mrs. Sturder Brown, didn't I? Well, I am—I'm Mrs. Sturder Brown. For thirty years I've lived with that man. I've cooked for him in the old days when we weren't so well fixed, kept house for him, borne him children, and brought them up single-handed. Why couldn't he have come with me to Europe? He could have, just as easily as not. But no, not him. For the last five years I've been trying to get him to spend one quiet evening at home. Would he do it? No. Either it was business or something else that took him out alone, or when we did go out together, it was some girl and pony show—some noisy musical comedy. Never any peace; never any rest. And here I get off on account of the boat being delayed, and I take the trouble to go all that way home, and what do you think I find?"

"What?" shot in Flora.

"I go home. Lights are burning in the living room. I open the door, and there is Mr. Brown—with carpet slippers." She caught her breath and wailed: "Carpet slippers, and his feet stretched out into my chair! He's got a lamp fixed just right over his shoulder and he's reading a book! I'll never forgive him—never!"

Flora filled her mouth with part of her left hand just in time to choke back a whoop of laughter. Turning, she caught sight of the gloomy Mr. Hepstein, and approached him. "Well, Mr. Hepstein, too bad you didn't leave well enough alone. You seem to have caught the weeps from Mrs. Hepstein."

"Mrs. Hepstein!" he snarled. "Who's Mrs. Hepstein?"

"Well, from your sweetie then, or whoever it was that was crying her eyes out."

"Chase yourself, kitty," he murmured without rancor, but as one who wishes to close a conversation; "chase yourself."

Maida was one of the first up the rope ladder, but Flora was unaccountably delayed. As a child she had always had trouble with miracles, and it seemed to her that here was an exceptional chance to renew her faith. The pilot's ladder had a trick of sagging out under each burden that gave one all the thrill of looking up at a safe dangling on a thin wire out of a twentieth-story window. In spite of the fact that there were flanking ropes for rails, and sailors pushing from below and hauling from above, Flora felt that if she could actually see Mr. Bromley and Mrs. Sturder Brown safely over the rail, she could ever afterward believe anything.

Though there was no disaster, the show was so distinctly worth while that she contemplated staying on the tug for the next round trip, but her mind was changed by a harsh voice shouting, "Better throw down a bowline for this last package; it's scared itself stiff!" She scampered up the ladder, vaulted the rail, and went in search of Maida. She found her in the smoking room behind a pile of sandwiches and three ginger-ale bottles, two of them empty.

"Hello; that's a good idea," said Flora, seizing several sandwiches before she sat down. "What could have made you think of food?"

"Where have you been?"

"Seeing the world. The things people still wear, Maida; you'd never believe it!"

"Flora, I'm depressed," said Maida with a frown. "Look around this room. Everybody who's gobbling sandwiches has naturally been to New York, and if you can find a happy face in the lot, I'd like to see it. Think it out. Isn't it rather horrible?"

"Are you asking me?"

"Yes, I am—seriously."

"Then I must say I don't think it's horrible at all. If everybody had found everybody doing exactly what they expected, and come back covered with the same brand of smirks, that would have been the usual horrible thing. But for you to be worrying your head off for the first time in fifteen years as to what Alec is doing on this calm evening, I say it's simply swell."

"Don't forget Teddy and the rest of them. I say it's a pretty rotten thing if you've got to believe that out of a whole shipload of people not one person can get missed for twenty-four hours by wife, husband, children, servants or sweethearts."

"That's nothing," said Flora. "You didn't give them time. As daddy is always saying, you've got to taste the bad liquor to appreciate the good." Her eyes half closed. "By the time Teddy has fooled around with whatever he's fooling around with for about three months," she continued softly, "you'll see whether he'll eat dirt out of my left hand and like it."

"It's funny about Alec," mused Maida. "For years I've been thinking I haven't cared what he did, and now it begins to look as if it was merely because he's never done anything but sit around and wait."

"Like the home moorings," scoffed Flora, "anchored in the same spot, year in year out, while you play at being a fast cruiser. Well, I hope he's dragged the hook a mile. I never admired him more than I do at this minute."

"Isn't that what I've been saying?" flashed Maida. "I tell you I feel queer—a sort of lonely feeling. What makes it worse, it isn't only Alec—it's everybody. That's what gets me. Everybody in this room. You can tell they've been ashore. Not one happy face, and I say it's ghastly."

"Hold everything!" murmured Flora with staring eyes, and continued: "Maida, will you look at what's just come in? Did you ever see anything like it? His face looks like seven sunrises rolled into one."

Mr. Stevens was pausing beside an empty table, gazing rapturously at the girl of the swimming brown eyes. She had a deep dimple in each cheek and the beginning of another in the center of her chin. Not content with being supremely content, she radiated happiness so strongly that nobody could look at her without wanting to smile. She was lovely, and, what's more, she was lovable, at first sight.

Flora managed to catch his eye and nodded emphatic recognition. A moment later, having presented the girl as Mrs. Stevens, he was saying to Maida: "You know, Mrs. Blackston, I guess this ship getting stuck in the mud was one of the luckiest things that ever happened in the history of the world. And as for you, Miss Belknap," he added with a happy laugh, "I want to thank you for being so good-looking and holding the tail of my coat while I was leaning over the rail."

"Why drag me in?" asked Flora, her eyes fastened solemnly on Mrs. Stevens.

Here was a girl, she was thinking, scarcely older than herself, who had apparently never so much as heard of the term "hard-boiled." Flora felt a thrill—a sort of thrill of discovery—and it troubled her. Was she turning soft? Perhaps this radiant stranger wasn't half so happy as she looked, perhaps it was just those amazing dimples, but whatever it was, it seemed, somehow, like a first crocus in the desolation of spring, to be bursting with some kind of promise of friendship and good will.

Flora often laughed and occasionally uttered a species of whoop, but her smiles were exceedingly rare. They came about a month apart, approximately twelve to the year. Consequently, when she did smile, it was something to behold with wonder and to remember for a long time. She chose this moment to loose one of her smiles.

"What's the news?" she asked. "What is he driving at?"

"He means," said the girl, in a soft voice with an undercurrent of laughter, "that if it hadn't been for you, perhaps I wouldn't ever have known how it feels to be Mrs. Stevens."

"People are really awfully decent," Mr. Stevens was saying to Maida. "The chap who was sharing my room moved out to an even worse one without a word."

Maida's brows were drawn in some effort of concentration. She seemed scarcely to hear him, and yet gave the impression of being vitally interested. His words were like the pleasant breeze which may soothe without distracting one whose attention is riveted on a distant view, and abruptly her expression changed. Peace settled quietly in her eyes and on her face.

Two women, preparing for bed in a double cabin—sitting room and bath—are apt to be garrulous, but for this one evening Maida was curiously unresponsive. She lay awake for a long time, and so did Flora, though for different reasons. But they were both sound asleep when at seven in the morning somebody knocked, first softly, and then with increasing loudness, on their door.

"What do you want?" called Flora at last.

"Who is it?" asked Maida sleepily.

"It's me—Alec," said a contrite voice. "What are you doing on board? Haven't we sailed yet?"

"You're off the mud bank, and no harm done to the ship, but there's some red tape to unwind. You won't sail for a couple of hours. Will you please unlock the door, Maida? I—I want to talk to you."

After a long pause she told him to come back in ten minutes, and then made him wait five more, but the time had been well spent. Though she and Flora had gone no further in dressing than to slip negligees over their nighties, the result did not lack finality. It was as vague and yet as satisfying as the freshness of a rose garden on a dewy morning.

"Well, Maida."

"Well, Alec." She waited, but he did not continue; he merely stared at her. "I thought you had something to say to me."

"So I have—a lot. But the sight of you took my breath away. It's as if—well, it's as if I hadn't seen you for years!"

"Really?"

"Haven't you something to ask me?" he inquired finally.

"No. Nothing."

Flora, sitting cross-legged on her bed, commanded a full view of the sitting room through the open door. "Well!" she gaped, "of all ——" But Maida stopped her with a gently raised hand.

"I've always known you were a remarkable woman," said Mr. Blackston, his eyes still fixed wonderingly on his wife, "but this takes the cake! The explanation of what happened to me is simple enough, but when I get through I would like very much to know what has happened to you. Will you tell me?"

"I'll tell you now, if you like," said Maida quietly. "It will save time."

"No; mine is an anticlimax, so please let me get it off my chest. I'm afraid it will sound rather childish unless you realize that the minute you and Flora were actually gone we all felt sort of lost. We got a telephone book on the dock, opened it at the hotel list, and speared a name. It was a second-rate joint, but we went there, took a suite, and we've been playing poker up to a little while ago. That explains why we didn't see any papers."

"I should say it does," murmured Flora admiringly. "It's one of those flawless alibis that leave you gasping for something to fight about. It's so perfect it makes you mad."

Again Maida raised her hand. "Are you really interested in what's happened to me, Alec?"

"I certainly am. Not that it matters how, Maida. What's important is that somehow your perpetual youth seems to have warmed and come to life."

"A second blooming?" she asked with a faintly rueful smile.

"Not at all. How shall I say it? You've always been a flower, but you haven't always been human."

She studied him gravely. "Not so bad, Alec; you have a seeing eye. The truth is I've been absorbing by the shock method—the only quick road to learning. It gave me a queer jolt to find you weren't sitting around moping, but can you imagine what it did to me when I saw that the children were actually a bit sore at my turning up?"

He made a sympathetic exclamation and started to speak, but she stopped him. "No, let me finish while I'm at it. You see, Alec, the blight of disappointment, or awakening, or disillusionment, or whatever you want to call it, didn't fall only on Flora and me, but on everybody who went ashore offhand."

"Everybody?" questioned Flora. "What about those Stevenses?"

"—— who went ashore offhand," persisted Maida with emphasis. "The strangest reasons for rage and regret have cropped up already—some ugly, some funny—and I suppose we'll hear of dozens more, but I'm sure all of them will keep on pointing to the old common-sense sign: 'No admittance except on business.'"

"I don't get it," said Mr. Blackston frowningly, puzzled no less by her calm than by her words.

"Does it really sound foggy?" asked Maida disappointedly. "Because it's all so simple and clear to me. I'll put it this way: Never go back except on business—never!"

"I hate to accept that, Maida," said Mr. Blackston with a first glimmer of understanding. "It's a rotten thing if ——"

"Wait a minute," she interrupted. 'That's what I thought until I realized that the mind—even the mind of a baby like Joy—has a right to its own privacy. You get that, don't you, Alec? There's no more justification for jumping feet first into somebody's adjusted emotions than there is for picking a lock."

Slowly the frown cleared from Mr. Blackston's brow and his eyes began to glow. "You've said something," he murmured soberly—"something that will take a long time to talk out." His gaze turned until it settled like an enveloping cloud on his cross-legged niece by marriage. "You'd better hurry."

"Me?" gasped Flora, open-mouthed.

"Yes, you. If I were in your place I'd put on my most appealing frock and my smartest hat."

"What for?"

"Because you're going to need everything you've got," he pursued grimly, drawing out his watch and giving it a quick, calculating glance. "It's up to you, Flora. If you can't persuade the purser inside the next hour and a half to fix you up with another berth, you'll have to pack yourself ashore and wait for the next boat."

HEXENSABBATH

(Continued from Page 15)

"You'd better think fast," said Ailanthus, and brought the car down to the flat as slowly as he could. Dad was in the front seat of the Edge machine with Uncle Sam, and Mildred Edge's yellow hair glowed behind dad's red head. But Aunt Miranda was the dangerous one.

"Tobias!"

"Yes'm?"

"I asked you to type those invitations to the Wednesday Club reception for me at breakfast!"

"Yes'm," Toby said, smiling horribly, "but you didn't say it was a rush."

"Nonsense!"

Uncle Sam said, "Let the boy be, Mira!" with some decision in his voice, as if he had heard a lot about those invitations while he drove to town and back. "Toby!"

"Yes, father," said Toby.

"Have you seen any big black dog with smooth fur to him, and a red collar, since this fuss started?"

"No, sir."

"Or you, Crazy?"

"No, Uncle Sam. Hasn't been a big black dog in town since Red Ransome's Pershing got run over. That's a year and four months."

"Then there ain't no such dog," said Mr. Edge to Mr. Westlund.

"It's a bad case for the dog," Mr. Westlund yawned. "I guess he's just part of the hallucination or Crazy would remember him. We might ask Shelley. . . . Percy B., have you seen a diabolic kind of dog with a red collar? I mean the sort of hell hound you meet at hexensabbaths?"

Shelley stood waving his tail beside Ailanthus and stared through the wet heat at Mr. Westlund for a time. Then he distinctly shook his head, and even Mildred smiled when everybody laughed. The brown cat lay down and ignored the laughter. Mr. Edge stopped shaking and peeled another slab of chewing gum.

"Well, the cat's right. This is a lot of swill, Hosea."

"Samuel!"

"Aw, shut up," said Uncle Sam to Aunt Miranda, as though she was not the grandchild of a general and the sister of a congressman. "Don't be elegant on so hot a day as this, Mira! . . . Hosea, you write those smart fellers in New York that this is just slop. The old Dutch women are scared of the scarlet fever. A murder an' two suicides and some disease in town is enough to start a racket like this."

"Gee," said Toby, "have they wired you about it from New York, Uncle Ho?"

"Phoned me." Westlund nodded. "I'm going to write a special article. It's the silly season and we may have reporters down here yet."

"But what you goin' to write, Uncle Ho?"

"Oh, that it's a combination of hot weather, old wives' tales and an epidemic of scarlet fever. The fever came to town with an Italian family, by the way. Nolan's traced it. They stayed four days at that boarding house down by the station and went on to Cincinnati. The kids played with all the Mulcahy babies and the rest of the station gang. . . . I'm doin' this in self-defense, Toby. I don't want some cerebral star interviewin' Corinne for a New York paper. She started this, aided an' abetted by her big brother."

Ailanthus blushed. His moral responsibility swelled in his head since dad mentioned it. He would never read fairy tales to the kid again. But dad was smiling at him, and he smiled back.

"It's ridiculous," said Mildred Edge loudly and coldly, in her deep voice. "Some tramp with a dog passes a little girl in the dusk and she takes fright. . . . But for a big boy like Ted Mayrshofer to come running to Uncle Ho with a story like that! He must be twenty!"

"What's Ted been seein'?" Ailanthus asked.

"Oh, the whole works, son. Satan revealed himself on the rocks beside the bridge, 'bout an hour back. He was disguised as a naked gent with one foot like a hoof. He crawled out of the river on the rocks, which," Westlund drawled, "immediately began to smoke when he stamped on 'em. Mr. Mephistopheles was accompanied by a familiar spirit in the shape of a black dog six feet high with a red collar made of red-hot coals. Ted came into town so fast all the eggs in his basket were an omelet in the bottom of the car."

Ailanthus laughed because dad was being funny. Toby drew in his breath and then moistly whistled on the back of his cousin's neck.

"Yeh, but that's where Elsa Grien just saw him, Uncle Ho! He was playin' his fiddle and his dog was dancin'. He was over on the rocks. He was naked. . . . No, he had a green shirt on! That was it, Crazy?"

"Can't you remember nothin' ten minutes, even?"

"Old Elsa's a moral lady"—dad chuckled—"an' put a shirt on him. You kids might pike over to the bridge and have a look before lunch."

"How absurd!" said Mildred, sitting high in her silky red dress.

"No, let's be logical, Milly. You took a course in logic at Vassar, didn't you? Here's two simple souls say they saw this fiend at a definite time and place. Let the kids go look. Crazy's six feet and hard as nails, and he can protect Toby from the evil one. Go 'long, heroes."

"But it's utterly ridiculous, Uncle Ho!"

"You kids get along and bring back some brimstone with you for lunch," said Westlund. "I'll print your report in the Argus tomorrow."

"It's idiotic!" Mildred cried.

Ailanthus thought how handsome she was, with her face a bit flushed and her hair drooping in pale braids over her ears. He sent the car along and reflected on Mildred for two or three hundred yards. She seldom talked to him, or to anybody else, for that matter, and she went off on trips to visit friends who were all interested in musical stuff or social service or cultivations of some kind. Dad believed that there was a lot in Mildred, if she could get over being so dog-gone top-lofty. It must be the Cass blood coming out in her. Uncle Sam was notoriously a carpenter's son, and his big dairy farm and his horses did not lift him above gossiping with the dirtiest old farmers from the little homesteads up in the pines.

"That makes five people have seen this fella," Toby said.

"Yeh. Corinne, one. That Swede woman that says she saw him playin' his violin for the red witch to sing to, up in the pines. That's two. Jenny Jimmerthal's three. Elsa's four and Ted Mayrshofer's five. Bet about six more'll see him now. Ted'll be bawlin' it all over town."

"Ted's the first man that's said he saw him, Crazy."

"Yeh, but Ted's dumb," Ailanthus replied. "He can't see a joke any more'n I can, and he's stupid besides that. Smoke out of rocks! Blah!"

There was a big engraving in one of dad's books named Zauberfest auf dem Blocksberg, all made of finely drawn figures wallowing or whirling in the funny diversions of the witches' Sabbath. Ailanthus had wanted to be a husky sorcerer, riding a pitchfork high in air above the revel, when he was six, and had tried a short flight out of the hayloft, unsuccessfully. Dad explained that these things were impossible with Mr. Wilson President of the United States, and had never been probable, even in elder Germany. But it must have been interesting to have lived back then, when everybody believed in sorceries and malignant spells.

"I'd ha' made a good vampire."

"Huh?"

"The best vampires had red hair," Ailanthus mused. "Dad an' I could have been a team."

"You and Uncle Ho look like twins from the back," said Toby. . . . "Hey, you're goin' past!"

Ailanthus slowed and backed the car into the straight lane which led right to the river and the hills. Bits of stone wall straggled this alley of trees and fences, and the ruins of a stone barn rose in one pasture to the left. It was a pretty walk, sometimes, with moonlight through the boughs and some breeze going, but this noon the heat washed everywhere and the flimsy band inside his hat was soaked with sweat. Ailanthus knocked the hat off and felt no cooler. Even the steep hillsides beyond the river seemed all yellow in this glare; leaves faded and the many pines were black. The river's noise, when the car stopped, was not refreshing, but a complaint of the sun's abuse. He got down on the planks of the narrow bridge and almost thought that the stream had shrunk since he bathed back of the orchard this morning.

"You'd have to work some to 'magine hell any hotter than this is."

Rocks flowed down to the water in simmering ledges of rounded gray, and the old bridge perched between two solid mounds of cracked stone. This was one of the oldest things near Blandyburg, and dad had written an editorial in the Argus against altering the bridge. It had always been wood, since the time of the Indian wars.

"You walk down left along, Toby, and see if you see any dog tracks or anything. I'll go this way."

"Look at the fish," said Toby. "Rain comin' soon!"

He tramped down to the left of the bridge and Shelley trotted after him for ten feet, then looked back and returned to his job with Ailanthus. The cat walked deftly alongside Ailanthus, making the smallest shadow, and lifting his paws high from the broiling stone. Grass and weeds in the rifts of the granite were withered; heat jarred upward through his shoes, and Ailanthus wondered if the thin rubber soles would melt.

"Fierce, ain't it, Percy B.?"

Shelley yawned, and there was a tiny sound of the movement from his red mouth. He came along, observant and polite, and utterly scornful when Ailanthus tried to point out a jumping trout, a flutter of silver in the green waters. There was no edge of gravel here. The rocks slanted into the swift water and rose steeply from its farther side. Trees mounted in dense ranks and silently endured the noon. No birds sang.

Oh, yes! A scary old woman, hustling across the bridge, might fancy she had seen something. A few bare boughs of a withered locust wove black lines on the stone, and the river maundered under the bridge, thinly melodious. Yes, you might think that a violin's murmur, if you liked, in this monstrous silence. Heat drugged the birds. Heat burned his shorn curls, and Ailanthus drowsily passed a hand over his head. This cup of stone was a caldron for the sun. He idled ten yards more and squatted by the water, letting his bare wrists trail in the coolness of it.

"Have a drink, Shelley?"

Shelley would like a drink. Ailanthus joined his copper hands and made a leaking bowl. The brown cat drank a little and then looked away. "Lazy! . . . Well, if you don't want any more ——"

He opened out his fingers and jumped a trifle when the water rose as steam from the granite. The heat licked the drops as they fell; it smoked, you could say, on the rocks. That was it! Ted Mayrshofer had seen some kid crawling out of the stream with water steaming on the stone, and had dumbly thought it smoke!

"That's how, Shell!"

Shelley did not care. He had turned his gleaming back and was waving his tail as he watched the bushes piled up where earth began at the top of the rocks, or he meditated a dancing moth, a white gyration near an arch of elder leaf. So Ailanthus stroked his tail and then let more water sift on the stone to admire the sizzle and the fluff of steam. He was rather proud that the heat upon his shoulders and stooped spine did not make him wince. Summer toughened and reddened his skin. Heat was just inconvenient on days like this. He sank an arm in water and felt the oily moss on the granite, smooth and cool and disagreeable, somehow. A trout leaped in the shadow of the bridge. The clock in town began to strike, and he counted to the twelfth stroke. Noon and midnight had this long welcome from the courthouse tower. It was twelve.

The cat backed suddenly against his elbow with a hiss and then flattened on the rock, all his fur ruffling. There was a new sound in the silent heat. A dog panted somewhere, gulping in air. And there he blackly stood between the elder sprays, staring down at the frightened cat with white eyes, discolored by the sun so that they were lighted globes in his black, wrinkled skull.

"Hey," said Ailanthus, "you clear out of here!"

But the tall dog did not move. His panting shook the red collar drooping from his neck, and flakes of hell fire danced on it, shimmers passed on it. Ailanthus squinted upward and his shirt grew loose on his dry shoulders. This beast would never stir—not if you struck him. He stood there, and the moth fled from him across the water. Witches and vampires cannot cross running water.

There was no sunlight. A breeze threshed leaves everywhere in the yellow world. Rock changed its color. He looked straight up and saw that a cloud lay under the sun in the shape of a swollen hand. Then he looked at the dog, and its eyes were brown. Oh, it was real! It was just a dog. It panted and the noise thundered in the air.

"Good pup," said Ailanthus. "P-poor fella."

A fish leaped and darted down the stream, safe from all things. Ailanthus knelt and looked at the black dog. He wetted his lips to whistle and his cold tongue filled his mouth. The wind stopped and the cloud retired from the sun. One bird yelled and was still.

"Erdgeist!"

That was a man speaking. After he had spoken, three notes of music cried ascendingly from a violin, and the panting dog backed into the arch of brushwood. It was gone. Ailanthus knelt there and rubbed his palms on his breast. But if he whistled, if he spoke to the cowering cat, he would be heard in the brushwood and something would come out of there. He knew that something was coming, and his eyes shut. Shelley hissed again and crawled between his legs. It had come. He opened his eyes to see.

"You," said this man, "are Hosea Westlund's boy and your name is Ailanthus."

"Yes—yes, sir."

He stood in the arch of the bushes and looked down at Ailanthus. His shirt of a sharp green stuff fell almost to his naked knees. It was laced below the throat with a crossing string of gold, like some gallant's shirt in an old picture. But Ailanthus knew his face. It was something he had seen so often and so familiarly that he knew the man's red mouth would fall at its ends when he smiled, and that three teeth would show.

"Did I frighten you?"

Ailanthus said, "No, sir," in some way, and the dark man still smiled, beautifully and gravely, tapping the bow on the violin in his left hand. It was as though he had always been smiling at Ailanthus and the smile asked for a smile. The frozen boy tried not to grin and tried to look away from

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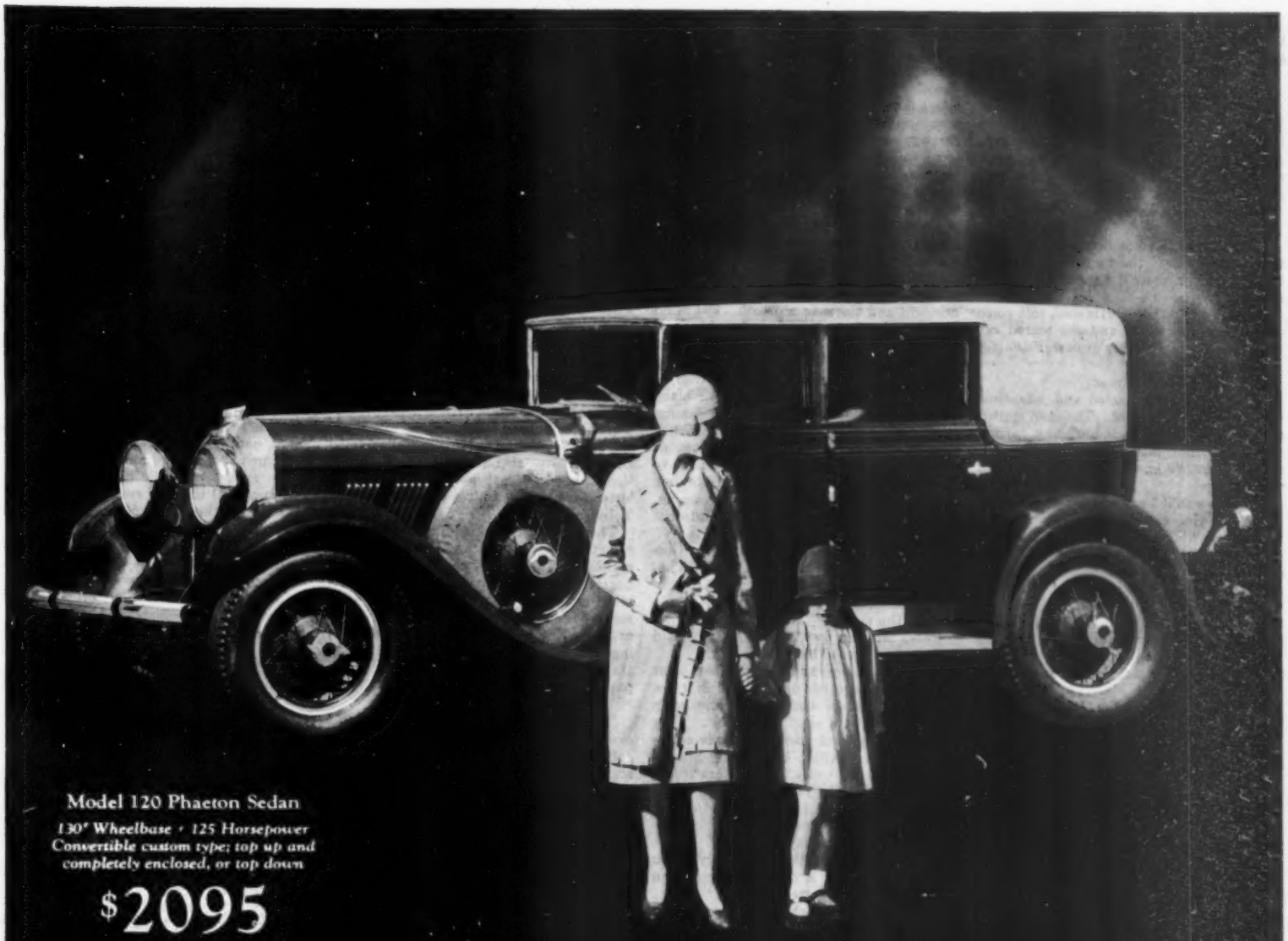

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the brown face and the curly hair. But the tall man smiled.

"You're a bad liar, Ailanthus."

"Yeh. . . . Yes, sir."

Oh, this was not true! It was illusion. The tall man and the tall black dog were lies of the mind. He had gone to sleep here on the hot rocks and all this was rank fantasy. He was nineteen and big as dad, and nobody's fool. It was not true!

"You must do something for me."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell Hosea to come here tonight. And tell nobody else," the man said, tapping his violin, "or there'll be a death in the family."

He was really there. His cool, soft voice spoke all these words and the scared cat vibrated between the boy's knees, listening.

"Here?"

"Tonight," said the man.

A horror of time passed and Ailanthus watched the green shirt. The man smiled still, his face resplendent under his curling hair, and Ailanthus had seen him many times before, he knew, although the voice was strange.

"Who—who'll I say wants to see him?"

"Why, you can tell him Black John wants him, Ailanthus."

He was not black; he was brown like rich earth, save for a garter of odious purple flesh that ran around his strong leg below the left knee. The pointed, toeless foot lurked in the grass, and the black hound stretched out suddenly and rested his head upon it, grinning at Ailanthus.

"Just tell him Black John wants him."

"Yes, sir."

But it was not true! Ailanthus heard Toby whistling beyond the bridge and lifted his hands to his eyes, wiping new sweat from the lashes. No, it was not true! The man and his beast had vanished; the arch of elder brush did not stir for their going. They had never been there! Nothing had been there—nothing!

"Seen any devils, Crazy?"

"Naw! Say, ain't it hot?"

"You're a fool not to wear your hat, fella. Come on!"

Ailanthus stood up and turned his back on the bushes. All these minutes Toby had been tramping the rocks beyond the bridge like a sane person and not imagining things just because a cat hissed at a shadow. Toby was grand in his common sense, even if his memory was a sieve and he never read a book. Ailanthus stretched his arms and beamed upon his cousin.

"What's funny?"

"Aw, I see how folks get started bein' superstitious—seein' things. Lemme tell you. If I hadn't any sense I'd be yellin' for help right now. I was sittin' here, foolin' with Shelley, and there wasn't any noise. Then some wind came and a cloud went over the sun, sort of, and I got imagining how a—a devil would look. It was kind of—you know?—I was ——"

"Mind your feet!" Toby yelled.

Ailanthus lifted a foot from the rock. The black snake seemed to rise and fall in loops of velvet, drifting past him, and it looked at him with cold eyes. Then it sank into a rift of the hot granite and was not there. Some hand had made this black whip ripple near him, warning him of punishment: There would be a death in the family if he spoke of Black John to Toby. This was the black reminder of the threat.

"It wasn't a rattler, Crazy."

"No. It was black—all black," said Ailanthus.

"Well, come on home, then. . . . Snakes do scare you, don't they?"

"Yes, sir," said Ailanthus.

"What you callin' me sir for?"

"I—I was thinkin' of something else."

His legs were frozen. The black snake seemed to wind its coldness around his calves. He came lurching up to the car, with the cat trotting ahead of him, and the sun disappeared again. Yellow shadows shut on the river and the trees.

"You drive, Toby. I got an awful headache."

"Well, all right," said Toby.

Ailanthus stumbled into the back seat and held Shelley in his arms. Toby's black hair did not curl and his round head did not droop. He drove, whistling, down the rough lane. But all these meadows and the trees were dulled to strangeness. A thunderstorm hung above the valley, and more wind would bring it down upon the hills, crashing through the pines and blasting trunks. Black John had summoned it for a witches' Sabbath. Snakes would coil out of the baking rocks and lave their velvet in the purple flashes; everything evil would fly in the rain. And he must send dad to the smiling demon in the bushes.

No, it was not true! The snake was an accident and the man a dream. His mind had brought the man up out of nothing and had made him look like dad, because the man had looked like Hosea Westlund and had smiled as he smiled. It was a trick of the dream that had dyed dad's hair black and stained his skin so brown, and hung that green shirt on him. And Black John—that was a name out of some old book or other. It was familiar and not new to Ailanthus. Heat had cooked his brains, there on the rocks. He had been dreaming.

"Thunder," said Toby, turning into the high road.

"Yeh. The devil's fetched it," Ailanthus drawled loudly, and yawned to show Black John he did not care. "He's been playin' his fiddle to bring on the storm. He —— What's the matter?"

"Aw, let 'em get past, Crazy," said Toby, and stopped the car.

The black hearse and six black cars went sliding close together up the road in a low dust. It must be the little Shane boy's funeral, who had died yesterday. They would be going out to the Catholic cemetery in Hackettsville. Yes, young Martin Boyle, the kid's uncle, leaned forward in the last car to nod. This great black snake went past him and Ailanthus chilled. Black John had spoken twice.

"Marty looks pretty cheerful."

"Yeh, it ain't in his own family. You haven't ever had a death in your own family, Toby. It's pretty bad."

"Milly's been as cheerful as a funeral ever since she got home from that camp in the mountains. All she's said about it was that the band was dressed up like Robin Hoods. She thought that was swell. Women are funny."

Toby drove on and whistled some more. Oh, but it was not true! There were no brown spirits who came coiling up out of earth and had power over good people, and there was no Black John! This was the common road and there were the cows examining the clouds as old Jake brought them up to their barn, and there was the gray house, with Mildred's red dress a point on the veranda. No, no, no! Oh, no! . . . But his mind split. He was two people, jouncing up the lane. One of him answered when Toby said "Hey!" and the other shivered in the forest while Black John tapped his violin.

"What was the name of the fella the rattler bit?"

"Huh?"

"What was the name of the fella—Uncle Ho's cousin—that stepped on the rattlesnake?"

"Cameron. His mother was granddaddy's cousin. She married this Scotch blacksmith. The kid stepped on the snake in Mr. Cameron's shop. It was down by the tracks, there."

He would go on talking about anything, because while he talked he was just sitting in the car, behind Toby's black head, rolling up the lane, with the barns getting closer and the locusts shivering in the wet wind. As long as he talked he was out of the yellow forest, away from the warm smile and the panting dog.

"I was one year old then."

"Boy, if you tell me you remember it," said Toby, "you'll be sittin' on a pillow for lunch!"

"Of course I don't! What I remember is dad tellin' me about it when he came home from France. On the woodpile. Mr. Cameron had heart failure; he was so upset about cuttin' the kid's toes off. His mamma took this—what was his name?—off away to Boston 'cause she wanted him to study music. She got married to an organist, after. I can't remember these folks at all."

"I'm glad there is something you can't remember. But what was this fella's name?"

"Cameron."

"Naw! His first name?"

"I forget," said Ailanthus drearily, "but his dad was a blacksmith."

In the old story book, Saint Dunstan was a smith and he tweaked the devil's nose with his pincers when the fiend came to tempt him.

The car stopped under Ailanthus inside the cool garage, and Shelley jumped down to run and tell his wife under the barn about the black dog in the woods. Black Joe was brown as this cat. . . . Oh, no! Don't think about it!

"Milly's been writin' to some fella named Cameron, up at Lake What's-its-Name. 'Least, she was last week. I posted one letter for her. It ain't a common name," Toby said.

Think about anything! Try to remember something hard! Here comes dad. Been making a damn fool of yourself, and you're nearly twenty. Behave yourself. . . . His mind chattered at Ailanthus. It seemed restless in his skull. It bumped and jeered at him. But dad came strolling and smiling, and hewed down a green weed beside the garage with a switch of the rolled newspaper in his right hand.

"Any spooks, kids?"

"Just a garter snake, Uncle Ho. Didn't even speak to us."

Say something! He'll know you're scared if he looks at you hard! Think of something to say! . . . Ailanthus drooped out of the car and asked, "That rattler that bit your cousin was the last one you've ever seen round here, wasn't it?"

"M'm-huh. . . . Oh, no! I saw one afterward, down by the river, one day. It was takin' a sun bath on the rocks. But there ain't enough slate around here to attract rattlers. What they like is a lot of shale to hibernate in. Still, there used to be some."

He smiled and, for a moment, was Black John, with red hair and blue eyes and a skin made all copper by the summer heat. Ailanthus quivered. He shut down his lids so as not to see this changeling, and kept them shut.

"What are you dreamin' about, baby?"

"I—I'm tryin' to remember his name," Ailanthus lied. "Your second cousin. The kid that got bit."

"Why, he ——"

"Ah, naw! Lemme think, dad!"

Westlund laughed. "The daily exercise in mnemonics will now take place. . . . Better hurry, Crazy. Lunch is ready, pretty near."

"Lemme think. . . . We were sittin' on the choppin' block by the woodpile. . . . I can remember you tellin' me. You picked up the hatchet and showed how Mr. Cameron swatted the kid's toes off. . . . And about the doctor. . . . I can remember."

His brain panted. It opened and closed in his head. Thunder clattered on the hills. Ailanthus dizzily shut his mind to everything but dad, in his stained uniform, handling the hatchet and talking slowly about this boy. Everything was silent around him now. Dad and Toby were watching.

"Hey, Crazy, your nose is bleedin'!"

"Let her bleed. . . . Blood. Yeh! There was this fool doctor. He made an incision in the kid's leg, round under his knee. You said it looked like a garter, afterwards."

A white snake coiled all around his head and spoke in his ears. Ailanthus opened his eyes and laughed.

"Yeh! His name was Johnny—John Cameron. His dad called him Black John! . . . That was it! Oh, wasn't it?"

"The lost is found! Yes, son. Black John. . . . And he was too. Had one of those dead-white Scotch skins that just went nigger black in summer. He was just indecent. He —— Baby, what's the matter?"

Ailanthus sank through the concrete floor and descended immeasurably, all the while standing on his own feet and wiping his nose. He went down and rose as through water. His nose was bleeding with real violence. He could see Toby, who was scared of blood, looking gray. Meanwhile he stood and at the same time rose and sank in a water of sensations. It would be simply dumb to go and faint now, and he would not consider it. He watched dad pace off to the watering trough and unhitch a bucket from the peg beside the pump. Then he dove to China, thought about pagodas and revolutions, and rose once more into a shower of cold fluid.

"You restrain yourself, sonny, and quit rememberin' for today."

"Yes, sir," said Ailanthus humbly. "I'm sorry, dad."

Immediately a woman howled in the house and, to provide an echo, the first smash of real thunder swelled in from the hills. Ailanthus thought doubly that it was going to be tough on Mr. Cameron, down by the river, and that the howl sounded unlike Corinne's usual noise. It was deeper and more powerful.

"Elsa's havin' more hysterics," Toby suggested.

"Tobias," said dad, tossing the bucket toward the watering trough, "hate to say it, but that sounded like your mamma. Maybe Sam has said something rude about the Cass family tree."

"Well, if it's that," Toby said, "I'm not goin' near it. That's always pretty stinkin'."

Ailanthus pulled his shirt out of his trousers and noted that his nose had quit bleeding. But he stopped taking the wet shirt off because Corinne now bustled through the gate in the hedge of lilacs and importantly approached the three males.

"Cousin Milly's got married and Auntie Mira fainted, papa!"

"Bless and preserve us," said dad, putting his red head sideways. "You don't say so, sister? How did Milly manage this?"

"Week before last," Corinne explained. "His name's Johnny. He's thirty-four years old and he studied music in Germany and's got beautiful teeth."

"Has he any more name than that?"

"I don't remember. But she says it's perfickly outrageous to hold it against a man that his father was a blacksmith, and she's tired of waiting to break it gently and ——"

"The hell!" said dad, and hurried off across the yard to the gate.

"You're all wet," Corinne told her brother, wabbling her white shoes on the concrete. "And Uncle Sam laughed out loud, and mamma says he's cruel, and it isn't nice. Men don't never consider women's feelings and ——"

"You mustn't say 'don't never,' kid. That ain't good grammar. Where you goin', Tobe?"

"Home," said Toby, leading his mare out of the shed.

He said this in a blunt, final way, and galloped down the lane without looking back. Ailanthus studied his sister and didn't mind her, for once. She had not sense enough to see that he was squashed flat and wholly ashamed of himself.

"Elsa," Corinne said, "says the witches are goin' to have a party. When it thunders like ——"

"Kid, there aren't any witches! There's no such thing as a hexensabbath. The devil hasn't got a foot like a hoof. It's all a lot of —of slop."

"Well," said Corinne, "Toby won't get any lunch at his house, 'cause it's their cook's day out. It's why they came here."

"Aw, shut up and get out," Ailanthus ordered.

(Continued on Page 56)

What Price-Class ?

The important thing to consider in purchasing a car is the cost of *owning*—not the cost of *buying*

Unfortunately people have grouped cars into "price-classes." There is the "$1000 price-class," the "$1500 price-class," the "$2000 price-class," and so on.

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UNIVERSAL is devoting its every thought, its every hour and its every ambition to the production of great pictures. It is buying the best stories, securing the best writers. For instance, it has just purchased the screen rights to ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—that amazing book of the great war which has already passed the million mark in sales. The whole world is talking about it. Every progressive motion picture producer wanted it, but Universal captured the prize. And can you think of a better writer to adapt it to the screen than Maxwell Anderson, co-author of WHAT PRICE GLORY? Follow this column weekly for further news of Universal's persistent efforts to give you the best talking pictures it is possible to make.

-C.L.

Cases in Point

"*Broadway*" (the one and only Broadway) adapted from Jed Harris' great stage production—mystic, bewildering, startling—magnified and beautified as only the movie-camera can do it—brings before you such pleasing stars as GLENN TRYON, EVELYN BRENT, MERNA KENNEDY, THOMAS JACKSON, ROBERT ELLIS, PAUL PORCASI, OTIS HARLAN and others. A Paul Fejos production. Talking and silent versions.

Glenn Tryon in "Broadway"

"*Show Boat*"—Edna Ferber's beautiful, dreamy romance of the Mississippi River—which has scored an unprecedented hit in every part of America as well as European centers. The superb cast has made history—LAURA LA PLANTE, JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, EMILY FITZROY, OTIS HARLAN, JANE LAVERNE and others. A Harry Pollard production. Talking and silent versions.

Laura LaPlante in "Show Boat"

"*College Love*"—Carl Laemmle Jr's breezy, peppy, jazzy, full length all-talking college picture transports the college, the campus, the gridiron, students' quarters, college games and love rivalry into your own home theatre. It is a picture you will love, starring those "*Collegians*" favorites GEORGE LEWIS, DOROTHY GULLIVER, EDDIE PHILLIPS, CHURCHILL ROSS and HAYDEN STEVENSON. A Nat Ross production. Talking and silent versions.

Be on the watch for "*Tonight at Twelve*"—with MADGE BELLAMY, MARGARET LIVINGSTON, GEORGE LEWIS, ROBERT ELLIS, VERA REYNOLDS and NORMAN TREVOR. Directed by Harry Pollard. "*Mississippi Gambler*"—starring JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, JOAN BENNETT, with ALEC B. FRANCIS and CARMELITA GERAGHTY. Reginald Barker directing. "*Mademoiselle Cavenne*"—starring MARY NOLAN. "*Moonlight Madness*"—starring JOHN BOLES. "*The Long Long Trail*"—starring HOOT GIBSON.

John Boles in "Moonlight Madness"

Watch this column closely and meantime write me your opinion of Universal Pictures, as well as your idea of sound and talking productions.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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He went into the cow barn and sat on a box filled with halters, outside the quarters of the cow Penelope, whose horns were diabolic in their precise curving. He felt no better when he had taken off his wet shirt.

Shelley came up out of a hole in the floor and then carried on a dialogue with his wife, silently, staring down at her. Kittens cheeped and yapped beneath the planks, until rain extinguished their little noises and their father looked at Ailanthus, suggesting that he shut the door into the yard against all this thunder and lightning.

"Aw, do it yourself! You was scared too! . . . Of course it's a real dog, though," Ailanthus admitted.

Shelley nodded. Rain was making great blue pools in the barnyard and the cows rattled their horns on wood when thunder shook the building. The bull in the other barn put up a general protest against everything, and Ailanthus agreed with him. It was like a woman to fetch her John home and stow him away in the snaky woods while she broke it gently to her folks. Scaring people stiff! It just was not fair. But you couldn't expect anything else of a girl!

"Yeh, 'at's a dog barkin', Shell! Hope he comes in here and chases you plumb to hell!"

Oh, he had made an ass of himself, all right! It was what dad kept saying. Man's wisdom was an inch deep over these old terrors in man's mind. Ailanthus nodded, rooting a cigarette out of his moist trousers, and Shelley nodded back at him consolingly. Cats knew all about witches and the things of darkness and the follies of men. It was what made them gently supercilious of people. But Shelley streaked across the floor and up the ladder toward the loft when the dog came in, and did not stop to hiss until he was perched safe on the seventh rung. There he put up a bluff, of course, and spat down on the bounding enemy three times.

"Behave yourself, Erdgeist!" said Black John, limping past Ailanthus in a slushy noise of rubber.

Erdgeist turned about to whine at his lord, and then shook himself so tremendously that drops fluttered all over Ailanthus, making him blink and grunt. Cousin John spun on his heel and smiled at the boy charmingly.

"Hello, youngster!"

"Hello," said Ailanthus. "I was wonderin' how you'd like this."

"Well, I don't." The brown demon chuckled, shedding his coat and hitching up a common pair of pants over his Robin Hood shirt. "Fact is, I hate snakes! It's an old prejudice. . . . That two-by-four hut down where Milly parked me is a garter snakes' rendezvous. So when a fond mother brought her five little snakelets in to get 'em out of the rain, and lightning struck a tree, I left. . . . I say, how like Hosea you look! Known you anywhere, even if your hair wasn't red. Same sort of nobody's-fool expression. As if it would take dynamite to upset you. I thought you were Ho, down by the creek, there."

"Honest?"

"Only, Milly told me about his arm. . . . I say, is it really true that I've scared the old hags and babies into fits? Or is that Milly's sense of humor?"

"She ain't got any," said Ailanthus. "Yeh, Cousin John, they all think you're the devil himself."

"And me cowering in the bushes like a timid fawn! And eating canned salmon and apple pie. Herr Gott," said Black John, "what a week! . . . Well, I'm going to have the rest of this honeymoon near a bathroom and an ice box. If Mrs. Edge won't stand for me, someone's got to. I think Destiny owes even third-rate first violins something better than a snakery. Specially after playing for six weeks in a lousy hotel orchestra in the Adirondacks. . . . Oh, by the way, who's a black-headed kid in riding togs? Older than you, maybe. Roan mare."

"'At's Toby. Milly's brother, Cousin John."

"Well, I scared him just now. Down the road. Just when I got over the fence. He was hammering on a shoe. Suppose I looked melodramatic by lightning, or Erdgeist startled him. He got on his horse and went over a stone wall, and I haven't seen so much speed since my *pension* burned in Munich last year!"

"Honest?" said Ailanthus happily.

"He turned green," Black John laughed.

Ailanthus lit his cigarette and crossed his legs.

Shelley had come down the ladder and was pointing out sights of interest in this barn to Erdgeist. His manner implied that he was willing to forgive and forget.

"Aw, well," said Ailanthus, "Toby's a bundle of nerves, Cousin John. He's not yella, or anything like that, y' see, but he is—well, he upsets easy. But don't you kid him about it, please. He'd feel awful silly. He's twenty-one. So please don't, Cousin John."

"Don't suppose you ever suffer from nerves," Black John said. "Too like your dad for that. How old are you?"

"Twenty. I mean, I'll be twenty in October. Only, please don't you kid Toby about this, Cousin John. He—he'd be awful embarrassed. . . . For a favor to me?"

"You're a decent young devil, aren't you? All right. I promise to forget."

"Well, thanks a lot, Cousin John. I'm goin' to try to forget about it myself," said Ailanthus.

ARE WE SUCCESSFUL IMPERIALISTS?

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exercise, without a proper staff of subordinate inspectors, his supervisory duties.

Says Stimson: "The condition of Philippine Government established under the organic Act of 1916—the Jones Act—was such as to require for success an unusually great amount of coöperation between the executive and the Filipino legislature, and especial efforts to obtain such coöperation. Under that Act the supreme executive power is vested in a governor—generally chosen by an American President and Senate ten thousand miles away from the islands—while general legislative power is vested in a legislature elected by a Filipino constituency under an almost general manhood suffrage.

"The inevitable differences of viewpoint, the superabundant opportunities for mutual misunderstanding and mutual provocation thus occasioned very evidently make it necessary not only that there should be especial efforts continually put forth for the display of personal consideration and personal tact on both sides but also that there should exist definitely organized governmental machinery which should encourage such tact and consideration by making the intercourse between the executive and the legislature natural and easy."

Upon this base Stimson worked out a policy. This policy was aimed to meet two difficulties. See how interesting his job was—as if it had been yours!

The first difficulty was that if any fundamental change in the set-up of our imperialism had to be made, it would invoke Congress.

Congress knows nothing about the Philippines, and at the drop of the hat pretends to know everything about these islands.

The second difficulty is that in the Philippines there is a scarcity of political issues. There is nothing unusual about this. I can remember when Congressman Gardner came on to Massachusetts to run for governor with no issue more substantial than an anti-immigration plank with which Massachusetts had nothing to do and over which the commonwealth of Massachusetts had no power whatever. But it is quite true that in the Philippines the *politicos* of small caliber still endeavor to get elected on platforms as extreme and absurd as that of saying: "I propose that, whoever may be sent to us as governor-general, we tip him the black spot. Once upon a time Jose Rizal bearded Spain; let us now beard the goatee of Uncle Sam."

There is no serious criticism of that in many cases. I have been on campaigns in the Philippines where village oratory was let loose, and somehow it seemed, even to me, that independence, Rizal and our exploiting imperialism was the only oratorical honey that the speaker could think of to catch the flies of ignorant and flighty minds.

But this campaigning is a real obstacle, nevertheless, to any coöperation. On the one hand, and on our part, we should recognize, as Stimson did, that there is a human desire for self-respect and self-made progress among thirteen million people who average in standards of living and capacity for growth far above most of the countries of the Far East. Even when they wear gee strings, they are still shocked by Al Capone and racketeers and some of our hypocrisy and the failure of democratic government in many of our dark corners.

The unfriendly campaign is rather unreal. There is no true independence sentiment in the islands in the sense that anyone of sense wants the United States to drop the Philippines and go home. Not at all. Good wisdom is present. Independence for the Philippines among the strong leaders is conceived as being like independence for the state of Washington. Upon this basis—the policy of not invoking Congress—and upon the assurance that the Filipinos know full well that they will and want to play along with us, Stimson acted.

There is a certain fascination about the devices of tact and sense. When Owen D. Young found himself, not in a European reparations negotiation but in Manila at a banquet, and was introduced as contributor to these delicate questions, he donated a discreet thought by saying that all peoples ought to be, for highest efficiency, ruled by other peoples.

That is to say, the British—particularly the Scotch—could quite well take over our Government in Washington, the Japanese could straighten out much of continental Asia. But, after all, the trick with the Philippines is to make them believe that they are members of the family.

Time has changed the idea of conquest and exploitation. The days of Spanish colonialism in the Philippines are over. The tradition of revolt from dominance has passed. Stimson's job and Davis' job is to show the people in the Philippines that we play the game.

Accordingly, Stimson solved many of his difficulties by a rare common sense. That sane sense and its results not only deserve to be known in the United States but are tremendously important in our future relations with the Filipinos, and indeed with all nations and races in the Pacific differing from our own civilization, blood, tradition and customs.

Let us see what Stimson did about the first problem—the change in administration, the new relationship with the Filipino legislature, the new mutual interest between the Filipino people and the governor-general. Mark this well; it was done without any congressional legislation back in Washington.

What Stimson—the quiet man with an almost sleepy manner of being efficient—found in the Philippines was a racial sensitiveness between brown and white peoples which, for the want of a mechanism of coöperation, had driven General Wood to

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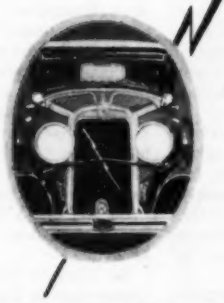

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MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 56)

anxiety and overwork, and the Filipinos into a state of antagonism toward the United States and all its works.

The curious feature of this situation was found in the natural good nature of the people. They are a genial, hospitable lot—from the merchant in Manila who is a Catholic, to the Chinese Malay half-breed planter, from the hillmen of the north to the Mohammedan zealots of Mindanao in the south, who have the pride of kings and unparalleled fighting qualities.

For three hundred years and more the islands have been under alien rule. Much of that time was spent in the days when conquest and imperialism partook less of coöperation than of duress. It might sometimes be benevolent duress, but it was duress. Nor was it always benevolent. Hence there grew up a tradition of revolt, which forges on long after Jose Rizal is dead and long after there is any real need for such irritable unrest. And to this was added the fact that one of the simplest forms of political demagoguery wherever education has not yet done its full work is to preach independence, freedom, liberty and democracy from mouths which know not what they mean, to ears that know nothing of the import of what they hear. In other words, politics by honeyed promises—not unknown to us—we believe, is commoner where illiteracy is greater than in the United States or in other advanced democracies.

The best way to meet either of those tendencies—tradition or demagoguery—is to take the people into one's confidence and their leaders into intimate conversation. That is what Stimson did.

Confidence Reposed and Received

Stimson himself says: "In view of misunderstandings in past years I think it is worth while to record certain features in detail for the benefit of American administrators who, like myself, may be without previous experience in the Orient. When I assumed office I was warned that the nature of the Oriental was such that it would be dangerous for me to confer with them without the presence of American witnesses. I rejected this advice, feeling that it was better to trust and be betrayed than to make mutual confidence impossible. So far as I am aware, I was not betrayed in a single instance; and the character of our conferences became such that I was frequently made the recipient of confidences by the Filipino leaders which proved of priceless value to my administration. Again, bearing in mind the responsibilities of leadership in political organizations in the United States, I was very careful never to surprise the Filipino leaders of the party organizations with which I was dealing by an executive decision of any importance. Instead, I always conferred with them about it beforehand, giving them an opportunity to discuss it and, if finally decided on, to prepare their followers for its announcement."

With this human, wise attitude not only appealing for but capturing coöperation, the new administrator in the Philippines began to build a coöperative machinery. The constitution of the United Kingdom is unwritten. Practice and precedent make it stand. It stands without statutory laws. It required centuries to build, but it avoided acrid debate followed by the crystallization of fallible thought expressed by inflexible words.

Our present Secretary of State began to turn his back on reform of laws and his face toward sensible practice to build precedents. He had landed in Manila with the usual salutes, guns and fanfare, which have no particular fascination for men who have no hunger for the front page.

Fortunately for Stimson's constructive work, the elections in June, not much more than a year ago, gave strength to the very Filipino political leaders who had already promised to coöperate with the new governor-general. This put the population behind the new order.

A fresh atmosphere began to pervade the islands. It appeared that the corner had been turned in our relationships. The extraordinary modern story was, as the newspapermen sometimes say, "about to break"; it promised to be a story which, like the story of the relationship of our states and our Federal Government, would be one of authority and autonomy, lion and lamb not only reclining together but ready to do a little business together too.

Stimson, discussing the methods to be adopted, emphasizes four steps:

The first concerned one of the most important functions of the governor-general, who represents the protecting hand of the United States. That function is oversight of how things are going nationally and locally in the Philippines.

Now, the governor-general, with this duty imposed upon him by Congress, was not furnished by Congress with the money to carry it out. General Wood had been run to death in attempt to do what salaried experts should have been doing for him. No one man can be constantly on the go with tours of inspection and also attend to the important administrative tasks in Manila. He is like a president of a country who has no staff whatever.

If the United States wished upon the governor-general the duty of supervision, justice required that funds should be furnished for it. It is a compliment to Filipino statesmanship and generosity, and to Stimson's tact, that the Filipino legislature, representing the Filipino people, and at a time when the finances of the island government were none too good, stepped up to the mark when our own Congress had failed to do so, and passed the Belo Act, providing an annual appropriation to allow the governor-general to have an adequate staff of assistants, not for administrative but for supervisory purposes. There is no need to mince words—the Filipinos paid to have supervision over themselves! It may have been supervision in more than one sense.

Let us pick to pieces the vision which the Filipino leaders may have seen. First of all, when there is no adequate service of inspection and when good supervision is beyond the powers and time allowance of one man, then, when that man is responsible for things going right, he naturally tries to keep the reins in his own hands; where no supervision or inspection is needed he releases authority. Anyone who stops to think about it can see that a governor with responsibility for knowing what is going on will be tempted to keep in his hands as much as possible whatever goes on. Autonomy for the people he governs is thus defeated. There is a constant force operating against local self-government—the very field in which self-governing peoples learn to walk the tight rope of democracy.

Bridging the Way

To see through and provide for such political problems is an evidence of statesmanship. Fortunately, minds not practiced in the art, like yours, mine and anyone's, can understand that recognition by the Filipinos and by Stimson of this evil tendency partook of the new statesmanship of "imperialism." The quotes around the word "imperialism" are again placed to give emphasis to the point that when the greater number, the greater power, the greater wealth coöperates today with lesser numbers or lesser forces or lesser affluence, the old-fashioned imperialism is at an end. Exploitation and domination and imperialism itself lose their old senses in a world teeming with forces to demonstrate that my good is your good and, for instance, that the good of the Filipino is yours, and that your welfare is his. Stimson got his permanent appropriation—step one.

Step two. Let us consult. What is meant by this is so plain that it hardly needs explanation. Two major facts of government have come into being in the Philippines. One is the Filipino-elected Congress at Manila; the other a governor-general, hand-picked by a President of the United States, so far away! The theory is that both want the welfare of both the citizens of the United States and of the Filipinos. How to talk this over? That was the question. If differences of opinion existed it would be foolish to talk this over in any organized body which could be charged with deciding questions.

No, what was wanted was a piece of machinery that could lay out a policy in advance, and in an advisory way solely, but which could include in its membership, after all, those who were leaders in putting into effect any policy either by legislating it or, in the case of the governor-general, by signing it.

Until Stimson came to the islands there had been no constant workable way to prevent breaches between executive and legislature. The best way in the world to prevent widening chasms is to get the two sides together. That practice is not only negative—to prevent splits—it is a practice which is positive, for it creates powerful unity for constructive programs.

A Guiding Hand

It is true that Harrison had created a kind of Council of State, but this is the point: It was not wholly advisory. It could take action. Stimson's served quite another purpose—it was designed to secure, if possible, unanimity of action in advance, joining legislative forces and executive forces in a common purpose. It was a more formal expression of Coolidge's White House sausage-and-flapjack breakfasts with congressional leaders, and Hoover's somewhat similarly purposed conferences with his supporters and with his incorrigible children in House or Senate.

Says Stimson: "Except for a number of bills which were passed the last day of the session of the legislature, too late for conference in the Council of State, there probably would have been no vetoes." To this he might have added that every needed veto by a governor-general makes, nevertheless, toward unnecessary antagonisms and creates the atmosphere of divided interest between the United States and the Philippines, just as if they had not almost every interest in common. The unnecessary show of conflict is fodder for the cheaper type of independence politician and trouble maker. It gives him a talking point.

Furthermore, a purely advisory Council of State, not having power to decide the passage of anything, can serve eagerly to mold the policy and exact a well-considered drafting of laws.

Into this Council of State, Stimson at first invited the present able president of the Philippine Senate, Osmena, the Speaker of the House, the majority leaders of both houses and the heads of the six executive departments.

The third step was this: To get an effective cabinet of executives. The usual set-up in American constitutional machinery requires a cabinet which shall not be chosen from members of the legislative bodies; in the Philippines such is not necessarily the case. The practice of governor-generals has been to appoint Filipinos to the portfolios; naturally, with some consideration given as in all party-system governments to the dominant party in the last elections. Such appointments, as anyone can see, are dictated not only by the sentimental recognition that the will of the people has been expressed in a desire to obtain the policies not only of legislation but of administration of the successful political majority but also by the need to have as complete coöperation as possible between the legislative and executive ends of the government.

Stimson, speaking of his insistence upon appointment of those representing the dominant forces of the legislature, says: "The secretaries of departments became true and efficient constitutional advisors of the executive. They kept apprised of the currents of public opinion in the legislature and they advised the governor-general thereon. At meetings of the Council of State—that advisory body of which they were all members—they were able to advise and guide amendments to pending legislation. Their advice was particularly helpful and usually determining upon the approval or disapproval of bills which had been passed by the legislature. The choice of cabinet from the party in control of the legislature was the principal and most direct step toward securing coöperation between the body and the executive."

So far, in his reforms, Stimson did not find it necessary to call upon Washington at all!

So, also, he took step four. Everyone knows that in England there is a working arrangement between the cabinet and the House of Commons. Ministers may appear on the floor and be interrogated, may defend or advocate policies, may engage in a form of debate. No such practice exists in Washington. A cabinet member has no privilege of the floor of either Senate or House to advocate his policies, nor does either body call upon cabinet officers to submit to questioning.

The Filipino leaders and Stimson brought about a change in the rules of procedure in both Senate and House in the Philippines to invest members of the cabinet with the privileges of the floor of both, to participate in debate and, subject to the consent of the governor-general, to answer queries.

These, then, were the four steps taken to break down the isolation of a Washington-appointed executive and a Filipino-elected assembly; may we say, to bring them into a unity of purpose by the mere desire for resourcefulness and understanding and tact, so that authority and autonomy, as is often the case, find a common cause. This is the trend of modern imperialism, where responsibility counts for more on one side than domination, and on the other side responsibility counts for more than independence.

Conflict Out of Politics

About both imperialism and self-determination there is in the modern, practical, economic and swiftly moving cultural world a kind of ghostly unreality. The conflicts of the Old World were those based on conquest by the sword and duress by the sword; the conflicts of the New World are based on competition of economic fitness and standards of living, merging rapidly into the conviction that politics is a secondary affair, at best, compared with the march of coöperative economic universality of purpose.

The old game of politics emphasized conflict. Old-fashioned leadership with a large L, as Smith tried to revive it in the last American campaign, was to do something in conflict.

Stimson, in the Philippines, put great store upon means to allay political conflict. He invented ingenious political machinery for that end. It was ingenious not only in its results, it was ingenious because it showed how far practice, precedent and policy may supplant written constitutions and wordy lawmaking. But valuable as was his service in that, and proud as he may be in his achievement of inventing better imperialistic machinery, it remains true that one of his subordinates who writes to me has stated a much larger vision when he says: "The greater achievement remains. It involves the human, the social, the welfare point of view. It calls upon the United States and its people to develop with the Filipinos the economic standing of the Philippines in an economic world."

In other words, the duty we have toward the Philippines—perhaps, because our flag flies there—is not done when we have produced a new imperialism in the sense of practical political coöperation. The New World requires something else of us. What it requires is leadership in economic cooperation and good faith, in fair play and sense.

From our own point of view—our national interest—the Philippines are not only

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FOLLOW THE LEADER
IS THAT THE TOUGHEST STUNT YOU CAN DO?
FOLLOW THE LEADER!—MEMBER I'VE GOT KEDS ON
SO HAVE I—
ME TOO—WHAT A CINCH!
SAME HERE—WATCH ME GO!
C'MON! SHOW US SUMPIN'
SAY, I CAN JUMP THAT LEFT HANDED
GEE-LOOKIT THAT HIGH DIVE
OH BABY! ME COULDN'T DO THAT WITHOUT KEDS
I GIVE UP!

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for your good athletic engine!

Keds "Gladiator"

A medium price, sturdy shoe for all-round use. Patented "Feltex" insole keeps the foot cool and comfortable. Reinforced toe gives extra protection at point of hardest service. Special anti-skid sole, and Keds' cool canvas upper.

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Keds "Mercury"

The winner in the popular-price field and a wonderful shoe for the money. Tough, amber-colored sole. Black athletic trimmings and ankle patch. Nickel eyelets. "Feltex" insole. If you're looking for an exceptional value at the price, ask your dealer to show you "Mercury."

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"It was only a few years ago that one car seemed like an extravagance for a modest family like ourselves. But we quickly discovered that it put more satisfaction into our lives than any other investment we ever made.

"The only trouble was that the car couldn't be in two places at once. When my husband was using it on important business, I couldn't market, or meet the children at school, or visit friends. When I was using it, he was sometimes seriously inconvenienced.

"We could not make a large investment, so we bought a used car, and I have it all the time. I want to thank you for the suggestion that solved our problem so happily, and to compliment you on the courtesy and service of the General Motors dealer who sold the car to us."

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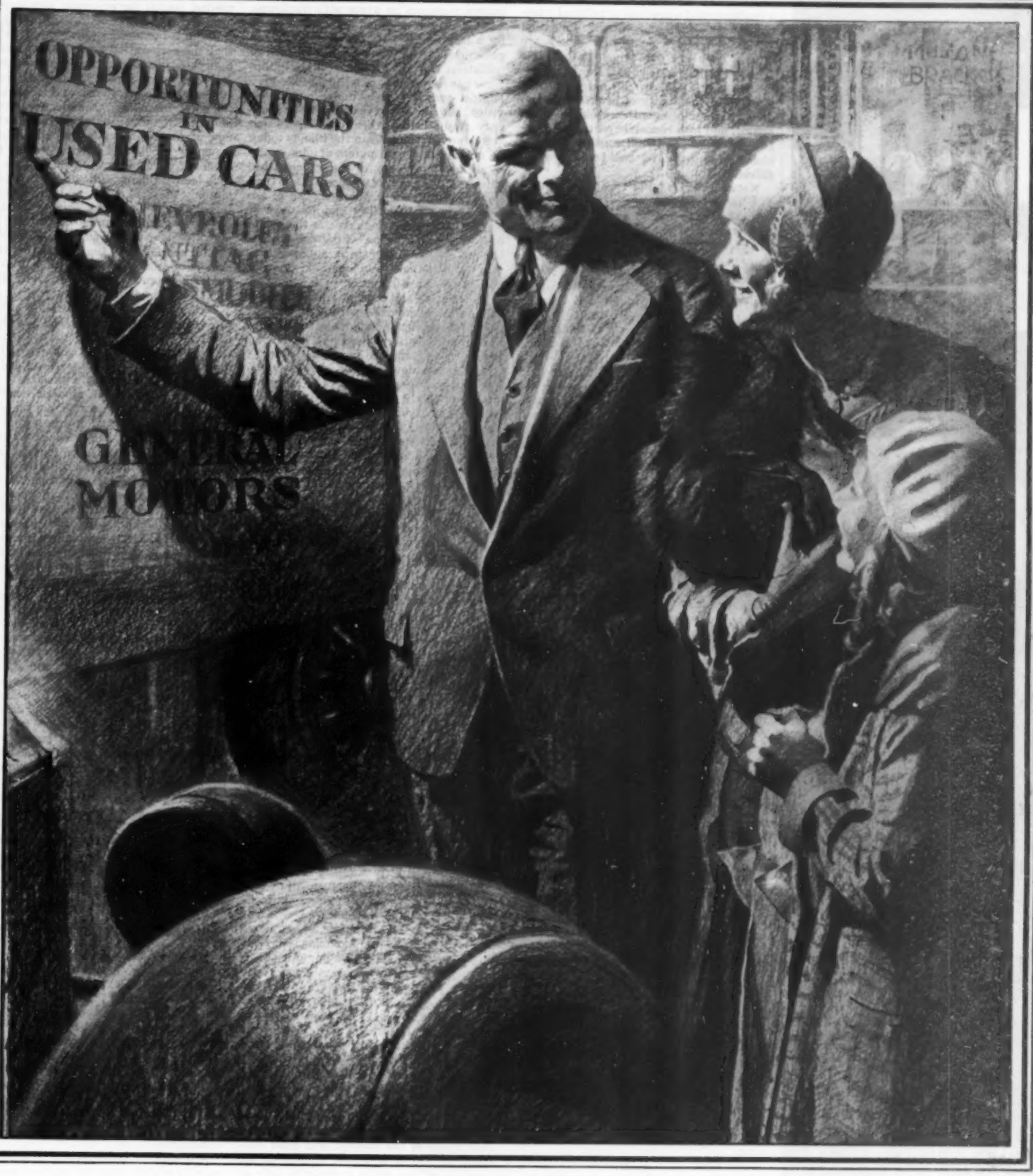

MOTORS

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford 5¢

IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

P. LORILLARD CO. EST. 1760

(Continued from Page 58)

a challenge and a problem of political interdependence and coöperation, obligation versus obligation, politically. They are more. They are our principal introduction to the Pacific field and the Far East. They are and will be the much-watched measure of the ability of diverse race and diverse race to come into mutual faith and accord, and into economic partnership, regardless of such external considerations as biological and social fitness to unite racial differences.

Notwithstanding the efforts for education in the islands, I am told on high authority that only 1.5 per cent of the population see daily newspapers. Education in and around Manila is commonly supposed to prepare the Number One cook boy to be ultimately and soon a member of the Supreme Court! Everybody wants to be a general, and there are no privates. As a result, there is no great, steadying middle class. The leaders—the real leaders are wise, but the islands still have, in the main, only peasants and political men.

The Filipino is a much-indulged and rather lazy fellow. He is protected by our armed forces, but pays no American income tax or other American taxes. His standard of living is better than those of his neighbors in the Far East. His wages are higher. He gets more for his products than his Oriental friends.

It is not necessary to go into dry statistics to prove that all economic growth in the islands has been limited, and by several factors. There are few substantial developed mineral reserves and no discovered oil deposits. Until now, the range of agricultural crops has not been wide and crops have been open to destruction by hurricanes such as that of November 23, 1928. Rice, sugar, coconuts and hemp make up the largest yields. Sugar exported in 1927 was worth about $50,000,000. Our government experts say that with proper development 70,000 tons of rubber could be produced if there were capital to support the plantations and enough labor to work them.

As things stand today the Philippines actually import from us about $25,000,000 worth of foodstuffs, and our exports to the Philippines in 1928 were worth nearly $80,000,000, and we purchased from the Philippines not more than $111,000,000. Considering the complexity of our civilization and our purchasing power, there appears to be no sound ground on which to base even ridiculous fears that the Philippines will swamp any of our "infant" efforts at production.

Some special interests may wish to keep capital out of the Philippines, but you and I and all the rest of the taxpayers have not only a sentimental but a pocketbook interest in getting the Philippines opened up to prosperity.

Needed Supervision

The account book of recent years has begun to disclose the inevitable growth of standards of living accompanied by pressure for more outlays from the public funds. It has been difficult at times for the insular government to meet comfortably the call for improvement at a period when the people still had only limited capacity to pay taxes, because of limited productiveness.

One experienced government official says of this situation: "If the connection with America were withdrawn the Filipino would be presented with the alternative of reducing his standard of life or complete bankruptcy."

Suppose we assume that it is not only for the interest of the Filipino but for your interest and mine that there be extended to the islands the same economic philosophy, practice and programs which have built in our forty-eight states the unparalleled material prosperity, the standard of living, the leisure of enlightenment which we know now.

What are the obstacles to be overcome? The first, perhaps, is found in the people themselves. Long before Stimson became governor-general he wrote with frankness:

"The Malay is generally characterized by a lack of the power of coöperation in governmental functions and by a lack of initiative. Our own experience in the Philippines has shown him to be capable of a very hopeful progress while under our supervision, but has also revealed a strong tendency to backslide when the supervision was removed. There is in the islands today no organized critical public opinion ready to act as a corrective of these tendencies. The circulation of its daily press is less than 1½ per cent of the population. There are practically no voluntary organizations of citizens to examine and criticize the action of their public officials." Progressive ideas are difficult to propagate in such a situation. Old notions founded upon Spanish administration still persist.

The political and economic developments cannot be considered separately. Perhaps the most significant confidential official report ever made, to which I now have been given access, states the situation clearly:

"Economic development in the islands, even along these scanty lines, has been slow, due partly to racial and tropical inertia and partly to the hesitancy of foreign capital to enter the islands while their future political status is deemed to be uncertain. As a result, their governmental revenues have increased very slowly.

"At the same time, under the American leadership of the past thirty years, the individual Filipino had developed an appetite for the material advantages of life which was quite out of proportion to the power of his governmental revenues to satisfy.

"The standard of living for the individual laborer in the Philippines is far beyond that of a similar laborer in any neighboring Oriental country, and his thirst for education, his enjoyment and use of the new improved roads and other facilities throughout the islands, and his demand for further public improvements is so general and pronounced as to be the most striking feature of present Filipino civilization."

The Public-Land Policy

"Economic development is further controlled by historic Filipino policy toward their public land. Their experience during the Spanish régime, with large accumulations of land and other property in the hands of the friars, not only resulted in the passage of laws under the American régime strictly limiting the size of such landholdings in the future but also has resulted in a general public sentiment against such large landholdings, which is one of the strongest political sentiments which the average Filipino holds today. It is so strong as to be controlling upon their future legislation, and cannot be disregarded in any plan for the future development of the islands. The average Filipino believes that it is better for his country to be slowly and gradually developed by a population of comparatively small individual landowners than to be more rapidly exploited by a few large corporations which own the land and till it either with tenant farmers or hired employes. The existence of this native sentiment has not been generally recognized in the United States, but this is one of the deepest and most controlling currents of public opinion in the islands, and one which it would be folly to disregard or attempt to defy. In other words, I believe it is clear that agricultural development in the Philippines of a character which requires the coördinated products of large tracts of land must be reached by the coöperative efforts of a large number of *hacendados*, or landowners, grouped about a common central which guides, fosters, and finances them under contract rather than by large fee holdings of single corporations.

"The existence of this strong feeling against land monopolization, added to the ever-present racial sensitiveness toward foreign exploitation, whether American or Mongolian, tends to make the problem of stimulating the introduction of the much-needed capital for economic development from America a very delicate one; and this problem is further complicated by the fact that the corporation laws of the islands—both those included in their general statutes and some provisions of the Organic Act of 1916—were so restricted and obsolete in the light of modern American corporate finance as to quite prohibit any satisfactory flow of American capital into the islands. Thus the problem of stimulating the slow economic development in the islands is surrounded with many difficulties. It requires not only tact and energy to brush away all these clearly erroneous legal restrictions but it also requires sympathy with the Filipino viewpoint on the part of the American capital as well as on the part of the American public officials who must act as the guides and protectors both of the Filipino public and the foreign investors."

After my own investigation in the Philippines I wrote: "Political obstacles lead to economic backwardness, but both are in part traced to the people themselves. Their ambition leans too far toward cultural and professional education and too little toward the point of view of modern economic thought and willingness to do the day's work. There is no middle class. The Filipino, before he is awakened, is usually a good-natured peasant; the moment he is awakened he wants to be a college president or a statesman. The lack of a middle class keeps politics concerned with independence and contentious about meatless platters. The lack of a middle class and of a productive sense prevents the islanders from keeping their eyes upon their greatest problem of all—the introduction of capital and the development of their resources."

But until Stimson arrived and set a precedent which we hope Davis will follow, our own official attitude toward economic development had been backward also. Our attention, through the governors we had sent, had been centered on administration and paternal improvements. This was natural enough. We were establishing our attempt at benevolent political imperialism. We and the Filipinos were getting to know each other. Even at home we had not yet learned that good political life is founded more on economic development than economic development on devices of political life. The era which was to demonstrate that economic coöperation may spread prosperity to far corners had not ripened its gorgeous plums. In short, the failure to bring about the economic awakeness in the islands was the lack of vision in which both the Filipinos and we shared the blame.

Talking Two Different Languages

We were talking paternally of our "little brown brothers" and of our paternal achievements in handing down roads and schools, while the Filipinos were talking of independence, chest-thumping and of the thousands who would become doctors and lawyers overnight. What they forgot was that doctors and lawyers are the street cleaners of any productive civilization; what we forgot was that the first step in the development of any mankind is neither political independence nor political paternalism, but self-support and economic independence.

The task of Davis is not to go from a country whose imperfections in cranky political life, fanatic legislation, and lawlessness are well known to preach political platitudes. His task is to educate American capital to meet an awakened social and legislative willingness in our forty-ninth political entity—a willingness to recognize the economic necessity and the resplendent promise of an age which rewards the worker with a standard of living almost miraculous, like a gift of God.

Right there is our opportunity for a new imperialism. Broadly speaking, it has never been tried before. It should appeal, I think, to the imagination of the American people. And to the Filipinos.

KEEPER OF THE KEYS

UPON THE DAY we entered the new Ayer building . . . a small boy . . . eager, bright-eyed, thrilled with the discovery of a new market . . . established *his* headquarters before the graven symbols on our doors. . . .

In this small boy we recognize the living, vital emblem of the force that is created within these walls. For he is the immediate salesman of the Press! Without him, your business and our influence might dwindle to mean proportions. This courageous little Mercury is truly a messenger of the gods of commerce . . . and truly a keeper of keys to greater commercial opportunities for us all.

Within sound of his voice is the place where Benjamin Franklin first set type for the oldest journal in America. Behind him is a park where the Indians made a market-place to sell the produce of the wilderness in exchange for goods from England that were stacked in bales along the wharves of Front Street. And before him rises this new building of bronze and steel and Indiana limestone . . . a modern meeting-place where commerce formulates its messages to be broadcast through all the racing channels of the Press.

We wish the newsboy well!

For Franklin was a printer's devil; and Edison hawked papers in the street! Yet Franklin helped his country win political and commercial independence. And Edison saw it rise to a world dominance in industry and international trade. . . . What dazzling future will our newsboy see?

For industry and commerce have brought to their aid the power of the printed word in a manner undreamed of in other times. With advertising they have unlocked the minds and desires of millions . . . they have opened the understanding of literate humanity to the commodities and services that all the world has to offer . . . they have made us all neighbors, talking a universal language.

What does the future hold for American business? . . . We know, at least, that the feared cycles of alternating prosperity and depression are giving way to a belief in an orderly progressive prosperity based on the sound fundamentals of a broad and diversified market capable of taking up the slack of local depressions . . . but, more important than this, we know that the power of the press as a tool of commerce and industry is a sound means of gauging the possibilities of a market in advance! And the importance of advertising increases with the prosperity it helps to create!

N·W·AYER & SON
INCORPORATED
WASHINGTON SQUARE · PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

LOVE IN THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 5)

his pleasure, with the feminine world. Ellen had not been able entirely to occupy him, to restrain him, but his slight formal contact with Alice had killed every desire for gayety.

He had never before, the whole truth was, entirely approved of women; he had, through his attentions for them, been uneasy about himself. A wife, naturally, was different. Now he was absolutely circumspect. He was curious rather than disturbed. He was at once loyal and disloyal, faithful and faithless. At any rate, he was ready to go down to dinner. There was no elevator from the floor of his room, and Jonathan Adams walked down two flights of steps, through a long covered passage, to the dining room. It was half filled with elderly and circumspect people in rigidly correct evening clothes. Correct, that was, in a land where a dinner coat was considered adequate for such occasions and places. There was a low artificial murmur of carefully pitched voices at once arrogant and restrained. The head waiter came up to Jonathan Adams with a quick appraising politeness. Jonathan gave him ten dollars and he was promptly seated at a table laid for four.

"I'll see you won't be bothered by anyone," the head waiter assured him.

A comparatively young and capable waitress took his order. No one, Jonathan Adams was relieved to discover, paid the slightest attention to him. It was evident that he had not been recognized.

He was easier in mind immediately. He had chosen to go to Somborne because, while it was favorably known, his family and friends and associates, the society he was part of, did not stay there. He had determined, if possible, to deny his identity if he were approached. When that failed, he was prepared to be as brief and remote, as disagreeable as necessary. If he were publicly discovered, his hopeful plan must fail; he'd have to go back to his loneliness with affairs and people.

It would not, he believed, be wise entirely to avoid the people at Cyclorama Place, to run away from them; and after dinner he sat with a cigar in a room that formed part of the main hall reserved, he discovered, by custom, for the gentlemen. Four or five were already smoking there. A nod or two acknowledged his presence, and a general conversation was resumed. The men who were talking, it was evident, were long familiar to one another.

"I don't think the country is really lawless," someone asserted; "too much is written about it in the papers, that's all. There is crime, of course; there always will be. I mean, we have no more than is natural for a great nation."

An older man disagreed with him: "We have entirely too much. We have always been lawless. The frontier is still in our blood. A characteristic American resents law; he breaks some law twenty times a day. That is why we have such skillful lawyers. We have to or go to jail."

"You are both wrong," a third asserted; "and I warn you if anyone mentions prohibition I promise to have him thrown off the place. You are all too much occupied with crimes of violence. With actual physical crime. Bad men. That isn't important. The actual danger is totally different. It's a love of power—any power secured any way and kept at any price. We're wrong there. At the same time we call the United States a democracy. We tell each other, and Europe, that we are founded on equality and justice. An equal chance and the protection of justice for everyone. Hypocritical lies. How can you have a democracy with a man like Jonathan Adams active in it? Jonathan Peldon Adams—he is what I mean by power. We have always admired material success, at the price of everything else; and as a result, a punishment, we get this Adams.

"We like big things, like all moral cowards—great fortunes—and Adams has one of the greatest fortunes in the world. When he drives over our roads a hundred miles an hour we back out of his way. If he bankrupts a trust company we make no charges against him. If he sells farms along his railroads, where there is nothing but desert, to thousands of poor families, we keep quiet about that too. We are proud of his enormous wealth, his weight in London and Paris and Berlin, and, the truth is, we envy his rascality. We would like to be in his place. How could any country be decent when Adams was its most considerable citizen?" There was a general mitigating laughter.

"Francis James must have been on the wrong side of a deal," it was declared.

"Francis has been having a financial duel with Jonathan Adams," another explained. "He tried to buy Russia, but Adams already owned it. I don't mind Adams. Personally, I think he's picturesque. He helps to relieve the dullness of life and business. You have to pay for that. He gives a good show. That is why we put up with him. We'll pay anything for a really good show. The instant he is no longer that he will go to France or jail. Worse still, he'll be forgotten."

Jonathan Peldon Adams carefully lighted another cigar.

"My sister-in-law, Mrs. Carter Sims, knows his daughter, Flora," a rigorously proper-appearing individual announced. "They all had something to do with the Junior League. Etta Sims says she is very pleasant and not remarkably dressed—that is, for Adams' daughter. Her bracelets were no better than a lot of others Etta had seen. She didn't think Flora Adams' pearls were remarkable either. She wouldn't have looked at her a second time, Etta said, if she hadn't been who she was. A nice enough commonplace girl. I understand that Mrs. Adams is quite passable looking. But very disagreeable. She was a Faraday, and I guess everyone knows what the Faradays think of themselves. I'm told, too, the son isn't much good."

"I ought to go," Jonathan told himself; "I ought to go at once." He didn't move.

"How could he be good?" Francis James demanded. "What would your son be like if you owned—how much is it? I haven't an idea. And, Park, I've known you long enough to say that your sister-in-law is a snob. If Flora Adams asked her to lunch, Flora would be the most radiant creature alive. Her pearls would be as big as Belgian grapes. That's another thing in America that makes me sick—the ignorant ridiculous fuss about what we call society. Society! Mr. Adams is no better than a common thief, but I'll credit him with one thing—he wasn't a poor boy in the Middle West who got his power either through investing his pennies or by following the Golden Rule. He was rich, and bad, from the start. I suppose I don't actually object so much to Jonathan Adams as to the people who make him possible."

A quiet voice added: "I met Mr. Adams at Cowes, ten years ago. He was racing there. I saw him play poker with Sir Isaac Isaacs and some other English bankers. He raised a five-thousand-pound bet twenty thousand—twenty-five thousand pounds on a pair of threes." An interested chorus demanded what had happened. "Sir Isaac Isaacs called him."

James said, "That was a good call."

The man who had met Jonathan Adams at Cowes wasn't so certain of that. "Isaacs had a pair of twos."

Jonathan rose quietly, as inconspicuously as possible, and left the room. He vaguely recalled the occasion, the game, spoken of. He went directly up to his room, where he shut and locked the door for the night. Jonathan stood before the bureau, gazing at the picture of Alice Baker.

"What do you think of all this?" he asked the photograph, aloud, in a tired voice. "It seems I am no better than a common thief. I bankrupt trust companies and sell the desert to poor families who want farms."

He sat down and took out a fresh cigar, but he neglected to light it. The problem of his character, of his influence for good or evil, returned to harass him. He only thought of those things, the truth was, in connection with Alice. His love for her had a trick of filling him with a doubt ordinarily foreign to his mind.

He recognized one thing clearly—he never thought of the mass of people as people, as individuals. If it were necessary to populate the course of a railroad, he populated it without any other consideration. It was, for him, an impersonal problem. He would not, naturally, sell a farmer some misrepresented arid acres of sand. He wouldn't tell a man with a large family dependent on him and two hundred dollars that dry farming was possible where it wasn't. Yet, in the interest of a whole section of the continent, to support a scheme that involved a hundred million dollars and fifty banks and industries, he would send out a horde of people to a land that was at best precarious. If he allowed himself to be sentimental, he would, as he had just heard, be in France or in jail in no time. He wasn't a humanitarian, he told Alice's picture. He was a builder and an organizer. He had, in place of sympathy, an orderly knowledge of reality. They both were necessary.

He undressed slowly and peacefully in his peaceful and undistinguished room, and reluctantly turned out the light. The photograph of Alice Baker disappeared in the darkness, but not from his vision. Hair bound by a black ribbon. Simple cotton dress. A candid smile. How old was Alice now? She was—she must be—thirty-seven or thirty-eight. That realization filled him with melancholy. He didn't want her to get old, to suffer the penalties of years and sickness. She was always, for Jonathan Adams, at the age of his picture of her—eighteen. He had asked, twelve years ago, for a photograph, and selected from among those she had shown him the one he now possessed. Even then Alice had laughed at his choice; she had tried to make him take a later and more elaborate photograph, but Jonathan had gently refused. He wanted, the truth was, a memento of Alice before her marriage to Denby Cambron. That, unavoidably, he supposed, had enormously changed her. But, Jonathan told himself, only on the surface. On the very rare occasions when for a few formal minutes they were together, she had tried in vain to hide the fact of her present unhappiness. Alice didn't, she admitted, care for the elaborate dinners Denby persistently gave. All the society about her was a little wrong, too metallic even for New York. Women who almost made no effort to hide their irregularity of conduct. Men who talked humorously about theirs. Men and women with undesirable notoriety in newspapers.

The following day was fine, and Jonathan walked in the garden. He had no desire to see Somborne or the country around it. There was a path between delicately fragrant banks of bridal wreath, the garden on one side and an open wood and mocking-birds on the other; a long wide path like a green tunnel, with branches and leaves interlaced above his head; and a quiet sunny inclosure of grass with wooden benches, bright with jonquils. Each was beautifully calm, calmly beautiful with flowers and the songs of birds. Jonathan hadn't been so quiet, so satisfied in spirit for a great many years. He stayed in the garden until it was time for luncheon, and then went up to his room for the small necessities of his preparation for luncheon. He took a fresh handkerchief from a bureau drawer, stopped to gaze at the photograph of Alice—he'd stay through the afternoon in his room with her—and then went out into the corridor and locked his door. Jonathan dropped the key into a jacket pocket and went down the flights of steps to the first floor. In the long passage to the dining room he discovered that, occupied with thoughts of Alice Baker, he had brought no cigars. That annoyed him, he had intended to smoke at the end of luncheon, before returning to his room; and, with an irritable quickness, he went upstairs again. He unlocked his door and went inside. At once he felt that there was something strange about the room. Something the matter with it. He saw at once what that was—the photograph of Alice Baker had gone.

He had left it, not more than two, at the most three, minutes before, on the bureau; he had locked the door, and now it had disappeared. Jonathan Adams felt a distinct shock like a dull blow back of his heart.

"Why," he said aloud, in a conversational voice, "the picture of Alice has gone."

He looked in the top bureau drawer. He knew it wasn't there. He searched his pockets, conscious that it was in none of them. Then, very suddenly, precipitately, he sat down. This, he told himself, was bad. Jonathan Adams began to see that it was worse than he yet recognized. He had a premonition of disaster. His face and hands, he discovered, were unexpectedly wet, and he wiped them on a wide Madras-silk handkerchief. "I've been a sentimental fool," he thought. "I had no business to do any of this. It was criminally careless." He rose sharply and gazed about, forgetting for the moment that no telephone was there. Jonathan left his room again—this time without bothering to lock the door—and went quickly down to the office. Where, he asked, was the telephone? It occupied a corner behind the office, he was informed; he put in a call for New York. Where, he asked himself, in less than three minutes, had Alice Baker's picture gone?

He couldn't answer that. He didn't know! He couldn't tell. It had gone. But where? Why? Who, at Cyclorama Place, would want a faded photograph of a girl with a ribbon around her hair? No one, of course, here. The telephone bell rang, and he closed himself in the narrow booth.

"Is that J. P. Adams & Co.?" he demanded. "This is Mr. Adams. I want Mr. Faraday." He waited. "Yes, this is Jonathan Adams. James, a very unfortunate thing has happened here. . . . Yes, yes," his voice sharpened, "this is Somborne. I say a very unfortunate thing has happened. I have lost—well, a document that must not be lost. It must not be lost, do you understand that? I can't be more exact now. We must meet every possibility of usefulness. . . . Certainly, at once. You had better come down here with anyone it occurs to you to bring. By air. I'll be obliged if you telephone the Washington office. . . . From Bolling Field, naturally."

He hung up the telephone and went slowly back to his room. There was no question of luncheon, but he did light a cigar. What had happened to him and to Alice—Alice Cambron—was at once clearer and darker. Her picture had not vanished through casual accident or whim. No one except himself, at Cyclorama Place, had any interest in it. A knock fell on his door, and a thin inconspicuous man with a narrow face, a face with a curious stonelike quality, dismissed a bellboy who accompanied him, and entered.

"I am sorry, Mr. Adams," he said, "that you have had some trouble."

Jonathan was astounded. "Weaks, I knew the air was fast," he admitted, "but I didn't think you could fly here from New York in ten minutes."

(Continued on Page 69)

Under a coat of TRAFFIC FILM *is the gleaming car you bought*

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

BENEATH the Traffic Film on the car you drive today is the original finish—still new and gleaming, waiting only for a little polishing to reveal all its former glory.

What is this Traffic Film?

Minute particles of oily, sticky dirt are constantly settling on your car—in the city streets, on the country roads, and even in your own garage. These particles collect dust and, baked by the sun and the heat, are cemented together to form a hard, dull film which soap and water cannot remove. This Traffic Film is forming on your car today—don't neglect it.

What to do about it

You can easily remove Traffic Film, and bring back the original color and lustre of your car with No. 7 Duco Polish. It quickly penetrates and softens Traffic Film—"puts the skids under" the dirt particles and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing.

No. 7 Duco Polish renews the color, restores the lustre, and leaves a dry, glossy surface which sheds dust.

Recommended by Car Manufacturers

No. 7 Duco Polish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco. *It contains no acids or harmful abrasives.* It is recommended by leading automobile manufacturers, many of whom put sample cans in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit.

Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. It will keep your car new and gleaming season after season. If you have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7.

Three Other du Pont Products To Make Your Car More Beautiful

No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH will waterproof the top and restore its original lustre. It is also an excellent dressing for spare tires and tire covers.

No. 7 NICKEL POLISH will clean and brighten the radiator and lamps. It is an ideal polish for metal surfaces in the home.

No. 7 TOUCH-UP BLACK is made for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders. It produces a new, durable finish with beautiful lustre.

Send for This Sample Beauty Kit

Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover the mailing cost) and we will send you the following:

1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 DUCO POLISH (enough for one polishing)
1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 NICKEL POLISH (enough for the radiator)
1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH (enough for spare tire)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.,
Desk S-6, General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: Flint Paint & Varnish, Limited, Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Use No. 7 DUCO POLISH ... *made by the makers of* DUCO

BUICK
powered—33 types, of different basic Straight Rating capacities: 8,000 lbs. to 18,060 lbs.—covering every range of medium- and heavier-duty—note typical prices given.

Make this real WORK- *Get facts,*

WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION, TEST THESE MODERN TRUCKS

Buick-powered; 8,000 lbs. "S. R." capacity; chassis, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan **$1395**

Buick-powered; 10,000 lbs. "S. R." capacity; chassis, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan **$1685**

GENERAL MOTORS

G. M. T. -TEST *in advance*

PONTIAC
powered—for light duty—seven types—3,800 lbs. to 8,000 lbs., Straight Rating capacities—$625 to $1085, chassis only.

BIG BRUTE
—two types, 28,000 lbs., Straight Rating capacity—$4250-$4350, chassis.

(Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich.)

Buick-powered; 14,500 lbs. "S. R." capacity; chassis, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan **$2800**

. . . . AT YOUR REGULAR WORK

Take the truck. Use it as if it were your own. Find out whether or not its speed and safety mean higher work-capacity per day. Find out whether or not it enables you to cover more miles. Whether or not it raises the efficiency of your men. Get actual figures on modern truck operating-costs, and maintenance. Possess *facts—in advance!*

That's what General Motors Truck Work-Test offers you. We furnish whatever available model, chassis or body, most closely meets the requirements of your work. It is yours for a real, adequate test—without obligation, liability or cost.

You will either *prove* or *disprove* what is said about these modern trucks. Either way you benefit—in knowledge that enables you to consider and decide *any* truck investment more wisely. And with more *sureness.*

This remarkable offer applies to any General Motors Truck—a complete line of 42 different types, each of different basic Straight Rating capacity, from light duty to heaviest.

"Dependability" is just a word—until you make this test. "Performance" can be claimed by anyone—only a real test can turn the word into *figures.* So, too, with the durability that means long life, low upkeep, minimum depreciation.

No such offer could be made unless the trucks could make good on it. No claims or statements or specifications can give a buyer the buying-information *this* provides.

Accept. It is an advancement in the co-operation between truck-maker and truck-user which this company is, fortunately, in position to make. Take advantage of it.

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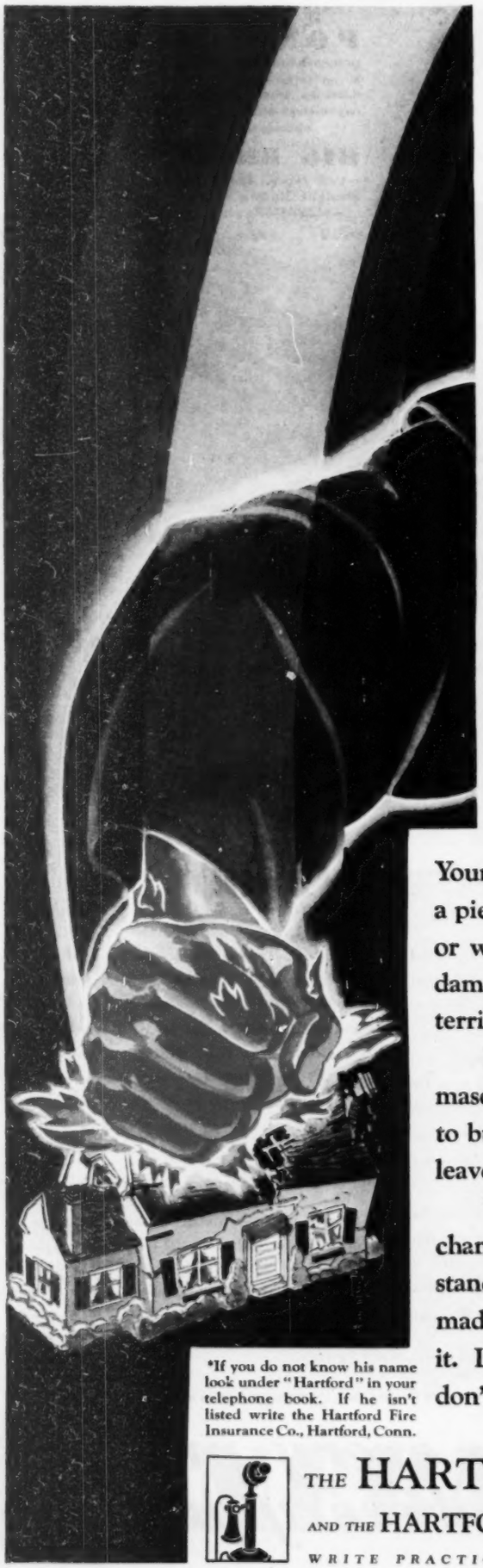

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(Continued from Page 64)

"You can't," he was told. "I have been hanging around Somborne for two or three days. Mr. Adams, the family ordered it. I kept out of the way so I wouldn't annoy you. Now I reckon you are right glad I'm here."

He was, Jonathan admitted. "Sit down, Weaks," he said. He paused, troubled. "I am in a difficult position," Jonathan Adams proceeded; "I have to be honest with you, when I'd rather not be, and—a thing I hate to do—depend on your discretion. When I am finished there are no questions you are at liberty to ask me. I won't, for example, tell you why I am here. Well, I brought to Somborne a photograph—the photograph of a girl with a ribbon on her hair. It was in a small brown leather case that folded; it stood on that bureau—that is, it did until today. Today it was stolen. I left it on the bureau and I locked the door, went down to luncheon. Before I reached the dining room I found I had no cigars. I went back. It was gone. Inside three minutes." A troubled frown swept across Weaks' eyes. It vanished in a concentrated thoughtfulness.

"Mr. Adams," he spoke finally, "you say I must ask you no further questions. That makes it hard. For you as well as me. I am not asking you this, but suppose I did—I mean, I'd like you to see how I am placed. Did anybody want that photograph very much?"

Jonathan could tell him that. "Yes."

Weaks was persistent. "For itself or because you had it?"

Jonathan Adams paused. "Because I had it."

The man before him smiled patiently. "Don't you see," he went on, "if I'm to be any good to you I must know who, in your opinion, would want this picture enough to steal it from you." He stopped, quiet, self-contained, before a gaze that was almost a glare.

"I had not finished," Adams said harshly. "It was a picture of Mrs. Denby Cambron."

Weaks showed no surprise.

"I understand," he replied absently. "When," he asked, "was this—this object taken?"

"Between half-past one and twenty minutes before two," Adams answered him.

Weaks looked at the watch on his wrist. "Ten minutes after two," he told himself aloud. "It is still here. I'll go down to the office," he decided, "bring the manager and perhaps the porter back with me."

He reappeared shortly with Mr. Langley and the porter. The porter, it was obvious, had objected to Weaks' manner.

"I understand you have had a little difficulty," the manager said politely. "I am very sorry, Mr. Adams, and hope we can clear it up for you."

Jonathan Adams acknowledged this. "I must ask you to say nothing about this publicly," he proceeded. "A photograph was stolen from my bureau a half hour ago. I will have to get it back."

The porter laughed satirically. "A photograph!" he repeated. "Why, from the way he talked"—he indicated Weaks—"I thought what you had lost was worth something."

Adams ignored him. "It is our opinion," he continued to Langley, "that the picture is still in your place. We must make it impossible for it to get away."

"In other words," Weaks said, "no one will be allowed to leave here until an investigation is finished. No mail can go out. No servant leave on any pretext or errand whatever. If any trunks or guests are in motion, they must be held. You have a high fence around your property, there are the main entrance, a service road by the kitchen, another at the furnace house, and two wicket gates in the garden. They will all be blocked. The Somborne chief of police has charge of that."

Mr. Langley was in an instant state of protest. "You can't do that," he asserted. "We have people going in and out all the time. Everybody will be in a rage. The Markoes are leaving for Cincinnati almost immediately."

"We are sorry," Weaks said; "it can't be helped. After all, this picture was stolen in your place."

The porter thrust himself forward. "Don't pay any attention to them, Mr. Langley," he advised his manager. "This is all foolishness. I'll speak to Mr. Preston—he's a good friend of ours—and there will be none of the gates blocked."

Weaks took three quick steps, his fist traveled not more than eight inches to the side of the porter's jaw, but as it traveled, it twisted, and the porter fell with a solid crash. Jonathan Adams and Mr. Langley gazed silently at the still figure on the floor. Weaks was undisturbed.

"This is very serious," Jonathan said. He could see that it was, Langley replied.

"I will want your clerk and the register," Weaks went on. "Put someone in the office and instruct them to say you will be busy for an hour or two. If the Markoes get into a fever, tell them there has been a robbery and that everyone will have to be detained."

The porter stirred, he half turned. Then he rose to a sitting position. He was badly shaken.

"My teeth are broken," he said faintly. "They are all broken out of my mouth." He rose dizzily to his feet.

Weaks demanded, "Have you any trunks or bags to go out?"

The porter said he had three trunks and five bags. He sat on the bed.

"I am going to kill you," he told his questioner.

"Later," Weaks answered. "We can wait." He turned to Jonathan Adams.

"I suppose Mr. Faraday will be here. Fly. And a detective from Washington." Jonathan nodded.

"If you will allow me," Langley put in, "I will get the clerk and the register book."

Weaks added, "Take five minutes and the porter." He turned to Mr. Adams: "I saw your chambermaid. She was finished with her rooms this morning at a little before twelve and went down to dinner. She won't be back until five."

Jonathan Adams was lost in thought. "I will ask you to communicate with New York," he said finally; "find out where Mr. Cambron is, where he will be tomorrow and the day after."

Weaks left the room and Jonathan was again alone. It was, he told himself, a dangerous business.

He wondered a little, absent-minded, about power. Was it, after all, so very desirable? If it might, in his present difficulty, rescue him and save Alice, hadn't his position, at the same time, got them both into it? If he were an ordinary individual, say, a bricklayer, none of this could have happened.

Mr. Langley returned with his clerk and the head bellman. They were followed by Weaks.

"What I want to do is this," he explained—"read all the names of the people here at present from the register, and I'll expect a short description of each one. We will be reasonable as possible, Mr. Langley. You spoke of some people who wanted to leave at once." Their name, Langley repeated, was Markoe. Where do they live? . . . They lived in Hartford, Connecticut. . . . What did Mr. Markoe do? . . . He manufactured shoe fittings. . . . When did they come? . . . The twentieth of February. . . . "Mr. Langley," Weaks asked, "when did you know they were leaving today?" "When they arrived," Langley replied. "They always stayed that same length of time." There was then, Weaks decided, no reason why they should not proceed at once.

He spoke to the head bellman. "Tell them that, please," he said. "At the same time warn Mr. Markoe not to accept mail or packages from anyone. Come back. . . . Now," he continued, "I am going to begin with the latest name on the register and read backward. Mr. Langley will give us a short description of his guests. It may not be necessary to go over them all."

A Mr. J. M. Murray and his sister, Miss Murray? From Chicago. He was retired. . . . Retired from what? . . . Banking. He was over seventy. The sister was an invalid. . . . Millard Phips, New York? Weaks asked, "Is Mr. Phips the tennis player?"

Langley said that he was. "He arrived last night, late. Driving North from Alder. Telephoned ahead for rooms. I believe he is going right on."

He had never, Weaks said, seen Mr. Phips play tennis. "I understand he is almost—almost, in the first rank. Something like Number Twelve or Thirteen."

Mr. and Mrs. John Kordina? . . . Commission merchant. Brooklyn. Both past middle age. They were not, Langley considered, wholly American. . . . Henry Linn and Walter Hastings, New York? . . . They had been coming to Cyclorama Place for twenty years. Always together. Something to do with cloth. Liked by everyone. . . . A Mr. Francis Gregg? Detroit. . . . Automobiles. Might be fifty years old. Liked golf and nothing else. A very superior individual. . . . General V. H. Knox, the United States Army, retired. Washington. . . . How about the Muirs? There seem to be plenty of them. . . . It was Professor Muir of Princeton, with his family. Long familiar to Cyclorama Place. The eldest daughter, May Muir, wrote the short stories that were published everywhere. Professor Muir was not now actively engaged in teaching.

A Mr. and Mrs. Coulter were from Philadelphia. . . . He had been a celebrated typefounder, but now he was very old. Mrs. Coulter at one time was his trained nurse. . . . Mrs. John Craven came from a town in Pennsylvania—West Chester. Mr. Craven was dead. . . . James Young was from Boston. A banker. He was, perhaps, sixty. A difficult man. Nothing pleased him. . . . Ernest Steeksmall was the horseman. He lived at Mount Kisco and played polo throughout the South during the winter.

"What about Steeksmall?" Jonathan Adams asked.

"He is a sportsman. We have some interest in that world."

"Unless you are a horse," Langley replied, "you wouldn't be engaged by Steeksmall. It's all he ever thinks of. He smells of horses." The smell, Weaks put in, satisfied him. . . . The Orlo Hunts—there were four of them—came from Brookline. They were, Langley added, almost as superior as they held themselves to be. The Hunt Bank in Boston; the bank that issued the calendars and booklets about the old merchant marine. . . . Edmund Blunden was from Boston—Blunden and Diggs, publishers. Usually Mr. Diggs came with him, but this winter he had gone to the South Seas. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Rees, two children and three servants—a nurse, a maid and a chauffeur. Mr. Langley did not know where they lived. They had an apartment in Paris, a place in New York City, a lodge in the Laurentian Mountains. They always moved about by motor—by several motors.

The Ponsonbys—there were three of them—were English. He was a secretary at the embassy in Washington. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard were native to Providence, Rhode Island. He wasn't old, but he was in doubtful health. He had gone to Oxford and was a triple blue. . . . Hendry Matthews came from New York. He had something to do with stocks. He had indeed, Jonathan Adams told himself. Hendry Matthews was associated with the Cambron interests.

"I don't think so, Mr. Adams," Weaks said. "I know what is in your mind. Mr. Matthews is too much occupied with himself to be generally useful. He is a very arrogant man."

Doctor and Mrs. Rowse came from a suburb of Chicago. He was an Episcopalian minister. . . . Max Hinks was a musical composer. He taught harmony in Philadelphia. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bates belonged in St. Louis. He manufactured paints.

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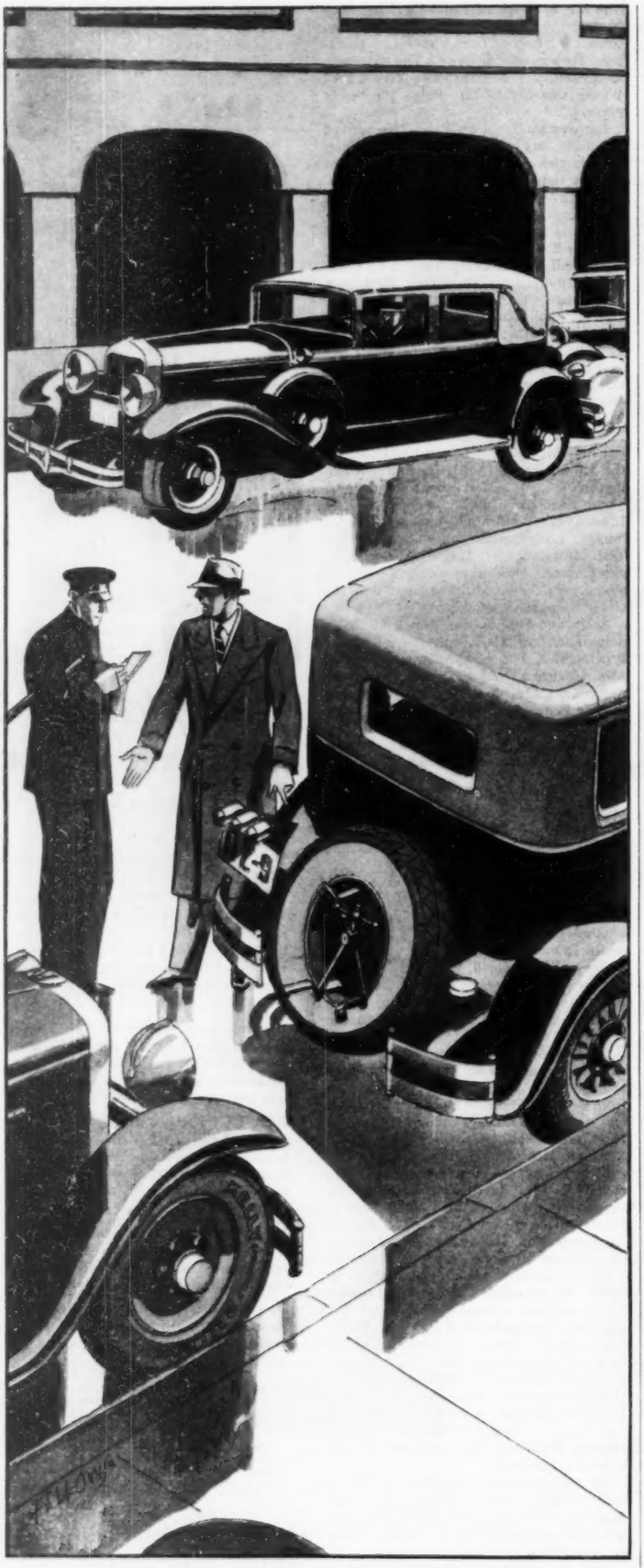

"You say the tire was stolen while you were inside. What was it—another new tire like this one?"

"No, it had run about 6,000 miles, but it was a Kelly-Springfield. I wouldn't have minded so much if they had taken this one."

"But Mrs. Bates," Langley added, "manufactures trouble. She isn't happy unless she thinks some man has insulted her. I've often considered hiring a number of young men to keep her busy."

Dudley Pitts was in the Mallory Line. He came from Norfolk. He had gone to Pinehurst that morning. . . . The Read Pendletons lived at Woodstock, Vermont, in the summer. Mr. Langley thought they had a New York apartment. Jonathan now recalled Read Pendleton—he was the small quiet-voiced man who had spoken of the poker at Cowes the night before. A pleasant, well-conducted individual. . . . A Harvey Rychner had two men staying at Cyclorama Place as his guests.

Weaks turned to Jonathan Adams. "That," he said, "must be the man whose money is back of The Treed Raccoon, on East Fifty-fourth Street. You may not know about that, but your family will. A very fresh little night club. There is a lot about this Rychner—and all gaudy. He is connected with one of the great New York wire houses."

Mr. Adams admitted very briefly that he had seen Mr. Rychner. Without much pleasure. "I always," he explained, "give any jockey of mine who beats one of his horses an extra thousand dollars. It's good for racing."

There was a knock on the door. It was the head bellman. "Mr. Markoe has gone," he reported. "I gave him the message about carrying away packages or letters. Mr. Adams, the lieutenant governor and a Mr. Kerrigan are here and would be happy to see you." Picknay Jones, the lieutenant governor, was an extremely handsome and beautifully mannered personage. He was, it could be plainly seen, at once finely bred out of the past and hardened by the politics of the present.

"Mr. Adams," he said, "we are delighted to have you here, and, at the same time, sorry that anything at all has annoyed you here. We must fix it. I'm glad to have you know Mr. Kerrigan. He is the United States marshal for this district."

Mr. Kerrigan shook hands firmly with Jonathan.

"I am glad to have any chance to meet you, Mr. Adams," he admitted. "Perhaps I like it better when there is a chance I can be useful. You might remember me longer." He laughed. "Something was stolen from your room here; it doesn't matter what; it was valuable to you; and we're with you to put it back."

Weaks replied for Jonathan Adams: "The truth is, Mr. Kerrigan, we want to have a look at the mail. At any mail, that is, posted in Somborne after two o'clock this afternoon. I am fairly expert with mail."

Mr. Kerrigan and the lieutenant governor were grave.

"That is a big order," Kerrigan said. "However, Mr. Adams is a big man. He has done so much for the party there is hardly any end to what the party might do for him. But I'll admit I'm glad the mail falls outside my authority. . . . Mr. Adams, there are people who think I am a vulgar man. At any rate, I am a direct man, and I am going to ask a question that may give you the worst of those two opinions of me. What is this object we are discussing worth?"

Jonathan Adams answered him quietly. "It hasn't any value," he asserted.

For a moment Mr. Kerrigan was puzzled. His face was clouded by doubt. The doubt changed to a slow astonishment. "You mean," he demanded, "that there isn't any limit to it at all?"

Weaks became impatient. "If necessary," he explained, "exactly that. There is no limit at all."

It was warm in Jonathan Adams' room, but not warm enough to warrant the vigorous mopping that Mr. Kerrigan's brow suddenly required.

"It's a shame I am not the postmaster," he asserted. "Specially with Mr. Adams back of me."

There was a knock at the door. Mr. James Faraday had arrived from New York.

Jonathan met him with warm pleasure and a positive sense of relief. "James," he said, "this is Mr. Picknay Jones, the lieutenant governor. Mr. Kerrigan is the United States marshal here. You know Mr. Weaks."

There was a general acknowledgment. Old General Knox, Mr. Picknay Jones said, who was kin to his wife, was staying at Cyclorama Place, and, with Mr. Adams' agreement, he would step down and visit with that noble opponent in the late war between the states. Kerrigan and Weaks withdrew.

"I brought Mr. Slade, of Parsons, Slade and Meagher," Faraday explained. "A practical young citizen named Mike di Rosa flew down with us. It seemed to me with Weaks here that pretty well covered the ground." He was an inordinately fat man, with a masklike face of big features and a slow voice. "Jonathan," he demanded, "why did you come to this absurd place? Absurd for you. Now, what has happened?"

Jonathan Adams laid his cigar case before Faraday. "James," he proceeded, "in spite of the fact that you are my wife's brother, you are the one person alive I'd answer. You are a man of integrity, and, at the same time, you will understand it. Well, for a long while I have been in love with Alice Baker—Mrs. Denby Cambron. I could never, naturally, do anything about it. But I did. I came down here for five days so that I could have her photograph on the bureau. I wanted to see it when I tied my tie in the evening and when I woke up in the morning. A pretty juvenile business. I thought it was harmless, but it turned out not to be. The photograph was stolen when I went down to luncheon today." He hesitated in a momentary flood of smoke from his cigar.

Faraday was silent for a long while; then he spoke in a deliberate voice: "We must get it, of course. I think that will be possible. If what you are afraid of—and you are quite right to be afraid of it—happens, the consequences will be unpredictable for my sister and Alice Cambron and to you. Or, rather, they will be predictable. Hell will come right up on earth. I saw, when we arrived, that we could get in, but no one can get out."

"James," Jonathan Adams said in the first agitation he had shown, "I don't want this to hurt Alice. I won't have her damaged through me."

"I will admit to you," Faraday answered, "that I am thinking of more than Alice Cambron. I'll be honest with you, Jonathan. I'm afraid of what you will do. I know you. You are fanatically romantic, I won't say sentimental, at heart. You are cold about individuals; your advantage over common life and men has been so great that you have come to disregard them; but you have no advantage over your idealism. You will sacrifice everything in the material, the actual, world for a necessity of your imagination. That is your secret fault. It is your weakness. This cursed business of the picture is finding you out and exposing you. Nothing can be done about it. You must have this little picture and protect this not very important woman—that is, Jonathan, not important outside what you think of her. As the song used to say, You made her what she is today, I hope you're satisfied.

"You were careful to point out that I am Ellen's brother, and yet I think almost anything else would have been better than this nonsense. I don't regard it as a means of escape; a garden of the mind for you privately to stroll in. I am not, in other words, an idealist. You would have been wiser to leave Ellen and take Alice away from Denby Cambron. Ellen and, naturally, Alice would both agree with me."

An expression of stubborn opposition settled over Jonathan's face. "I am not an idealist," he declared, "I am a moral man.

(Continued on Page 73)

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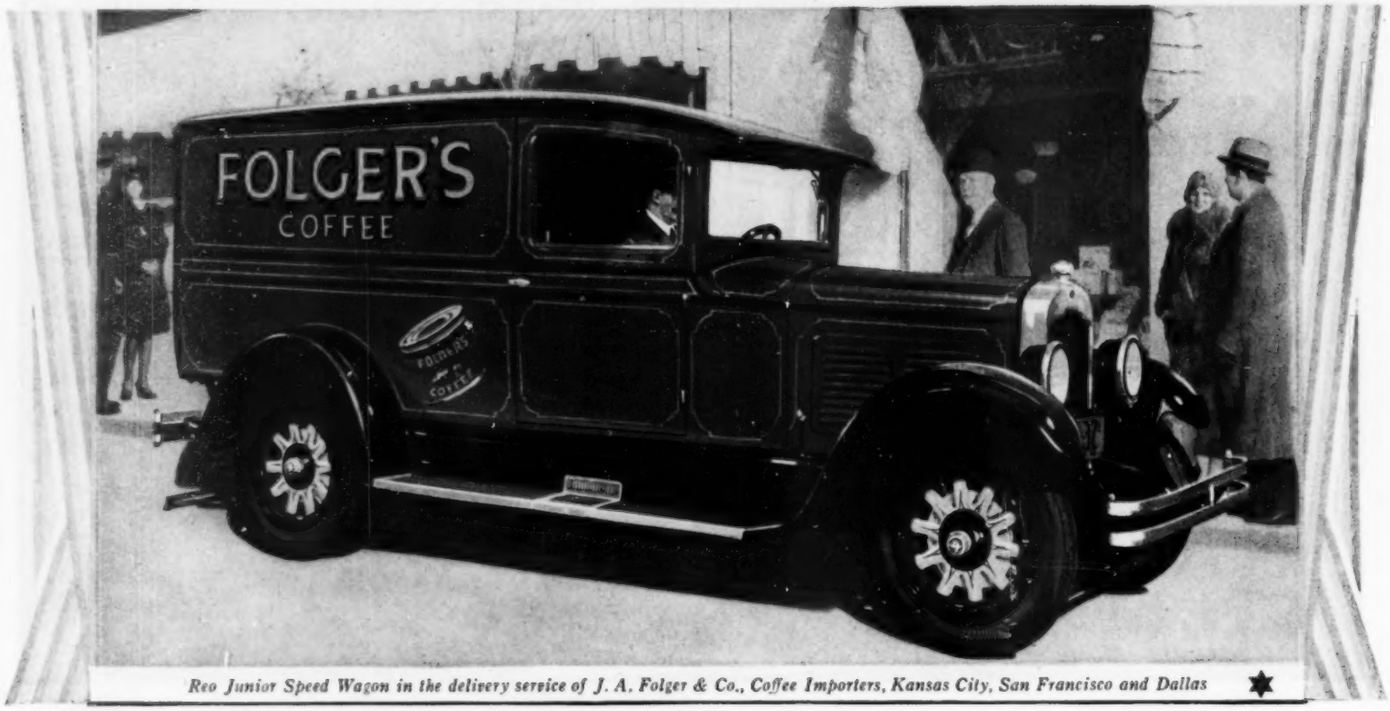

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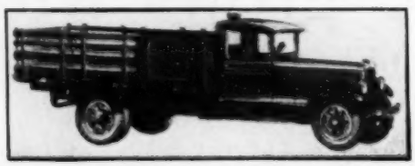

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1½ to 3 ton Speed Wagons powered by the New Reo 6-cylinder Gold Crown Engine—for passenger car performance, flexibility, speed and economy. *Chrome nickel alloy* cylinder block giving unbelievable wearing qualities. *New low expansion, longest lasting aluminum alloy pistons*—an exclusive Reo feature. 7-bearing crankshaft. 4-forward speed transmission. 9 wheelbase sizes from 134 to 179 inches.

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Reo Speed Wagons are built in 14 wheelbase sizes—and in tonnage capacities of ½ ton—1 ton—1½ tons—2 tons and 3 tons, in wide variety of body styles. Chassis priced $895 to $2,200 f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan.

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40

SPEED REO LONG LIFE **WAGON**

World-Leader in High Speed, Low Upkeep, Long-Lived Commercial Transportation

(Continued from Page 70)

One of your great troubles, James, is the fact that you cannot understand the American mind. You go to Europe too much. Europe suits you too well. It's different here. The European code is no good for us. If we are loose, except in an ugly and superficial way, we're lost. We go to pieces overnight. I just read a book by a man named Turner, a historian, about the influence of the frontier on the United States. He didn't say much about this part of it, but the frontier settled our conduct. Our right conduct, James. Women were pretty scarce here, and we came to think a lot of them. Perhaps we thought too highly of them, but that isn't important; they were what we made them. That is in our blood today. We can't just drop women and pick them up, as they do in other places."

"You are speaking of the past more than the present," Faraday informed him. "That is an exact book of Turner's. The real difference between us, Jonathan, is that you have vitality and I only have a mind. I suppose, in a way, that is the difference between Europe and America too."

There were new arrivals from Washington, a Mr. Castner and two detectives.

Mr. Castner spoke for them: "I saw Mr. Weaks down in the office. I am going to the post office with him. He told me all it was necessary to know. We can't do more than he has arranged. A big Sikorsky plane with some enterprising commentators on affairs followed us from Washington—there are four of them—but they are pleasantly engaged with contract bridge and a jug of what was generously described to be white lightning."

Jonathan Adams, Mr. Kerrigan, the United States marshal, and the two detectives were seated in a solemn, a rather ridiculous, silence, when the head bellman returned to Jonathan's room.

"Mr. Rychner tried to go out for dinner," the bellman explained. "They wouldn't let him and there was a fight. A man with Mr. Rychner got pretty badly beaten up. Mr. Langley wants you to take the responsibility from him."

Kerrigan rose. "I'll see him," he agreed, moving toward the door.

He was interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of three men—Mr. Langley; a thickly built individual whose face was congested by anger, dressed for dinner; and a younger man with a battered nose and a black, rapidly closing eye.

"Mr. Adams," Langley hurriedly explained, "I had to bring Mr. Rychner up here. In a minute there would have been another fight in the office. This is really getting to be dreadful."

The thickly built man strode forward. "Where," he demanded, "is this Adams? Who is he?" His gaze fell on Jonathan and he stopped abruptly. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "It's you, is it?" Rychner was obviously puzzled how to proceed. "I suppose," he said, temporizing, "you have bought Cyclorama Place and are turning it into a professional boxing club. Well, what has that got to do with my going to the Highland Inn for dinner? Even if you are Jonathan Peldon Adams, you will have to answer that. How does it reach a state here when Roger Nicholls has his face knocked off?"

Kerrigan answered for Jonathan. "Part of that I can explain, Mr. Rychner," he proceeded. "I am J. R. Kerrigan, the United States marshal. Mr. Nicholls damaged his face by running it into the fact of the law."

"Law," Rychner repeated satirically—"law with Jonathan P. Adams behind it. If this were New York I might have some law of my own—the same kind—but in this state I'm not so lucky. I have to depend on justice. What I want to know now is, can I or can I not go to the Highland Inn for dinner?" He looked hard at Jonathan.

Kerrigan again answered: "To be honest with you, Mr. Rychner, it will be better if you telephone your friends you would rather come another time. Things are a little complicated here just at present."

Rychner demanded, "Why?"

One of the men from Washington—he was small, but remarkably alert, vigorous in movement—stepped up to him. "You heard Mr. Kerrigan," he said, "the first time. You ought to understand by now. Mr. Adams hasn't anything to say. This isn't New York, but it wouldn't do you any good if it was. No other words; shut up, and shut up quick! At the same time get out of here. Do what you're told. Go downstairs and cool off your face."

"Just exactly who are you?" Rychner demanded.

"I am just exactly nobody," he replied. "I haven't even, where it counts, got a name. I'll make you a present of that knowledge."

Rychner returned to Jonathan Adams. "What is this?" he cried. Jonathan did not answer.

Kerrigan spoke again, "Let me advise you to go quietly downstairs, Mr. Rychner."

Nicholls said, "Come on, Harvey. I must do something about my nose." He virtually dragged Rychner out of the room.

"What do you think of him?" the marshal asked the men from Washington.

"He's a bad baby," the small one answered. "He looks dumb but sometimes they are not. . . . Mr. Adams, I understand you have lost a valuable document. Would this Rychner be interested in lifting it?"

"He might," Jonathan Adams admitted. "He is superficially connected with the person who may have arranged it all. I couldn't guess what Mr. Rychner's motive would be. It can't be money in an ordinary sense."

You could never tell about motives, his questioner replied. "Perhaps his wife wants to go to some tony party and this is the only way he can get her there. I've known funnier ones than that. We'll have to have a talk with Mr. Nicholls too."

Mr. Castner and Weaks returned. "Have you ever seen that before?" Weaks asked Jonathan Adams, putting an envelope in his hand.

Jonathan took out a small leather traveling case for a photograph. "Weaks," he said solemnly, "that is it." He opened the case, and an expression of sharp disappointment brought his relief to an abrupt end. "Why," he exclaimed, "it's empty."

Weaks nodded. "That's the way we found it—in that envelope. Addressed, as you can see, to a Mrs. John Blair, 1700 Hastings Street, Oakland, California. There isn't a Mrs. Blair, there is no Hastings Street, in Oakland. But it was right smart. It came into the post office with the half-past-four city collection."

"That isn't very useful," Jonathan said harshly.

"No use in the world," Weaks agreed. "There is this to it," he added; "we know your suspicion is right. What you have lost didn't disappear by accident. Whoever stole it was prepared for trouble. That much has been decided for us."

James Faraday agreed with Weaks. "It isn't a very cheerful piece of knowledge," he observed, "but it is a fact."

Jonathan Adams rose. "If he does get it," he declared bitterly, "that will be the worst day of his life." The men in the room looked at him with a sudden profound attention.

"I don't know the gentleman," Kerrigan said; "he may have everything in the world the heart could long for, but I wouldn't be him for a little while now for twice as much. He only thinks he wants this trifle; whatever it is. I even hope he doesn't get it."

"There are two or three people around I want a word with," Weaks went on. "Personally, I'd like Mr. Adams to leave Somborne, to rest all this with us. It would be better for him to stay out of the kitchen until his cake is baked. He couldn't swear what went into it. But I can see in his eye it's no good even to suggest that. We might as well go right along. Mr. Kerrigan, I understand Mr. Millard Phips' chauffeur is in the yard. He was a little disagreeable about being detained too. He said Mr. Phips was likely to go North any time and he had to get his car to a garage for repairs."

The marshal left the room. Jonathan offered James Faraday a cigar. The other men were smoking cigarettes. A stubborn expression settled upon Jonathan. His worst fear, he told himself, was justified—Alice Baker's picture had been stolen for Denby Cambron. The mere realization of this was sufficiently serious, since it proved that Denby had been suspicious of him where Alice was concerned. No one else, it was clear, would have taken the trouble to steal the photograph and make such a thoughtful and determined effort to get rid of the leather case. There had been practically no chance of its discovery. It was, now, more improbable than ever that the picture would be discovered. There were more than a hundred people at Cyclorama Place, and a great number of servants; it was impossible to confine them indefinitely; his own position, in reality, became more and more impossible.

The photograph out of its case was no more than an insignificant piece of paper. They couldn't search everyone. They could only pick out, from the small present crowd, one or two people Weaks was doubtful about. In addition to that, there was no need for Denby Cambron to get Alice's picture the next morning; it would be as useful to him in a week, in a month, as it was now; whoever had it need only conceal it for a little; and then—the possibility of that was so painful that Jonathan was unable to face it, even in his mind. He recalled Denby Cambron's appearance—a tall thin man with strangely awkward legs, insecure-looking knees. He had a long and very thin nose, like a fold of cardboard, and cold gray eyes set close together at its base. His lower lip, on the other hand, was thick and dark. It hung away from his teeth. His ears had no lobes, they disappeared suddenly, it appeared, into the sides of his head, as though they had been partly sucked in and swallowed. Denby's fingers had a habit of twitching. Sharp little jerks. His voice was like that—at once weak and sharp—an affair of high-pitched, disconnected and searching phrases.

The marshal came back into the room with a pleasant-seeming man, perhaps thirty years old, who had a brown face and an easy, strong carriage.

"This," he said to Weaks, "is Mr. Phips' chauffeur. He is very anxious to be investigated so that he can get his car to a garage. His name, Mr. Weaks, is Charles Diston."

Diston was not in uniform, he had on ordinary, but decently kept dark clothes. His collar, Jonathan noticed, was extremely glossy, paper instead of linen. His voice was like his appearance, easy and pleasant.

"We asked you to come up here," Weaks proceeded, "because a robbery was committed in this hotel at lunchtime—that is, a little before two o'clock today. Where were you, Diston, at that time?"

He answered without any hesitation: "I was going into Somborne for my dinner. I came back before three. I wanted to tell Mr. Phips there was trouble with a brake band and it would have to be loosened. He said he might drive North any time."

How long, Weaks continued, had he been with Mr. Phips?

"Oh, no time at all," Charles Diston replied. "I belong in Alder. I drive for Mr. Arnold Grogan. He is selling agent for an automobile, but he rents cars too. Mr. Phips came down in the train; he was going back the same way next week, but the weather started to clear up and get warm, so he decided to drive instead."

Had Mr. Phips talked to him during the drive from Alder? One of the detectives left the room.

"A little," Diston replied. "When he did talk, it was about tennis. I don't know much about golf and tennis—a motor is my game—so I wasn't much good to him. I remember, he wondered how he would do

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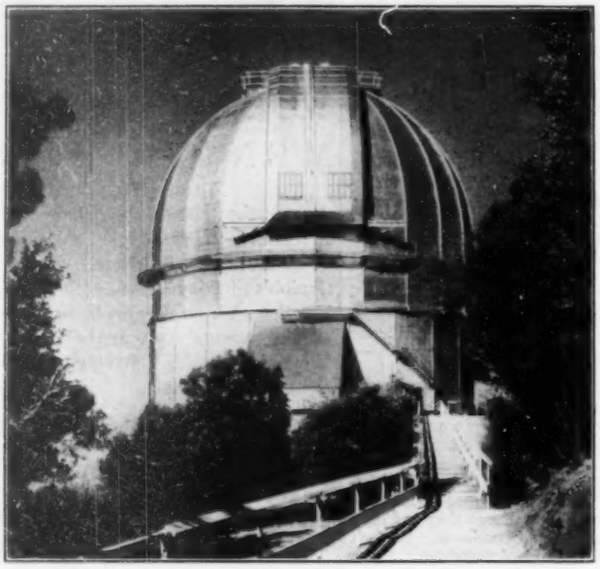

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ALUMINUM PAINT
"IT LEADS"

this summer. At Newport, I think it was, and Forest Hills. I believe he mentioned Germantown too."

Weaks asked, "Was he cheerful about his chances?"

"Why, yes, he seemed to be right cheerful. It depended, he said, on his placements. I don't know what that might refer to."

"Of course not," Weaks excused his ignorance. "I know something about tennis, but I couldn't tell you exactly what a placement is. Mr. Phips seemed to be in a good humor then. Tell me—and remember I have no interest in this itself—did he take liquor with him? Did he have any and did he offer it to you?"

He had not offered to give Diston a drink. "I knew he had some, though, because he said he hoped he wouldn't have an accident and get searched. It was in a big flask in one of his bags. I could hear it gurgle when I lifted the bag out of the car."

Weaks grew thoughtful. He spoke suddenly, "Do you know Mr. Rychner?"

If he meant the Mr. Rychner, the sporting gentleman, who was at Cyclorama Place, then he didn't. "I saw him trying to get out a little while ago. He didn't go very far—one of the men at the gate, in citizen's clothes, hit his friend over the head with a blackjack. That," Diston explained, "showed me where I belonged." He smiled a quick flash of splendid white teeth on a brown face.

The detective returned. "Yesterday morning," he proceeded, "Mr. Phips—Millard Phips, the tennis expert—hired a car, an open job, from Arnold Grogan at Alder. He told Mr. Grogan the weather was so promising he wanted to drive North and see the country. His driver is a young man named Charles Diston. Diston, Grogan said, has driven for him five years and is reliable when sober."

A smile passed over the face of the man Weaks was questioning.

"Perhaps," Weaks told him, "it is a good thing Mr. Phips didn't open up that big flask of his. I guess that will do, Diston."

"Thank you," he said; "I'd like to take my car right downtown."

Not yet, he was told. Weaks would be responsible to Mr. Phips.

James Faraday grew impatient. "I can't think, Weaks," he asserted, "why you wasted your time with him. You discovered at once that he was telling the truth. I should think it would be more useful to talk to Millard Phips. After all, he practically just got here. We know that he made up his mind very suddenly to come. It isn't my idea of a tennis player, I must say, that he wants to see the country. Men who play games are not usually poetic. A flower by the river bank isn't even a flower to them. All they realize about the weather is how it affects their sport. A billiard player, for example, only knows when it rains because the dampness expands ivory. If you saw anybody, Phips ought to be the first."

Weaks replied that he had to proceed in his own way. "If I were interested in this Mr. Phips I'd talk to all the people who had been in contact with him before I looked him up. This is a delicate business, Mr. Faraday. Even with Mr. Adams interested, it's hard. We have got to make somebody show us where this—this document is. We have got to trick them into showing us. Either that or we must guess who has it. Where it is. We can't beat or threaten it out of these people until we know a whole lot more than we do now. Who was it?—Mr. Semple here—already pointed out you couldn't be certain of buying it with money.

"We might line the place up—old ladies and millionaires and tennis players and servants—and offer a hundred thousand dollars for what would seem to be an ordinary article. We might go to five hundred thousand by private treaty. I'll even say a million dollars. We can't do that in our fix. We have to know first who we are dealing with. We can't be sure of what to offer them until that is decided. As Mr. Semple went on to say, motives are funny as hell. We might have to get somebody's daughter presented at the English court. That would be easy, after we knew about it. I'm not afraid of interviewing any of the Apostles, Mr. Faraday. Mr. Adams knows I don't mind being rough, but if I have to, I want it to be useful and not hurt us most."

All that, Mr. Kerrigan said, was very reasonable. "In a way," he proceeded, not unimportantly, "I represent the law in my district. I am responsible, among other things, for the custody and actions of criminals, and never one I had knowledge of escaped me yet.

"You could say, Mr. Adams, that I am, in a humble manner, the law. I will uphold it, and the Republican Party, with my life. I am a firm believer in legal processes. I am against lawlessness in its every form. And so I agree with all this gentleman has said. For example, Mr. Adams, something valuable, of a peculiar character, has been stolen from you. That is lawless, and I will do everything in my power to get back what you lost. I am an old-guard party man—you know what that means. I don't want to flatter you, Mr. Adams, just because you are who you are; I have already expressed what Republicans everywhere owe to you; but I do want to say, before all these gentlemen, that I believe you are the greatest Republican, the finest presidential timber the country has ever produced. I will get this object back if I have to kill to do it."

Jonathan Adams dryly thanked him.

"Now we have celebrated Independence Day and put ourselves right with the right party," Weaks added, "and kissed our hand at a million dollars, we will go on with this. . . . Mr. Adams, it's getting to be time for your dinner. I am afraid you may find it annoying downstairs; you had better have something sent to your room. Of course, Mr. Castner and Mr. Faraday will have dinner with you. If you'll let me make a suggestion—Mr. Faraday seems to be a lot interested in him—I think it would be a good thing to invite Mr. Phips up with you. I understand he is a very pleasant gentleman and a fine sport."

Jonathan Adams said that he did not want to see Mr. Phips.

Weaks persisted. "I am afraid you ought to do that," he continued. "It might, in the end, be important. We can't overlook anything."

Millard Phips, it turned out, who was in his room dressing for the evening, sent Mr. Adams his acknowledgment of the invitation and regretted that he would be unable to accept it. Weaks was thoughtfully silent.

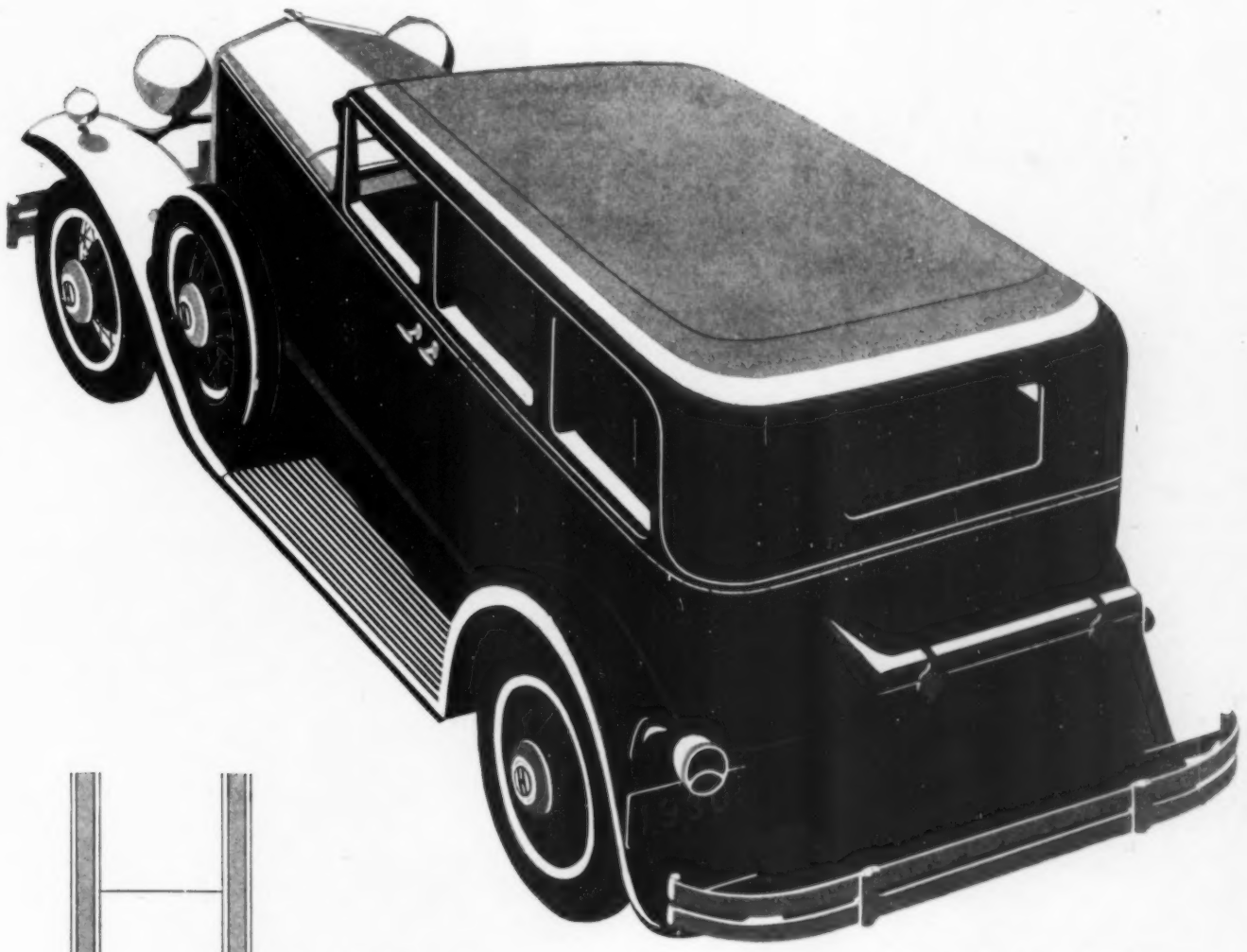
A waiter with an assistant brought the three dinners to Jonathan's room; Weaks and the two detectives, Mr. Kerrigan, the marshal, withdrew; there was no talking, but only the sound of rapid eating. When that came to an end a more complete stillness, occupied only with smoking, followed.

"I have never seen Mr. Rychner before," Castner finally admitted. "That kind of individual was more common in America forty years ago than he is now. The gambler. The truth is they haven't got the opportunities today they once had. It used to be you could gamble with almost everything—railroads, public utilities, land, insurance companies. The widow and the orphan cried out for specialized attention. There was no end to the capital lying around for the bright boys to play with. In order to be a financier, all you needed was a plug hat and diamond-horseshoe pin. It was easy then and the public admired it. People submitted to robbery because it made the newspapers interesting. The robbers, as a matter of fact, were the popular heroes. Richard Canfield, in his time, was a bigger figure than the President of the United States.

"There were luxurious gambling houses, luxurious girls, everywhere. The queens of burlesque weighed two hundred and thirty pounds each. Everybody who was considerable drank champagne.

(Continued on Page 77)

"THE GOAL OF YEARS HAS BEEN ATTAINED"



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Will tooth paste buy an inner tube? *Why not?*

Intelligent people, delighted with the results of Listerine Tooth Paste and its price of 25¢, use it and accomplish an approximate saving of $3 a year. $3 will buy many things—an inner tube is merely a suggestion.

Clean, white teeth in a few brushings

SURVEYS show that Listerine Tooth Paste is a favorite not only in average American homes, but in those of the wealthy. This is not at all curious.

People are won to this modern dentifrice because it definitely improves the appearance of teeth and betters the health of the entire oral tract. The fact that it retails for 25 cents does not seem to be a factor.

You will be simply delighted to see how swiftly and how gently this tooth paste brightens teeth—even grayish or yellowish ones. And how thoroughly it erases tiny deposits and discolorations. So little brushing is necessary, too!

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 74)

"Well, that has all changed. Canfield has been dead a long while; and, although there is a professional gambler or two left, they have changed; their places are conventional and businesslike. There is no gayety in them, no champagne; socially they are very correct. The girls are different by about half their old weight. The public has new heroes—aviators and swimming mothers and Shaksperean fighters. The plug hat and diamond horseshoe have vanished. You can't, now, invest the surplus of insurance companies for private benefit. Yes, Mr. Rychner was born at the wrong time. Forty years ago he would have been a national figure. Today he is hardly better than a nuisance. The man, the gambler, who has taken his place is Denby Cambron. The stock market and wire houses. He is a cold devil. Conservative clothes and habits. Interested in parks, perhaps. He's neither gambler nor robber. He is a thief. That is something else. Mr. Adams, if you'll allow me to say so, you are so different that you belong in another world.

"Look here, this talk about democracy is very pretty, it sounds well in a political platform, but we know it's nonsense. I don't simply mean that the average man can't run his affairs—he doesn't want to. He wants us to run them for him. All he actually cares about is an opportunity to make a lot of money quickly. A week of Saturday nights and Sundays, pleasure and idleness—that's his high ambition. It isn't, you ought to remember, new. We didn't patent it. We have no exclusive right. We're so big the trouble is no separate individual can realize what is going on. The parts are lost in the whole. There have to be professional political organizations. We must have power in individuals. We couldn't get along without you. None of us at Washington makes a mistake about that. It's the same with London and Berlin. They know it too. All the rest is theory. Rebellious. If anybody can tell me where there has ever been liberty, or even justice, I'll eat the Congressional Record. It might be fatal! The Bill of Rights is a piece of paper, but you are a fact. That, to be quite frank, is why I am here, why a United States marshal is here. We think you are more valuable, you have more power, than an abstract principle. The mail has already been held up for you; who knows—this may run to murder."

Long before he had finished, Jonathan Adams stopped listening to him. A tiresome succession of obvious facts. It was a mistake to put such things into words. Words created realities, situations, that were invariably remembered and repeated. His mind, as usual, slipped away from the immediate present to Alice, to his dream of a simple and old and changeless ideal. He had seen her last in the small reception room of the Colony Restaurant. She was waiting there for Denby and a dinner party.

Jonathan was waiting for Caroline, his daughter, and her husband—they had nothing to do, and, of course, were late—and he was able to be with Alice, in the limited but absolute privacy of their public situation, for more than ten minutes. It had filled him with a great longing for her, a deep unhappiness. Jonathan contrived to hide most of this; he had no will to increase her wretchedness; and, suddenly, the plan to go away for a little, where, as far as possible, he could be alone with her, with his memories and thoughts and her picture, occurred to him. He told Alice about it and she had laughed pleasantly at him. That absurd photograph! Really it ought to be destroyed. She hoped that no one saw it. However, she had been interested in his plan. She thought it was very flattering.

When, she had asked, did he think he would go? How long would he be able to stay? How long and where? Somborne, then, had come into his mind—someone at a directors' meeting had spoken of it—and immediately, for her knowledge, Jonathan Adams fixed the details of this resolution. Later—she sat two tables away from him—he had watched Alice in a most guarded and carefully casual manner. Mary Lawler and Eddington Wade, Denby Cambron, were with her. Wade was in love with Mary Lawler. Jonathan didn't like either of them. Mary drank too much in public places—in restaurants and night clubs. He disapproved of conspicuous women. Wade, Jonathan knew, had been allowed to resign from the Stock Exchange. He had been forced to sell his seat. Then he became a member of Denby's concern. He took with him a large number of accounts at once questionable and safe in profits. Alice had been able to smile at him twice. Once Denby Cambron glanced at him, in a quick, hard appraisal, over his shoulder. Mary Lawler, at a convenient moment, half smiled—a look of inquiry. Alice Cambron owned remarkable jewels. Denby, it appeared, had an exaggerated liking for them. Emeralds. There were bands of emeralds on Alice's arms. Emeralds close about her throat. An uncut emerald ring in platinum. A cold green fire of jewels.

Caroline, arrogant with youth and positive through lack of experience, had seriously annoyed him about Alice. She thought, she said, that Mrs. Cambron had lost a great part of her good looks. Jonathan remained silent. Caroline didn't mean in figure. Mrs. Cambron's figure, naturally, was marvelous, and her dresses did it no discredit, but her face was growing hard. Jonathan was resolutely silent. That, Caroline continued, she supposed was unavoidable under the circumstances. What, he had demanded at last, exactly were the circumstances connected with Mrs. Cambron, she was certain of? Caroline had showed a trace of his own impatience with any slowness of understanding. She asked him to glance, no more than glance, at the people the Cambrons had for dinner. It was always like that. Jonathan was suddenly conscious of James Faraday's voice:

"Jonathan says I don't know America. He may be right, but, Mr. Castner, I quite understood what you said about democracy. The practical necessities of the present do not bother me. I don't like what I can see of the future. We are encouraging ignorance—for our own ends—too rapidly. If it continues to increase we will be swept away—and without an ark, Mr. Castner—in the flood."

There was a knock at the door and Weaks entered. "There isn't much to report," he admitted. "Mr. Phips is quite drunk. He had to be removed from the dining room. His chauffeur, who seems to have turned into a general servant, is taking care of him. Mr. Rychner has been telephoning New York. To some very strange characters. Some people—a few—are playing contract bridge, but mostly there is a general sense of excitement and outrage. They have found who Mr. Adams is now. The men are talking about lawsuits and the hearts of several old women are very bad as a result of all this. I told Mr. Langley it would be over almost immediately."

How, Jonathan Adams demanded, did he know that.

"It will have to be over," Weaks replied. "It just can't go on. We'd find nothing more out if we kept this up for a year. Rychner thinks you're crazy. He talked to Langley about it, and Langley was very serious. He wasn't much behind believing it. I heard them, and I took the liberty of telling Mr. Rychner he wouldn't get very far on that supposition. He understood me too. Mr. Rychner promised to have that recalled to my attention when we were all back in New York. I could see that he had cooled off."

He was interrupted by a sudden disturbance in the corridor outside. Mr. Kerrigan unceremoniously entered, shoving before him a negro, inarticulate with fright.

"I picked this one up myself," he announced. "I happened to see him climbing over the fence. Mr. Weaks, I think it would be a good thing if you'd take him

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into Mr. Adams' bathroom and search him."

Weaks casually studied the marshal. "He's yours," he said finally. "Entirely yours. Search him or sell him down the river."

The marshal became angry. "I am not, sir, a private policeman. You are. Our responsibilities and dignity are different."

Weaks addressed the negro: "Mr. Kerrigan, who is the United States marshal for this district, says he found you trying to get out. Do you know what a United States marshal is?"

No, sir, captain, he didn't just know what that was.

"The marshal says he saw you with his own eyes."

Well, yes, he reckoned the gentleman had.

Weaks demanded, "Why did you try to get away? You knew no one was allowed to leave. You knew the United States marshal was here."

It seemed like he just had to go, yes, sir. It was like that. He had to go or bust. One.

"Didn't you realize the United States marshal, Mr. Kerrigan, had issued a proclamation against going? At the same time the United States marshal had said nothing about busting."

No, sir, he hadn't realized that.

"Did anyone, contrary to the United States marshal's orders, give you money to carry away a small package? A letter?"

No, he wasn't carrying away a letter. He didn't tell a body he was going. He just got the itch all of a sudden.

"You must describe to the United States marshal exactly what that itch was. What gave you the itch? Where did it itch?"

The negro looked first at Weaks and then at Mr. Kerrigan. His darkness of trouble increased. Indeed, he couldn't hardly tell them about the itch. It was an itch, that was all he knew about it. It had come over him while he was sitting in the kitchen door. An itch to get away. To go down to Somborne and see what was happening there.

"Was it an itch to see some girl?" Weaks persisted. "The United States marshal would be interested by that."

No, sir, it wasn't to see a girl. There was a chance it was an itch to get away from a girl who worked in the kitchen—kind of a demander named Laura.

"A demander named Laura," Weaks repeated.

The last trace of Jonathan Adams' small store of patience vanished. "Mr. Kerrigan," he said sharply, "take that negro back to the kitchen. If he ought to be searched, have him searched. Bring us the results of your activities and not the raw materials."

Weaks added, "The United States marshal is going to escort you back to Laura."

Mr. Kerrigan, in a perceptible rage, left the room with his charge.

Jonathan Adams' depression increased. "This will all come to nothing," he said to James Faraday. "We'll never find what we are after. At any minute it may get out. A nice thing to see in the papers. I am an old fool. You were right, James. Perhaps the worst, in another sense, would have been better. It will be wise, I think, to take the men away from the gates. Let our interest in the mail go."

Weaks told him that had already been done. "The people here are free as air."

Jonathan Adams nodded wearily.

"You have given it up, then," Faraday commented.

Mr. Castner enveloped Weaks in an unfavorable gaze.

"Your efforts have gone to pieces rather suddenly," he told him.

Weaks was cheerful. "You may be right," he agreed. "Perhaps my efforts have come to nothing. Perhaps not. For example, Mr. Adams, I know who has your picture. Maybe I ought to say I know who had it. That is something, but it isn't as much as it sounds. The person I'm referring to isn't too easy. I doubt if he can be intimidated. The question of motive has, after all, come up."

Castner demanded, "Who is it?"

Weaks continued to be calm and pleasant. "It's obvious that will get us nowhere. The gentleman owns plenty of money as it is. He isn't interested in adding to what he's got."

Faraday interrupted him: "Mr. Weaks, we would all be obliged if you'd answer Mr. Castner. Who has this picture?"

Adams said, "Rychner?"

It wasn't Rychner, Weaks proceeded. "It is Mr. Millard Phips."

Had he accused Mr. Phips of the theft? Castner inquired.

"Not yet," Weaks replied. "I have only been certain of this inside an hour. The truth is, I don't know how to approach him. I can't think what to say. There are only two courses available—bribery or threat. I am quite sure a threat will fail; then we would be in an unhappy position—we'd either have to go ahead or back down completely. I want to find out just why Phips took it. There is a good chance he might tell us. Good, but not certain. I can't discover what his connection is with the other principal. With Mr. Cambron, to be direct. Millard Phips is a very quiet man, he thinks a great deal of his tennis, he has great hopes of it, and lives carefully. He is thirty-one years old, not married and owns a small house at Peapack in New Jersey. His companions are men rather than women. Apparently he is one of those simple masculine characters who prefer to drink with men rather than talk to women. You'll recognize how different that is from the preferences of Denby Cambron. I did find, however, that he had been to Mr. Cambron's at formal dinners. Once or twice he sat beside Mrs. Cambron. He was in their car at some hunter trials last November. That was in Connecticut.

"The devil of it is that his personality and life are absolutely simple. He's up early in the morning and walking about the New Jersey roads; he plays tennis in the afternoon; he has dinner at home, by himself, four nights out of seven. Mr. Phips hardly ever goes into New York for an evening. No night clubs. At most a very polite party. He belongs to the Racquet Club; the Harvard Club; a country club near Bernardsville, Piping Rock, and a hunt club. He has a very modest stable—two hunters and three fair polo ponies. He drives two automobiles. A man of all work drives for him and helps with the horses. To go back a little, his war record is splendid. The Fourth Division. Regulars. Infantry. First lieutenant to major. Injured by gas. He's afraid of that. Well, what are you going to say to such a man? Obviously, money is no good. If you started on the alternate possibility you'd have to kill him."

The thing to do, Mr. Castner decided, was to interview Millard Phips. "We'll simply have to be sharper than he is. I can't believe that is impossible. Not with the man you describe. Rather a fool. I know plenty like him. It's no good to attack them in the front. That gives them a chance to show how incorruptible they are. Find out the most important thing in the world to him—a thing or an individual—and threaten that. Make him sacrifice himself. Mr. Weaks, we would like to see him."

There was, Weaks said, something else.

Mr. Castner's irritability returned. "I don't want to put this in the form of an order," he declared; "you seem to have done very well indeed, but you can't keep this all for yourself. There will be plenty of a very practical glory for everyone."

Weaks studied Mr. Castner for a moment. Then, without further speech, he left the room. Jonathan felt better. They had accomplished something. He felt almost confident, now, that he would recover Alice Baker's picture. The instant it was back in his hands he would destroy it. He would keep her in the privacy, the safety, of his thoughts.

Faraday declared that, in his opinion, it was a mistake to interfere with Weaks. "We may upset all he has accomplished," he asserted. "This Phips turns out to be a hard bird. He seems to be upright. I agree with Castner about the method to pursue, but I'm afraid it's too theoretical. How are we going to find out what is valuable to him? It is a good bet he won't tell us. You seem to think this is a game of truth or forfeits. The only thing I'd recommend that might work, is to throw ourselves in his hands. Tell him the entire story. Perhaps he doesn't realize what may happen. Show him, in other words, that he is acting like a swine. Yes, there is a chance we'd succeed there."

Jonathan Adams struck his fist on a knee. "I won't do it!" he cried. "I won't beg him for a favor. This favor. James, I can't! You must see that. I would be in his hands then. And not by myself."

He was gone anyhow if he didn't, Faraday pointed out. "If Phips has the picture he'll be clear about what it means. He won't think it's a moving-picture queen. I can't see you have a thing to lose by honesty. We'll turn him over to you. Get out."

Adams was obdurate. "I would rather see him dead," he admitted.

There was the sound of feet in the hall, and Weaks appeared with an active young man, with strong hands, correctly dressed for evening except that he wore no coat. He had on handsome linen with a single ruby stud, his cuff links were four star rubies; a white waistcoat had platinum buttons engraved with a hunt club's insignia; his pumps were in the best manner. In addition to that, he was not completely sober.

"I'm Millard Phips," he asserted—"I'm Millard Phips, and I protest against all of this. It's illegal. You can't break into a man's room and tell him to put his coat on. I don't want my coat on. It cramps my style. I can't reach for a drink in a coat. I never could. Tennis playing made me like that."

Castner invited him to sit down. "Mr. Phips," he proceeded, "Mr. Adams has had a small object—a photograph, as a matter of fact—stolen from him. It is only properly valuable to himself. If he fails to get it back, an innocent person, a very lovely woman, will be injured. To be more honest still, we hear this picture has come into your possession. We don't know how—we do not propose to question you about that—and we don't know why. I was sure, when you understood this much, you would be interested in getting it back to Mr. Adams."

"In the first place," the man without a coat replied—"the very first—you're crazier than hell. And if you want to say I stole the old boy's picture I'll smack you in the jaw."

He promptly rose.

"Sit down," Castner repeated, more vigorously. "You haven't the remotest chance of smacking anyone in the jaw. If we chose to make this as considerate of you as possible, don't mistake our power to be quite different."

So that was it, the younger man replied. "Power. Police. Private detectives. Three degrees. Well, I'll tell you this—you can't frighten me. I am Millard Phips—everyone knows who that is—the tennis player. I understand who Mr. Adams is, and he's pretty weighty at that, but you have to realize who I am. Try something that is wrong and you will find out. Besides that, if I make up my mind to slap your jaw you're going to get slapped. Don't mistake my power to be quite different."

"Mr. Phips," Faraday asked, "where do you live?"

"You've got a jaw, too," he replied. "I live where I please, sometimes it's here and sometimes there, and what are you going to do about it? I don't like you any better than I do him, and if you ask me, Mr. Adams is in pretty bad company. If you have a drink on you I'll stay and listen some more, but if you haven't I will go back where I'm better provided."

Castner said for the third time, "Sit down. We have reason to believe you have a picture that belongs to Mr. Adams. We want it."

Well, he was told, get it. "Get it," the younger man repeated. "That's all. If you find it on me I'll give you a drink of sarsaparilla." He turned to Jonathan Adams. "Anyhow," he proceeded, "you're too old to carry a picture of a girl around. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Using your money like that to take advantage of the young. The innocent. And you with daughters too. If I did have this picture I'd send it to your wife. I would advise her to take better care of you. I'm ashamed of you. Why, you must be sixty if you are a day. Sixty anyhow, and all this fuss about a photograph."

Weaks sat noncommittally with a cigarette. There was the suspicion of a smile about his eyes.

Mr. Castner addressed him. "How do you know Mr. Phips has this picture?" he demanded.

"He addressed the envelope that held the leather case," Weaks answered. "I thought that was very good proof."

Castner was obviously forced to agree with him. "I suppose you checked his writing with the names on the register," he continued.

"Exactly," Weaks answered; "the result was extremely interesting. Later I'll show you the two writings."

The principal subject of the discussion announced that, when they were done, he'd leave. He shook a solemn finger at Jonathan Peldon Adams. "You are an old scamp," he announced. "You will never play tennis. A good coat of tar and feathers would become you."

James Faraday gazed at him with a concentrated interest. "You didn't tell us where you lived," he said.

"You tried to hurry me," he replied. "I can't be hurried. In New Jersey. Peapack. Would you like to know the name of my little dog? It is Sooner. He would sooner eat a pound of steak than not."

Jonathan Adams addressed him. "Why," he demanded, "did you take this—this picture? If you will tell me that, I can convince you it must be returned."

"It was this way," he was answered, "I used to collect cigarette pictures and it got to be a habit with me. I can't seem to resist them. I'm a kleptomack."

"Take him away," Jonathan said sharply. "He's nothing but a drunken fool. Lock him up with his bottle and see he stays there. Anyhow until tomorrow." He again suddenly addressed the man standing beside Weaks. "How," he asked, "would you like to have five hundred thousand dollars?"

The other stared at him with an amazed incredulity. "Five hundred thousand dollars," he repeated slowly. "Why, that is half a million. Half a million dollars."

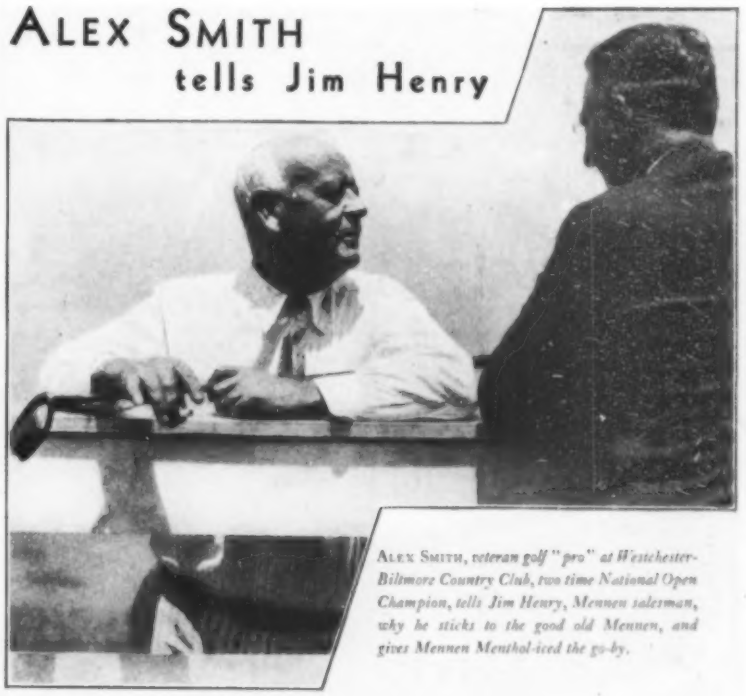
Adams added curtly, "Think of it. Take him away, Weaks."

"There wasn't much but drunken nonsense in any of that," Faraday told Castner. "But if there was, Jonathan managed it. The sum he mentioned was quite a shock to our young friend. He seemed strange to me, I must admit. I mean, when you consider his background—his friends and life and surroundings. He didn't sound like Peapack and Piping Rock. The kleptomack—and he was absolutely serious—was funny. I was surprised, too, when I heard him speak of finding the picture on him. Slang is very exact—there are some things people say and some they don't. My vocabulary is different from Jonathan's, and yours, Mr. Castner, is still another kind of speech. Current speech."

Mr. Castner was impatient. "If you bother with things like that," he replied, "you'll get nowhere. It's just theory. We're faced with a practical fact. There isn't any time for psychological guessing. It is different about sport, too; men like

(Continued on Page 82)

ALEX SMITH
tells Jim Henry



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Mennen Salesman

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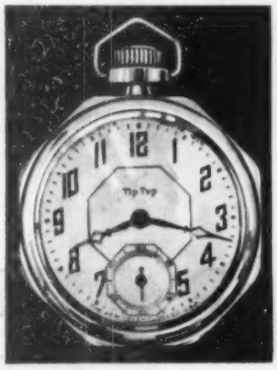
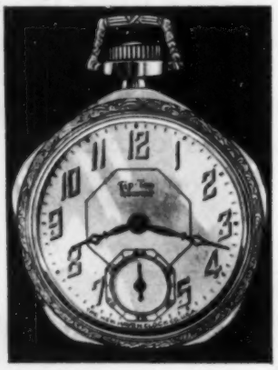


$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch with octagonal design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch. Radium dial, $2.25.



$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is easily the handsomest watch at its price. Radium dial, $2.50.

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(Continued from Page 79)

Phips meet everyone and play with everyone. They are outside what you think is society. The things you believe are significant never bother them."

"There doesn't seem to be much for us to do, Jonathan," Faraday said to Jonathan Adams. "We are not good for much except bribery and theories. I can see no reason to keep us here."

Jonathan asserted, "I suppose we have failed in Somborne. James, that is bad. It simply means something worse in New York." His voice and expression were hard.

Faraday gazed at him anxiously. "I was afraid of that," he admitted. "I didn't see what could happen, what you might do, but I realized it would be serious."

Castner rose. He wanted, he said, to make his preparations for leaving.

When he had gone, Faraday continued, "I told you, when I reached here, what I thought of this. It is an inexcusable piece of sentimental selfishness. You want, you insist, to save Alice Cambron, and to do that you are willing to sacrifice everything else. There is even an end to your power, Jonathan. I'll have to ask you to remember again that I am Ellen's brother."

Jonathan, with a sudden bitter vigor, declared that nothing would be allowed to hurt Ellen. "You seem to forget I am married to her. I will always be." Jonathan Adams fell into a dark silence. "Nothing in the world is independent of other things," Adams declared at last. "This mishap is concerned with my character and Ellen's, with Alice and Denby Cambron. With Cambron more than anyone else. You can't tell, if he knows about Alice and me, what he'll do. He will never, of course, believe the facts. Cambron will invent a set more useful to him. More like him. He is so fanatical, James, that he can't be forced to be reasonable. He has a curious, inverted sort of courage. The truth is, it's a kind of madness. He'd let me ruin him. Nothing can affect the course of his hatreds. Yes, this has become very difficult. I had to live to be fifty-six before I discovered that power, too, is an illusion. It is like money and only makes increasing opportunities for trouble and disappointments."

Weaks came back. "How did you like Mr. Phips?" he asked.

"I didn't like him at all," James Faraday admitted. "He's a new kind of tennis player to me."

Weaks laughed. "I owe Mr. Adams and you an apology," he declared. "But it was Mr. Castner's fault. He was so adequate, if you'll remember, I was forced to do what he said. I wondered, at the same time, if you would discover what had been going on. You thought you saw Millard Phips, but he was the driver. Mr. Phips, who was just in here, was Charles Diston. They are alike—about the same size and the same age. All I can find out is that Phips, who had been having a large time in Alder with the ornaments of society, suddenly left them and drove North. It wasn't possible, in such a short time, to discover who the ornaments were. There is very little publicity at Alder. The change of positions was made somewhere along the road. It was a very smart thing to do, since it left Phips free to find out a great deal without appearing to be too curious. For example, he had an arrangement with a bellboy to go through the rooms generally and take most of the liquor they could find and divide the profits. That's how he got into your room. A pass key. I had a talk with the boy and then let him slip through the fence. He wasn't any further use to us."

Jonathan said to Faraday: "James, you are a bright man. You practically did guess this."

Faraday replied, "I hope Weaks understands how much he owes to my penetration."

"I first saw Mr. Phips and the driver in Mr. Phips' room," Weaks continued. "Mr. Phips, who plays tennis with his right hand, had both hands hard and calloused. That interested me. But the driver, Charles Diston, had only one hand—the right—that showed wear. The man who called himself Phips was always a little drunk; that, when you consider what I already knew, was not right; the driver was quiet and self-contained and sharply attentive. We spoke of the handwriting on the register and on the envelope that held the leather frame. It was absolutely different. The Phips signature on a slip for charged water, however, agreed with the register. That, it appeared, was regular, until I found an old voucher for gasoline in their automobile exactly the same as the writing on the pantry slip and the signatures in the book. Charles Diston had signed all three. I tried to get Millard Phips—the actual Phips—to write something, but he wouldn't fall for it. Anyhow, it wasn't necessary then. I knew that much. You can't call it a great deal."

"On the contrary," Jonathan said, "I think you have done remarkably well. Weaks, where do you think the photograph is?"

No one, Weaks replied, could answer that. "It hasn't gone with the mail yet. We are certain of that. I doubt if Phips has had it posted. There has been too much fuss made for that to be safe yet. He is either carrying it with him or it is hidden for the moment."

James Faraday could see where Jonathan had been wrong. "It's plain," he proceeded, "that Cambron suspected you of something. Perhaps he thought you came down here for what the young generation call a date. Probably Phips went into your room to look for letters and found the picture. When you saw the photograph was gone, did you look around?"

Yes, Jonathan said, he had. In the bureau drawer.

"You should have looked in the closet, or in the bathroom," Faraday continued. "I have no doubt Millard Phips was in one of those places then. You came back, remember, for your cigars too quickly for him to escape."

"What will we do now?" Adams wearily demanded.

"See Mr. Phips," Weaks answered; "try the power of persuasion. It's too bad Diston didn't have the picture. The sum Mr. Adams mentioned knocked him into a reasonable frame of mind. We might as well begin on the other one. I wish I knew how. I'll admit I don't understand him. It would be a good idea for Mr. Adams to see him alone."

Weaks went to the door, he put out a hand to open it, when it was unceremoniously swung back.

Millard Phips, still in the driver's clothes, appeared.

"This has got to stop!" he declared. "It's over. I'll take all the chances there are. That is, for myself. Some man went into the room registered in my name and beat the man in there nearly to death. He had been drinking and wasn't responsible."

That much, Weaks replied, was correct anyhow. "You were responsible, Mr. Phips. You weren't in your own room. You let Diston face it. But I'll admit to you it was a mistake to attack him. It was wrong because it couldn't accomplish anything. We were just going to explain it all to you. To admit everything."

There were, then, other arrivals. Mr. Castner entered with one of the detectives. Castner glanced quickly at Millard Phips.

"So you're here, Diston," he proceeded; "you are in parts of the house that don't concern you too much. Suppose you go down where you belong and wait until we send for you."

Jonathan Adams curtly interrupted him. "This isn't Diston, as a matter of fact; it is Mr. Phips. We have been confused, Mr. Castner, about his identity."

Castner unexpectedly looked relieved. "It's Diston, then, who got hurt," he said. "We thought it must be Phips. Someone was going through Mr. Phips' room and Diston found him there. It would have

(Continued on Page 84)

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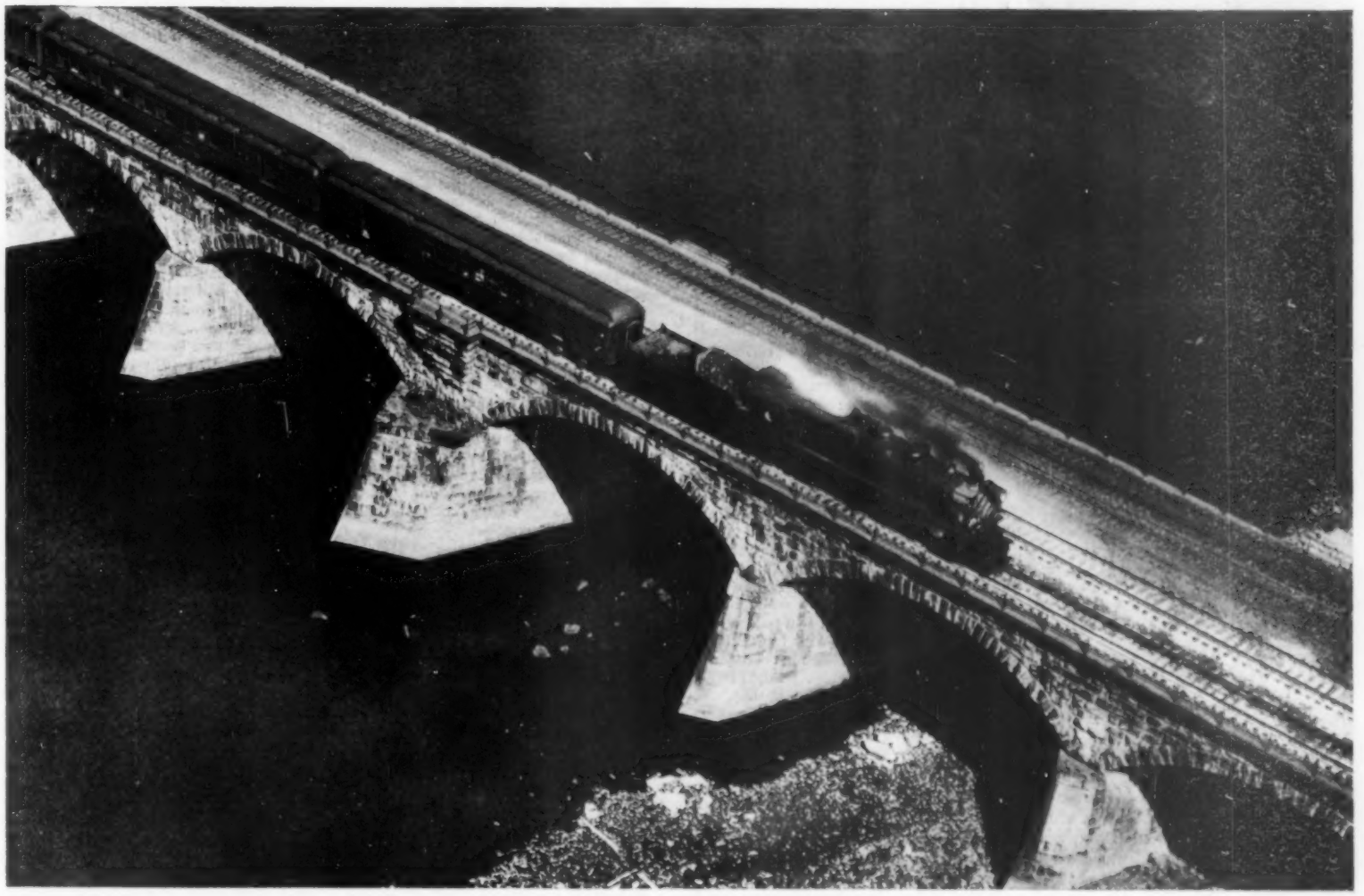

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Leave New York:	Pennsylvania Station	1:55 P.M.
	Hudson Terminal	1:55 P.M.
	Newark	2:17 P.M.
	North Philadelphia	3:40 P.M.
Arrive Chicago:	Englewood	8:30 A.M.
	Union Station	8:55 A.M.

EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave Chicago:	Union Station	11:40 A.M.
	Englewood	11:57 A.M.
Arrive	North Philadelphia	6:54 A.M.
	Newark	8:17 A.M.
New York:	Hudson Terminal	8:42 A.M.
	Pennsylvania Station	8:40 A.M.

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(Continued from Page 82)

been better, perhaps, if he hadn't; he was very badly beaten. Whoever it was committed the assault escaped. They are gone. Charles Diston can't tell us anything yet."

Phips asked, "Is he going to die?"

Mr. Castner wasn't certain. "The doctor wouldn't say that much. He is afraid it's concussion of the brain." Castner turned to Mr. Adams. "With your permission," he went on, "I am going north. Mr. Fleer and Mr. Semple, who came down with me, are leaving at the same time. I think we have come to the end of our usefulness to you, Mr. Adams. The local police can take care of the accident to Charles Diston. It was the head bellman, I believe, who found Diston."

It was very good of him, Jonathan replied, to come to Somborne on his account. "I will stop in when I get back, Mr. Castner, and try to say something more adequate. Mr. Semple and Mr. Fleer will be properly recognized."

Millard Phips sat down. Jonathan and James Faraday were silent. Weaks left the room. Jonathan studied Phips. He had a well-shaped head. Rather fine brown eyes. He was, under intense strain and doubt, quiet. His hands were still. Phips, it was clear, was a gentleman. Adams lighted a cigar. James Faraday hadn't moved.

"I suppose," Millard Phips said at last, "I ought to be hard. I should have counted all the possible cost of this. It seems I didn't. Not where Charles Diston came into it. I liked him very much indeed. Concussion," he paused. "You'll be surprised to hear I didn't bribe him. He did all this because he liked me, because he was young. It was his idea, really. Drinking wasn't really important to him. He drank for the reason that he was ignorant. He didn't know he was superior to his place. Charles was lonely. I was as honest with him as possible, under the circumstances. I didn't tell him how dangerous our undertaking was. That was mostly all—where I failed him. Mr. Adams, I didn't realize it myself. I know a great deal about you. I understand how important you are. But I didn't recognize how far that went. How far you were able to carry it. I didn't see how little the world had changed. And, as a result, Charles Diston may die. That isn't much to you—it can't be—but it is to me. I'm not used to murder—cold murder, Mr. Adams. Murder without a hope of justice, without fairness. I play tennis, as you know, and tennis happens to be a fair game. It hasn't been ruined yet. It's honest. There is strategy in it, certainly. I thought strategy would be enough now. But no. There is Charles. Concussion of the brain. Here I am, responsible for it and safe."

James Faraday rose. "Perhaps, Mr. Phips," he observed softly. He went out of the room. Jonathan lighted a cigar and Millard Phips stared at the thin red figured carpet at his feet.

"Have you got my photograph?" Jonathan demanded.

"Yes," Millard Phips replied, "I have. We can talk about that in a few minutes. I mean, we can talk about whose photograph it happens to be. This business about Charles Diston has put everything else out of my mind."

His face was darkened by a prodigious frown. Jonathan discovered that, though Millard Phips was a prepossessing-looking young man, his features were heavy. Too much exercise, too much air, Adams thought had dulled his brain. Exercise, life out of doors, did that. He was simply a healthy, a masculine and social animal. Extremely social. In other words, a man with no imagination and a limited, prejudiced habit of life and thought. This always bred an overwhelming conceit. Jonathan Adams could see that now Phips was wholly concerned with his own necessities; preoccupied only with the difficulties of their situation where they touched him. His self-absorption was amazingly complete and childlike.

"What makes it worse," he proceeded, "is the fact that so much more is involved. The entire question of women. I haven't seen much of them," he admitted; "I never had time. I never thought much of men who saw them a great deal. Played with them. There is always something wrong about such a man. Marriage is quite right—I'd hate to miss having a son—but women! If you're wise you'll stay away from them. You'll want to. That is what I thought. Then I changed my mind. And now I don't know."

Jonathan's short store of patience had been long ago exhausted; he could hardly bear to hear another word of Millard Phips' interminable discourse; but, he recognized, to listen was his sole hope of recovering Alice's picture. Violence, he saw, would only bring him greater trouble. The question of money, with Phips, was finally disposed of.

"I don't make it a habit to discuss my affairs with strangers," Millard Phips explained stiffly. "The circumstances are very unusual. In a way, you are concerned in this, and so you are not entirely a stranger. Mrs. Denby Cambron—Alice—is going to get a divorce."

"What!" Jonathan practically shouted. "Mrs. Cambron is thinking of divorce. Naturally, you are crazy. You can't know what you're talking about."

Millard Phips merely repeated that she was after a divorce. He again referred to her as Alice. Jonathan sank lower in his chair; his cigar was forgotten; he watched Phips with a restrained animosity. "We might as well go on," Phips concluded. "I can't get poor Diston out of my thoughts. I may have been terribly wrong. Well, Alice at last is going to be divorced. This is March. Last March I fell in love with her. I did what I had made up my mind never to do under any circumstances. I fell in love with a married woman. I ought to say she wasn't in love with me. I don't think she can be, even now. Now!" he repeated heavily. "But then, she isn't in love with any of the others."

"The others," Jonathan Adams said after him. "What others?"

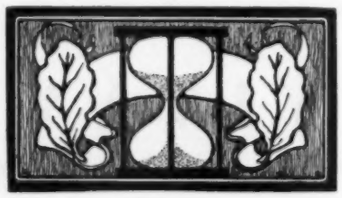
Millard Phips ignored that. "She just made up her mind to leave Denby Cambron. There wasn't anything else particularly in her mind. That made all this happen. It broke Charles Diston's skull. If he doesn't recover I can never be the same. I doubt if I could ever hit another tennis ball. . . . There was no one man, as I said; we all were at the Hitchcocks' for dinner. It was Tuesday night."

Jonathan interrupted him once more, "Is Mrs. Cambron at Alder?"

"Naturally," Phips told him, "you didn't know. She only made up her mind after you had told her of your plan to go to Somborne. I wish you would keep quiet. You put me off. We were having dinner with the Hitchcocks, and Alice had drunk four or five Joe Bagleys."

Jonathan sat sharply up. "It doesn't matter in the least if you do get put off," he asserted. "What is a Joe Bagley?"

Phips said that, almost better than anyone else, he could answer him. "I have made them by the hundred. Mostly for Alice Cambron. She has a passion for them. A Joe Bagley cocktail is two parts of rye whisky and one part Italian vermuth with a dash of Curaçao and lemon peel. Alice had had five, anyhow, and she began to tell us about you and her picture. It was so sweet, she cried a little. I was there, and Banks Sudbridge, Fizz Wistar, and Corinthian Thomas, little Witless Harper and Waldron Cutts. We all want to marry Alice—do you see?—so it was fairly representative."



"Let me ask you," Adams put in, "was it Witless Harper who was married to Powderpuff Stoltz." That, Phips replied, was the one. "She got murdered in their apartment," Jonathan persisted. "And Banks Sudbridge?"

Yes, Phips admitted, that was the Sudbridge who ran over the people in Rhode Island. "But he's been out long enough to love Alice with the rest. We asked her, at the Hitchcocks', which one of us she would marry, and she didn't know. She really didn't. She couldn't tell to save her life. Fizz made her laugh and Banks owned the Miramon and I could play tennis a little, every woman thinks Witless Harper is romantic-looking, and Thomas once fought Sharkey to a draw. Waldron Cutts, of course, is the contract-bridge expert. All rather good men. Alice didn't know which she'd marry and could not decide. Then she had this idea. She told us about the picture of her you had and how much you thought of it. Alice said she was a scream in a frightful dress with her hair like nothing human. . . . If any of us would go to Somborne and get it from you, she'd marry him."

"So that," Jonathan Adams commented, "was her idea." His throat was tight, his voice dry.

"Witless Harper said he would skate to the South Pole to marry Alice, or he'd drive a car backwards from Washington Square to Central Park on Fifth Avenue any noon, but he would not interfere with a picture you owned and thought well of. It would be neater, he said, to cut his throat. I agreed to try. It was a mistake," Millard Phips declared. "Even if Diston recovers he will never be the same. Not with a broken skull. One good man like that is worth twenty women. I got myself into this, I got him into it, through love—love for a woman who was married to someone else. It didn't matter if she was getting a divorce. I'm absolutely guilty, and I am going to give Alice Cambron up. I don't want her; I'd rather live in a decent world of men and play tennis." Phips produced a faded photograph of a girl with her hair bound in a ribbon, in a dress of the simplest material and ruffles, from an inside pocket. "Take it back," he said to Adams, "I don't want it. Any of you can have her."

Jonathan Adams sat with Alice's picture in his hand. He didn't hear Millard Phips leave the room. A girl in a cotton dress. A Joe Bagley cocktail was made of two parts of rye whisky with one part of Italian vermuth, Curaçao and lemon peel. An intolerable sense of humiliation settled upon him. Witless Harper, married to the notorious Stoltz girl. Thomas, an international drunkard and amateur of prize fighting. Fizz Wistar. His name in itself was enough. Jonathan took out a cigar from his case and then mechanically laid it aside. He laughed a little, without mirth. Love, he said to himself—love in the United States. Once it had been different. Alice, then, was different too. His humiliation was lost in the painful realization of what life had done to her. Alice Baker, fragrant and delicate like a simple flower! Jonathan Adams, the truth was, preferred the attitude and terms implied in his mistake to the present actuality. His pride was at once outraged and supported by a memory deep in his heart—a memory and a conviction of undisturbed dignity. He thought of Ellen, his wife, with a renewed satisfaction and approval. Time, the times, even money, had been powerless to change, to harm, her. James Faraday came into the room. He saw the photograph in Jonathan's hand.

"You've got it!" he exclaimed. "That is splendid. I hope you didn't have to pay too much."

Jonathan Adams raised his head. "A great deal," he admitted, "but decidedly not too much." He slowly tore Alice Cambron's picture into minute pieces. "I learned, James, how to make a Joe Bagley cocktail."

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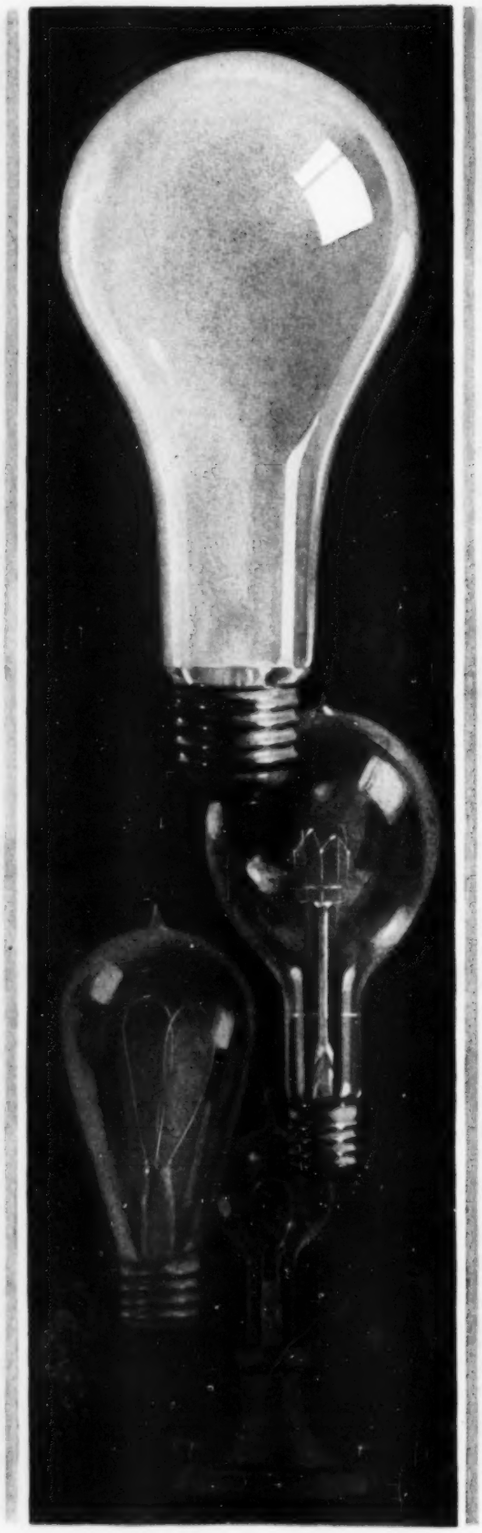


1929

Today's 100-watt inside-frosted MAZDA lamp gives 76 times as much light per dollar as the early lamp, and 25 per cent more light than lamps with outside frosting which are still sold in some stores. The 100-watt lamp sells for 35 cents and costs less than one cent an hour to burn. You can not light so economically with any other form of illuminant. In striking contrast to Edison's first lamp of 16 candlepower, the present 100-watt inside-frosted MAZDA lamp gives the light of 136 candles for the same expenditure for current.

1915

By this time the MAZDA Research Laboratories had not only produced an improved filament of coiled construction, but they had developed a gas which, injected in the bulb, permitted the lamp to burn at higher and more efficient temperatures. This lamp was twice as efficient as previous lamps, which were not gas-filled.

1905

By 1905 the incandescent lamp had become nearly three times as efficient as Edison's original. Much of this advance was due to the development, by the Research Laboratories of General Electric Company, of a process for metallizing the carbon filament. While Edison's first lamp gave 16 candlepower and consumed 93 watts, the lamps of 1905 gave 20 candlepower and burned only 50 watts of current.

1879

The first practical incandescent lamp had a filament of ordinary cotton thread, carbonized. It burned for about 40 hours. A few years later bamboo, obtained from Japan, was adopted for filaments. Early lamps were made in two sizes—8 and 16 candlepower—and based on present money standards cost over $2.00 each.

National MAZDA Lamps

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ABEL BROWN, THE SAILOR

(Continued from Page 13)

Joe Grundy's sympathy was a poor thing, though it was fattened by the surreptitious gift of half a cold and rather salty roast chicken salved from the waterways. Danny had prided himself that he was holding up his end as a sailor, standing a watch, keeping a lookout in his turn, hopeful that in the finer weather to come he might be taught how to steer. Now he had to get under the tarpaulin of a decrepit old steam launch which was lashed down on top of the main hatch, part of the scrap cargo for Shanghai. It had lain in a backwater of the dockyard for a year, and the bowels of it were black and rancid with ancient grease, cinders and rust.

"You shouldn't ha' give him that guff about Abel Brown, old socks," said Joe, sucking his teeth and taking away Danny's chicken without the least opposition. "Made him sore, you did. He thinks you was givin' him Noah's Anthem." Joe bit off half a leg, and added, with his mouth full: "Any'ow, me son, you got a dry job for the wet weather. You can 'ave a suck o' the pipe in there too. Wouldn't mind it meself."

"You silly old fool!" screamed Danny furiously. "Would you like it if you got the job because you wasn't no good as a sailor? Would any sailor like it? Damn it, and you, and the Old Man too!"

Joe stared, stopped chewing, and then he grinned after the lad as he went to his unwelcome job. "Strike me blue!" he chuckled. "The lad's got guts. I'll make something out of him yet, with luck."

Joe took on a protecting attitude. The crowd in the forecastle began to chip Danny over his punishment. When the chipping got too strong, the old shellback stepped in and stopped it. There was Big Gus, the German, always bragging about the P ships, as the fine vessels of the nitrate fleet were known. He had found his fun in making Frenchy scream, but Abel Brown was a much better subject. Frenchy had shown an inclination to fight once or twice, and Big Gus had been in a French prison during the war—he had not yet forgotten that Frenchmen fought surprisingly out of all comparison to their appearance. Danny Grimes looked easy.

"Soh!" grinned Gus, poking his thick blond head under the launch tarpaulin. "Abel Brown was a engineer, yah?" Danny paid no attention to him, scraping away at semisolid grease, surprisingly humming the tune that had caused him such tribulation.

"Get to your work, you," the second mate yelled at Gus, and that episode was closed. But Gus knew that he could ride his new hobby without much danger.

Danny burst into the forecastle one dog-watch, all pep and bright eyes. The hands were out on the fore hatch, making hooraw with a concertina, a mess kid, two marlinspikes and a foo-foo. Joe Grundy had the wheel until the next bell. Danny smuggled under his shirt a queer contraption of brass and wire, and he carried a bucket. Safe inside, he set down the bucket by the heel of the bowsprit and took from it a storage battery. Then he cleared a place on the whack shelf of Joe's bunk—the small shelf holding Joe's weekly stores of marmalade, sugar and oily butter—and on it fastened his brass and wire gadget. The battery he placed beside Joe's pillow; and with eager face and beating heart he threw a switch.

It worked! He had made an electric fan out of scrap and a battery found in the launch. It blew air! Joe would be grateful. The weather was getting hotter. Anyhow, Joe had been good to him right from the beginning. He put his face in the current of air. It was good. Then the bell struck. Joe would be along in a few minutes. All the humiliation of his punishment faded. Danny had found work to his liking and his abilities in that old launch. His hands knew the touch of mechanical gear. The door darkened.

"Hoh! A fan, yah. I shall try it for my bunk, no?"

Gus bustled forward, stopped the fan, and lifted the whole outfit out of Joe's bunk. He would enjoy that fan much better than old Joe, who was nothing but an old whale anyhow, and used to no such luxuries. But Gus reckoned without Abel Brown, the sailor. His hands were scarcely fastened on the thing when a fighting, clawing, kicking, squealing fury swarmed all over him. The fan fell back into Joe's bunk.

Gus was big enough to fight any such foe. He pushed Danny off, swung a tremendous fist, and poor Danny went hurtling the length of the forecastle, to bring up with a smash against the stanchion on which hung the lamp. The lamp chimney was knocked off, and burst at the lad's feet. His head ringing, his nose bleeding, and almost blind from the blow, Danny picked up the broken glass, and leaped like a beast at Gus, the jagged weapon aimed at the red, frightened face. Then the door was darkened again. This time it was Joe.

"Hullo, wot's up?" grunted Joe. Then he halted, grinning. He saw nothing of Danny's weapon yet; all he saw was Danny Grimes—Abel Brown, the sailor—the skinny little lad with guts, giving big, thick-headed Gus a battle man to man.

"That's the stuff! Knock seven bells outa the big stiff, Danny! I'll see he don't work no tricks orf on yer," chortled Joe. Then he saw Gus' red face turn redder; the blood streamed to the floor. And he saw the jagged lamp glass. His song of encouragement ceased. He swore. And he stepped in, gripped Danny by the neck, and hauled him, squealing, from the German. One of Gus' eyes would never see again.

"I'll croak him!" screamed Danny.

"Yes, you won't! Drop that glass, you dirty little swab! Is that your sort, blarst yer soul? Drop it, or by the Holy Joe I'll turn to and fake you down! Drop it!"

"He was schtole somedings der launch oudt, und domped it in your bunk, und I yoomped him," whimpered Big Gus, afraid not only that he was blinded but that he was killed.

Joe saw the fan, broken now, in his own bunk. He shook the culprit.

"It's a fan. I made it for you," barked Danny in desperation. If Joe turned against him, that would be his finish.

"Fan?" Joe growled. "Wot d'ye think I'd do wiv a perishin' fan? Them things come outa the launch. Put 'em back soon's yer feet 'll carry 'em. And don't talk to me no more, me lad. Broken bottles! That's yer sort! Yer lucky it ain't irons and a murder hoodle. . . . Come on aft, Gus. The Old Man'll have to fix up that eye."

Big Gus didn't want to go aft. But Joe shoved him, and when they faced the Old Man, Joe gave Gus no chance to fabricate a yarn.

"'Im and Abel Brown got to scrappin', sir, and th' square'ead come up against the lamp," Joe stated, and stood by in case he might be needed to fetch things. There might be grog. Sometimes there was, for a man badly hurt. But Captain Kyle was in no grog mood these days. He only gathered from the tale that Big Gus would be partly incapacitated for work awhile, and that confounded Abel Brown, the sailor, was again the cause of his annoyance.

Bleak days for Abel Brown. When Joe Grundy refused to forgather with him, life grew horrible. The Merlin rounded the Cape and ran into big seas and blusterous gales. When the old steam pinnace was inspected by the mate, and found unbelievably clean, almost looking fit to run, Captain Kyle was brought to examine it, too; for word had gone forth that Abel Brown, the sailor, was light-fingered where small gear was concerned. The Old Man saw a lot of queer stuff laid out neatly on the floor of the old pinnace's engine room. It was a tiny chamber, full of ancient machinery, arranged so that one man might at a pinch stoke the fire and tend the engine too. There were tools, no longer rusty; the little engine glistened with hard elbow polish. The floors were scrubbed clean, and all along the seats in the little cabin other gear was stowed. In spite of his prejudice, Captain Kyle looked rather kindly at the black sheep of the ship, nodding to the mate.

"Let up on him, Mr. Lay." He didn't let Danny hear that, however. "The lad's doing his best. We'll need every able man for working ship soon."

So Abel Brown joined his watch again. But it didn't make him happy. Every time Big Gus passed, with his black-patched eye that would never see again, somebody reminded the lad of his low gutter origin. No decent sailor would take broken glass to a shipmate. Nobody troubled to listen to his desperate avowal that he had been the victim of first assault. One day when the ship required a lee helmsman to hold her before a rugged sea in which her sore burden made her labor and steer wildly, he was sent to share the trick of Joe Grundy; and Joe might have been a figurehead for all the notice he gave the lad. When the wheel had to be hove down, Joe indicated it by heaving it down, and his lee helmsman simply had to follow the movement. In half an hour Abel Brown, the sailor, felt as if he were part of the ship herself, standing there in the booming wind, guiding the grand old clipper through the tremendous seas. He wanted to share the thrill with somebody. But old Joe's grim face never turned his way. It was a sad day for Abel Brown.

In a squall, entering the Indian Ocean, the Merlin was hove down. Before the topgallant sails could be taken in, she had rolled down so far that her ugly cargo of scrap shifted. When the squall passed, she surged through the heavy seas with one side dipped so low that her lee scuppers spouted, continuously, thick jets of brine that shot clear across the deck.

"We must get her around, mister," the Old Man said to the mate. "Call all hands. If she'll come around, you must take the men into the hold and try to shift the cargo back. It'll be a nasty job."

They hauled up the fore course, furled the topgallant sails, and tried to tack the ship. She refused to come around. They got her almost in irons, and when the Old Man cried out they must wear her, and they ran her off, she buried her lee rail until men held on and cursed or prayed, each according to his notion.

A mountainous sea rolled aboard. It took the lee lifeboat off the skids and away in a scattering sheaf of splinters.

"She isn't coming around!" the second mate blurted. He was to be married next time home.

"Show the outer jib, mister," the Old Man ordered quietly. "She must come around."

The extra head sail forced her around. When they squared the after yards, and stood ready to brace her on the other tack, every man standing to his brace like a sailor, regardless of race or breed, all of the breed of the sea, she hung loggily, her low side a dire burden. Then the sea took her, flung her up, held her hovering while a fresh squall screeched out of an inky cloud overhead, and her scrap burden clattered over to the other side with a ragged, scratching crash that set the Old Man's heart thumping. Abel Brown, the sailor, stood at lee wheel, open-mouthed, terrified at the awful power of wind and sea. Now he was at the weather side. His wits were flying with the scud, with the scattered débris of that lost boat. Joe tried to meet the swinging ship. His weather helmsman failed in the pinch. Before Joe could change places and knock Danny loose from his trance, the Merlin swung just far enough beyond her point to bring aboard another chuckling comber, which picked off the second and only remaining lifeboat and dumped it heavily against the mainmast. It too passed astern, a bundle of wreckage.

The mainmast was sprung. The lifeboat did that. Every man in the ship worked to secure the weakened spar. All but Abel Brown. He was still an outcast. But he heard Joe Grundy telling the mate that it was no fault of any lee helmsman that, suddenly becoming weather helmsman, he might fall short in a pinch. The mate only knew results. He ordered Danny back to his grease scraping.

The weather cleared. The shifted cargo was jackassed back to trim; and of all the deadly jobs connected with trimming ship, the worst were shunted on to Abel Brown, the sailor. Because he was small, and could creep farther into murderous tangles of metal, the mates assured him. Because he was no good, and only fit for bedeviling jobs, his shipmates jeered him. Believing that Joe Grundy might still be his friend, for all the bitter things he had said, he timidly approached Joe while washing up after a stifling day in the hold. The day had been glassy calm, and the ship rolled on the swell like a gigantic pendulum. That was what her scrap cargo did for her. Men below sweat blood—or, if not literally so, they sweat and bled from handling the ugly freight until tempers were ragged as the metal. The sprung mainmast had shown signs of coming adrift too. There had been no such thing as a watch below. Heat, dizzy rolling, and promise of more tomorrow. And no grog. Captain Kyle had told them that, definitely.

"Joe," said Danny, looking around cautiously. Joe peered at him through the bit of worn canvas he was wiping his streaming face with. "Joe, I found something down below today, and you can ——"

"Don't you come tellin' me wot you found!" growled Joe angrily. "Larst time you found somefink you chucked it into my pew and nigh got me in trouble!"

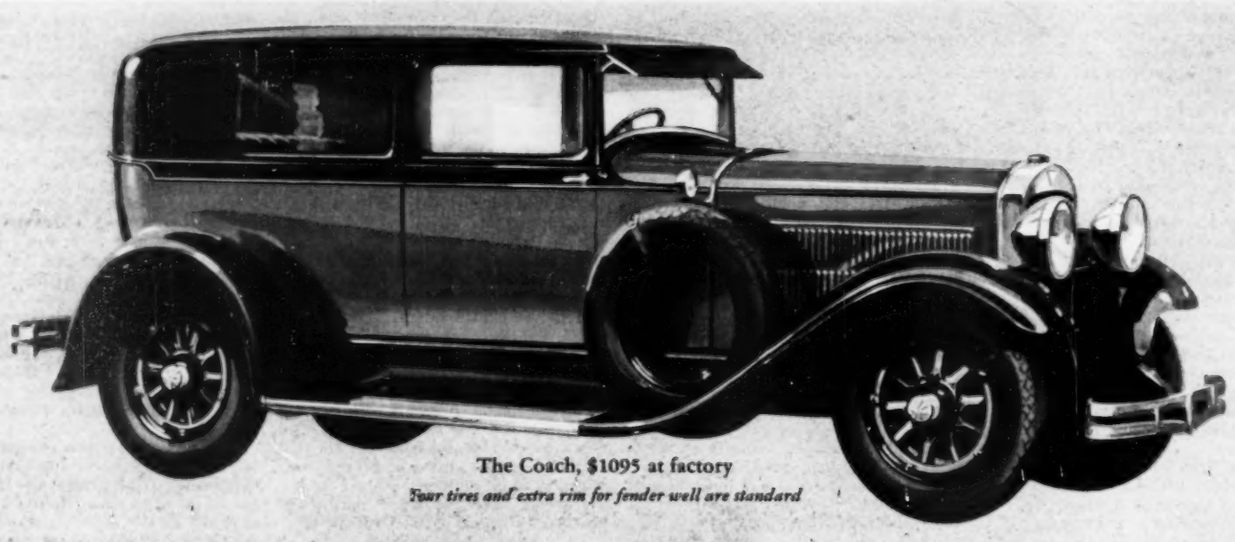
"I only wanted to do you a good turn because you done me one, Joe," the lad pleaded. "This ain't nothing like ——"

"Clew up an' furl, me lad! I don't want nothink to do wiv yer. Pinches things and plants 'em on a shipmate; and a dirty bottle fighter, too, as no true-blue wants to speak to. Be orf, me son. If one o' them rats for'ard gits to savvee yer game, look out! Yer only a blinkin' stowaway—and a bad 'un."

Danny Grimes made a desperate resolve. In derision they had made him keep the silly name of Abel Brown, the sailor. He got all the dirty jobs. He was as good as anybody in the crowd—anybody except Joe Grundy, of course. Joe was a sailor—a true-blue. When work was begun next day at sunrise, Abel Brown was first down the hold. When it came time for spell-oh, he nipped up on deck and fetched the water bucket for the thirsty ones. When the hatches were put on again, after being off all night and all the two preceding days, he was last man out. The day was well over, and the men had been driven to a state of swearing rebellion. No grog! But the Old Man was a real sailing-ship skipper; his mates were the real thing too. Men ready to drop had still to sweep up the main deck. The second mate still had a few men with him completing the securing of the sprung mainmast. While men slunk away to steal a smoke, Abel Brown got a broom and swept up rope yarns and shavings and bits of canvas. When he passed the second mate, who was hauling on a tackle alone, his men being for the moment all aloft, getting wedges in, Abel Brown put down his broom and hauled like a little man. Mr. Noakes scarcely felt the added weight. But he grinned at the lad, and gruffly bade him carry on sweeping and leave sailor's work to sailormen; and there seemed to be almost kindness—at least, humor—in his grin.

Continued on Page 90

Four favorite models of The GREATER

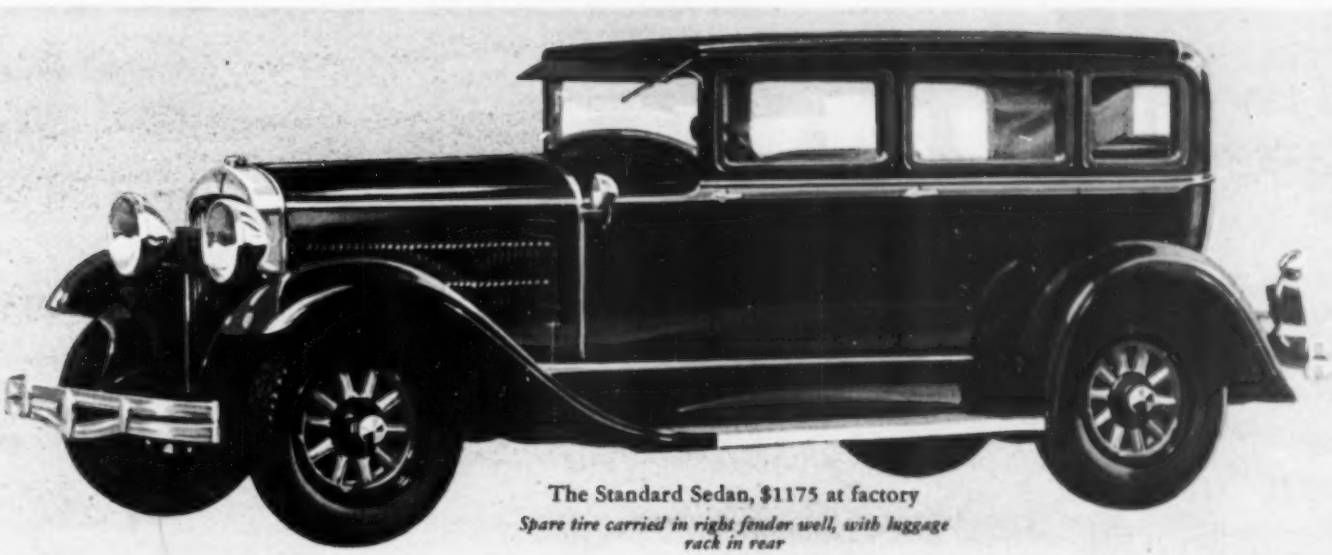


The Coach, $1095 at factory

Four tires and extra rim for fender well are standard

The Town Sedan, $1375 at factory

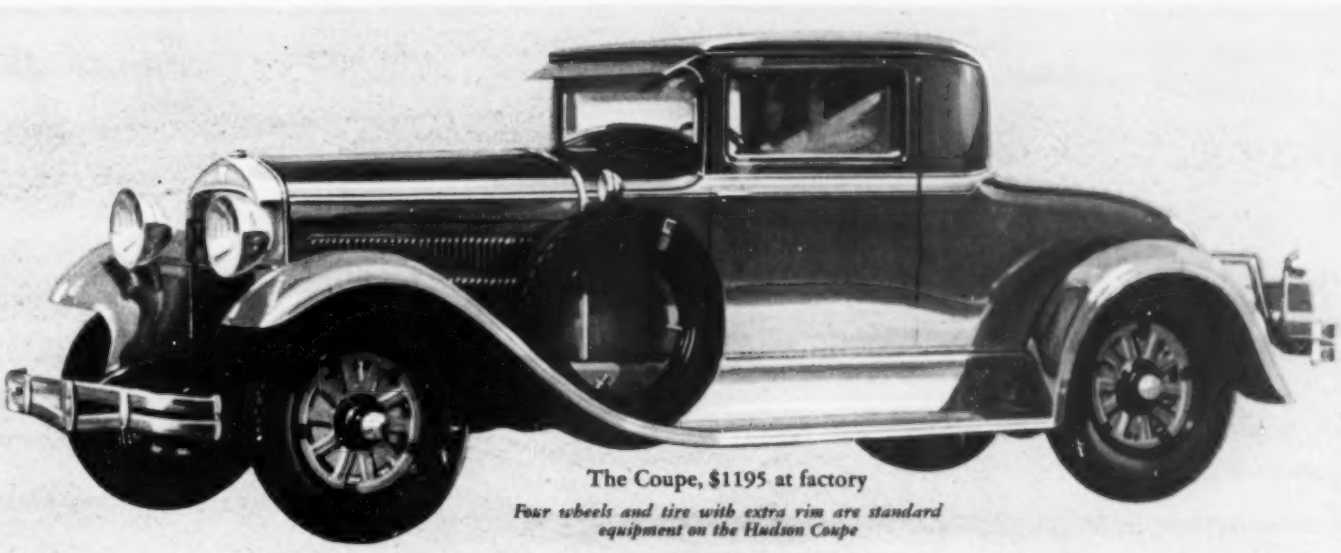
Five demountable wheels in natural wood are optional equipment at slight extra cost



The Standard Sedan, $1175 at factory

Spare tire carried in right fender well, with luggage rack in rear

HUDSON



The Coupe, $1195 at factory

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(Continued from Page 87)

Other men took up brooms. But it was Abel Brown's broom that cleared the heaviest litter; Abel Brown who made no mistake about throwing rubbish to windward, because there was no wind at all; Abel Brown who started singing in a wee small pipe, and finished, as the job was finished, with a grand sweep of rhythm unrestrained:

"Now you're here, pray won't you stop?"
Sez the fair young lady.
"Oh, that be jiggered, I got to hop,"
Sez Abel Brown, the sailor.

That tiny hint of human interest shown by Mr. Noakes set Abel Brown back among men. The lad faced the crowd at suppertime with head up and chest out. He took his whack out of the mess kids and his dollop of tea from the kettle without edging back when shoved by Big Gus or Frenchy. He had a lookout in the second dogwatch, and walked the forecastle head like a man, singing softly.

"Admiral Peewee his own self," Joe Grundy muttered, puzzled at the change, and sore at not knowing the reason for it. He was peeved, too, because the sudden change in Abel Brown's attitude followed something utterly unconnected with himself, who was the first mentor and patron of Abel Brown, the sailor. Joe was of that grand old breed that demands credit for everything remotely touched by its influence, regardless of anything that may have transpired between its influence and somebody else's.

The wind came again. It was the period of the year when variable breezes blew. The trades were not met with as early as the Old Man had expected. When they struck down, they came with a roar, and men who had wearied boxing the yards to every breath that whispered, ran to the call of the mate with relief, if not enthusiasm.

"Check in all around a trifle, Mr. Lay," the Old Man said, "and we'll not trust the royals yet. Watch well how the mainmast stands."

Abel Brown hauled on braces right at the head of the line. With his nose almost stuck into the second mate's back, he sang out to all the hauling yells like a jolly mariner. His voice was squeaky, and his weight not so much, but there was pep and purpose in his work. When Pepe, the Wop, grabbed him with a spitting curse and tried to drag him back where he belonged, at the tail of the rope, Abel Brown squealed savagely at him, snatched clear, and held his place. Mr. Noakes grinned and urged him on.

"You tell him, sailor! Bloody beef and strong brine's your whack, m' lad! Stick your thumb in his eye, Abel Brown!"

"Peeg's son!" muttered Pepe, the Wop. "Wait teel wee go for'ard. I steek knife in ze belly."

"Come on then; do it now!" yelled Abel Brown, dancing away frantically. The brace had been secured. The men were moving on. The second mate stopped to put an end to the squabble; the men began to form a ring, ready to cheer both combatants as long as they bled freely enough. Abel Brown ran in, slapped Pepe on the ear with an open hand, and danced away, all tingling with unwonted ecstasy. Pepe tried to get at his knife, and found his wrist gripped fast in the second mate's hard fist. And before any man could well say what was delaying the slaughter, a terrific, rending crash followed the sudden heeling of the ship to a hard squall; and in a moment the mainmast came down athwart the deck, burying men in a chaos of wreckage. The mizzenmast followed, robbed of much of its support; and the Merlin turned from the wind, her head dragged around by pressure of the solitary foremast.

"Get down there and help clear those men!" the Old Man cried out, shouldering away the helmsman and taking the wheel. The mate, the steward, the cook all ran down among the tangled gear beneath which men bellowed for help. And the foremast suddenly cracked and followed the rest. The Merlin lay in a roaring sea, strangled by her stricken pinions, swept by tumbling waters to which she could no longer rise.

Abel Brown struggled clear of the entombing raffle. He crept out through the torn main-topsail, dragging Pepe. Mr. Noakes still gripped Pepe's wrist, but it was the grip of a chilling hand. Mr. Noakes had life in his top end only. His legs dragged. Before Abel Brown saw that, he had lugged Pepe to his feet, propped him against the stump of the mainmast, and slugged him earnestly on the nose.

"Where's yer knife? Come on!" he squealed, never knowing that his own scalp hung over his right eye. He slugged Pepe again, and Pepe collapsed like a burst bladder; but Pepe had only kept his feet long enough to be slugged, by the support of the mast stump at his back.

Then Abel Brown went down himself, under the deadening drag of blood loss. He next opened his eyes with the Old Man's nose close to his face—anxious eyes behind the nose—and Joe Grundy kneeling alongside, holding a basin of water for the Old Man's surgery. Joe's head was served and parceled like a bit of hawser. A red bandanna knotted over one ear showed redder or darker spots by temple and ear.

"That's you! Sit up and say something so I know you're alive," the Old Man muttered. He gave a sign, and Joe Grundy held a pannikin of strong grog to Abel Brown's lips. Something must have happened, thought Abel Brown, to bring out that grog. The Old Man looked frightened. Abel Brown sat up, swallowed and choked on a stiff noggin of forty-over-the-roof rum. He swayed, even though Joe slipped an arm about him. But he sat and stayed sitting, blinking foolishly; the anxiety left the Old Man's face, and Abel Brown swelled to the notion that his recovery meant so much to the ship.

"Get into the galley and keep some water boiling," said Captain Kyle, when Abel Brown still sat and seemed wide awake. With Joe Grundy, the master moved on, and Abel Brown was left to either do as ordered or simply take advantage of his position as a casualty.

Humbled pride kept him sitting for a moment, but then he saw the wreckage, the desolate ship all smothered under her broken wings; he saw Mr. Noakes laid out on a clear bit of deck, his tanned face looking like pallid wax. There was Mr. Lay, smoking a pipe and trying to look indifferent, with one leg lashed to a broom handle, one arm strapped to his breast. There lay Big Gus, the splinter of steel that felled him sticking in his head. The cook, steward and Frenchy hauled and heaved at the débris, bringing man after man to light by an arm or a leg, never sure at the moment of fastening on whether anything would follow the limb. Shambles.

The galley was buried, but smoke still rose from where the smokestack once stood, and Abel Brown took example from those others so dourly working. He filled the boiler. And because he had notions, he rummaged until he found some tins of soup. He put them on to heat.

The Merlin was in a bad fix. She lay like a log in that part of the Indian Ocean which is crossed only by sailing ships bound to Sunda Strait; and, as Captain Kyle knew too well, few sailing ships made the China voyage now. That was one of the reasons for this last voyage of the Merlin. The sailing trade was done. There were steamers—plenty of them—making passages across the Indian Ocean—the Suez-Canal-route steamers to Western Australia, the Cape-route homeward-bounders from Western Australia to Durban—but none came within hail of that desolate region where the winds had deserted one of the last of their own children.

Jury rigging? Her lower masts and lower and topsail yards were steel. Her rigging was steel. Her crew lay beneath the torn canvas while the seas had their will of the strangled ship. Captain Kyle was an old man, and able; his available uninjured men were an elderly steward, an old cook, and Joe Grundy, who toppled over and fell while stoutly and profanely asserting that he had put that stained red bandanna around his head to keep his hair dry—Joe, who had about as much hair as a cork fender.

And Abel Brown. His skull was full of anvil choruses. His knees felt as if the bones were turned to burgoo. He hung on to the stove rail because he had been ordered to heat water. He made hot soup because he had noticed the need of it while the Old Man was too busy trying to drag his crew to life to think of food as a stimulant as distinct from mere belly filling. And Abel Brown, perhaps the least seriously injured of all the battered crew who were hurt at all, was not even good enough as a sailorman to take a seaman's place about the decks, but must stand trick in the galley, while a flunky and the doctor pottered about futilely, adding to the confusion. It was the fall of Joe Grundy that first of all caused Abel Brown's rebellion. When Joe fell, the lad ran from the galley and squeakily told the Old Man to make hot water himself if the cook could not. He was a sailor, was Abel Brown. He'd tell all hands that. Mr. Noakes had said so, and Mr. Noakes knew. And Captain Kyle, gazing helplessly around at the leaping seas that pounded at his crippled ship, only cared that Abel Brown was at least a man with sound arms and legs.

"It's a ghastly mess," he said shakily. A ghastly mess it was. There lay Mr. Noakes, apparently paralyzed from the waist down. Mr. Lay bit hard on his pipe, trying to give lucid encouragement, but sadly out of tune, with a broken arm, a broken leg, and some trifling hurts. Big Gus was dead, and five others too. Frenchy began spitting blood while cheerfully dragging survivors out of the wreckage, and suddenly knew all about some broken ribs he had wanted to believe were but bruised. Seven men were hauled into the light of day to gasp fishlike and stagger to feet that refused to carry them. Joe Grundy came around and managed to get to his feet, holding on to Abel Brown's neck with a death grip. And Joe could remain upright, with support, as long as he was not asked to lower his head. When he did that, he crashed.

The Old Man moved about, shaking his head, muttering. His ship was out of all shipping tracks, his boats were gone. Even if he had men enough, it was more than doubtful that he could clear away that wreckage and rig jury spars to move the ship before most of his injured died horribly. Mr. Noakes opened agonized eyes while Abel Brown was trying to jimmy soup between his teeth. The second mate shook his head wearily, and the soup dribbled down his shirt, but a ghostly, whimsical grin convulsed his face.

"Pepe didn't get you, Abel Brown. We stopped him, didn't we?"

"I socked him on the beak and knocked him out, sir," Abel Brown said cockily.

"That's you! Make a sailor of you yet!" Mr. Noakes swooned. Abel Brown only found out later that Pepe, the Wop, was one of the dead. A direr wallop than a sock on the beak had paid Pepe's account. Joe Grundy was poking about among the tangled wreckage. Abel Brown joined him. The Old Man fiddled with his medicine chest, handling shiny gadgets and fragile hypodermics nervously, glancing at the most sorely stricken of his men, glancing uneasily at the growing sea.

Between them all they laid the dead out on the fore hatch and the hurt on the main hatch. Mr. Lay dragged himself there, too, determined, like a fine old sailorman, to be no hindrance if he could be no help. Moving Mr. Noakes was a graver problem. The second mate was as courageous as a terrier; his bright eyes set in that pallid face of wax were assurance enough. When they tried to move him he fainted. When he opened his eyes again, and found the steward putting pillows under him, he shook his head. He asked Abel Brown to get him a pipeful of tobacco and light it.

(Continued on Page 92)

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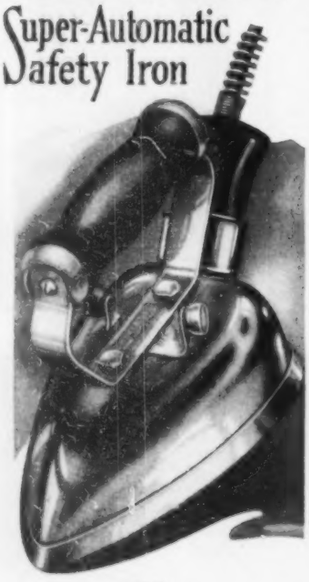

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(Continued from Page 90)

And when it was going full blast he set his teeth down hard upon the stem and wheezed:

"Go ahead! You'll want me out of the way when you start to clear away that pinnace. Go ahead, blast you! D'ye think I'm made o' sooji-mooji? Lift, you, Abel Brown!"

Nobody knew better than Abel Brown what that moving meant. Captain Kyle tried to give Mr. Noakes a hypodermic, and did it so clumsily in his anxiety that the needle broke off and the drug squirted across the deck. Noakes grinned. The smoke jetted from his pipe.

As the wind rose, the broken spars began to hammer at the hull. The Old Man had reached the limit of his resources. He realized that his old clipper was done for. His surgical skill, like his resources, could not cope with the disaster that had befallen him. And there were his mates, fine sailormen, loyal to him and to his ship, surely bound for Fiddler's Green if something could not be done. And the sole hope lay in that ancient navy pinnace, sold as scrap in a cargo of scrap. Except himself, there remained nobody able to navigate the craft. So far as he knew, nobody knew how to run a steam launch. He called in all his sound men—the cook, the steward, who alone were entirely unhurt besides himself, Joe Grundy, with his broken head, and Abel Brown, the sailor, with his flapped scalp.

"Men," he said, "you can see how we stand. I doubt if we can move Mr. Noakes again without killing him, Mr. Lay is almost as badly off, and we are the only hands able to help ourselves or our shipmates. The only hope for them is for somebody to take that old pinnace and try to cross some steamer track. Who knows steam engines?"

"Well, sir," said Joe Grundy, scratching his head under the bandage, "I dunno much about engines, but I can stoke a b'iler. Abel Brown here done the cleanin' up."

"I only know that engines must be clean and oiled before they can run," said Abel Brown, shivering. Joe Grundy saw that shiver.

"Can you navigate, Grundy?"

"No, sir," said Joe. "I can steer, an' stoke, an' carry on wi'out weepin'." He glanced contemptuously at Abel Brown, still shivering as the sprays flew and the horrible thunder of the hammering spars increased.

"I wonder how far these steam things can go on what fuel they can carry?" the skipper mused. "I wonder if they go on wood at all?"

"Not so good," Joe grumbled. "If there's a bit o' coke left in th' galley bunker ——"

"There's a couple o' bags left," the doctor put in. "I can burn wood," he added, for all the world as if his cooking was to go on forever. His galley was smashed, the smokestack over the side, but there were men to feed.

"If that 'ere pinnace 'll run at all—which ain't sartain—th' best she'll do is about a hunderd mile, sir. We'd have to fill 'er to th' 'atches with coke and wood to do it too."

"And if nothing is sighted ——" Captain Kyle stopped. He saw in their faces that the men realized the rest. There would be a derelict ship, laden with helpless men; and out yonder would be the pinnace, as helpless as the ship. Abel Brown's throat was dry. His Adam's-apple rose and sank turbulently. Mr. Noakes had fainted again. The sea growled and leaped at the stricken ship.

"There's a broken wireless set in the pinnace, sir," he finally blurted out. "I tried to tell Joe about it, but he wouldn't listen. There's all the parts, and a lot of batteries too. Some of 'em are good. I know a lot about wireless. I could fix that old set so it would send fifty miles, and perhaps a hundred. There's a charger on the engine, but I never found out whether it works. They took me off the job."

Captain Kyle had been staring at Abel Brown all the time the lad was blurting out his information. In Captain Kyle's mind wireless meant tall towers and high-powered steam and gadgets beyond his knowledge.

"P'raps Joe and me could get the engine to go, sir; then he could stoke it, and I'd work the wireless. Between 'em, it's the same as gettin' two hundred mile nearer steamers, ain't it, sir?" Abel Brown was all stirred up with enthusiasm. He stopped short. "Course, if there was somebody to navigate ——"

"Abel Brown has said something!" chuckled Mr. Noakes from his agonized bed. "If you'd sling me into the pinnace, I'd run the engine myself. All you have to do, when steam's up, is turn the little wheel valve that lets in steam, and jiggle the lever that starts her ahead or astern. Sling me into her, sir. I can ——"

They did not sling Mr. Noakes in. Between the sound men they contrived to rig sheer legs out of broken light spars; and in a little while the pinnace was swung over against the shattered rail. It was Mr. Noakes who coolly directed them to get up steam before putting the pinnace overboard. The seas were too heavy for a boat to hang alongside; the engine might not run anyhow. It was scrap; though it was surprising what workable material sometimes got included in a cargo of scrap.

They raised steam. Pipes leaked here and there. But Abel Brown fiddled with the engine until the propeller suddenly whirred, almost lopping off Joe's nose as he stooped over examining the lower rudder gudgeon.

"She'll run, sir!" squealed Abel Brown, his face all oil and soot above the little engine-room canopy.

"You better save yer steam an' git busy riggin' them wireless gadgets, m' lad, or we'll lose a damn good stoker," growled Joe Grundy.

Captain Kyle was nervous. He was about to quit his ship. She would lie there helpless, freighted with direly injured men who would die if he failed them. If he remained with them, all must die unless a miracle happened. Leaving them in care of a couple of flunkies, they might survive, for the ship was well stored and he might find help to bring back to them. But it was a desperate hope he was embarking on. It was so desperate that he dared not think of taking one injured man with him. He was depending upon an ancient pinnace with bowels of iron and fire—a strange monster to him—and a mysterious gadget of wires, called wireless, which was to call spirits from the vasty deep—these, and one tried old sea dog, and one green yokel who had been the butt of the ship—Abel Brown, the sailor. What a name!

But the skipper instructed the cook and steward in their duties, bidding them fly a flag, union down, from the sheer legs by day, and keep a fire or a light burning by night. Something might pass. Then he took careful observations to fix the ship's absolute position. Lastly, when he had collected the few things he was taking with him for navigation, he marked on a Pilot Chart, for the steward, the course he expected to steer in the pinnace. All this in case something happened along to pick up the Merlin. If one such miracle happened, it might as well be that the same miracle could perhaps follow and find a wandering, fuelless pinnace.

All was ready when Abel Brown finally decided upon spars for his sending aerial. He helped Joe rig them—lengths of pipe rail from the poop—and when he had rolled into the pinnace a big spool of wire from the 'tween-decks junk, and a couple of light sticks from the saloon-table fiddles, he reported ready. The pinnace was crammed with coke and wood, water and stores. It took all hands to lift her with fourfold tackles from the sheers; and they only launched her at last by chopping away the tackles as she swung over the sea. The doctor and the steward were hardly sailormen enough to do anything else.

Two hundred miles to the nearest steamer track. A sea that hourly grew. And long before the old Merlin faded in the gray they knew the pinnace leaked like a sieve.

Old Joe Grundy stoked his fire, chopped wood, mixed it with coke, sprayed it with lamp oil. The little engine's pump worked overtime keeping the bilges free; now and then Joe's parceled head rose above the stokehole gunwale and his blackened arms hove a bucket of greasy water overboard. His bandage was scorched. The tiny fireroom was a giddy cave of fiery horror to the old sailor.

Captain Kyle set a course and steered. Abel Brown, the sailor, braced himself against an iron angle and grimly set to work to coax a spark from his wireless set. He rigged first of all a directional loop for receiving, and incessantly strained his ears to catch the slightest ghost of ship code. He had to hook up many batteries to get power enough, and the set was no fine modern bit of magic, but he got a good response just as night was falling, and chirped up to the Old Man, standing grimly there at the little wheel.

"Now we're all right, sir! When we get inside a ship's sending radius you'll hear the buzz. And while you're standin' there doin' nothin' but steerin', you just work this key—'ere, like this—three dots, three dashes, three dots—every quarter an hour or so, an' I'll get us all some bread an' meat. I'd keep sendin' all the time, but them batteries ain't so 'ot. Got it? Three dots, three dashes, three dots—that's right. You're good."

Captain Kyle was too amazed to resent the familiarity. The youngster left the snug shelter of the steering shield and shrank from the sharp spray that immediately drenched him. When he crept back, having given Joe a lump of tinned beef between two hardtack, his hands full of similar food, he was shivering. The captain saw the chill fear in his eyes. It was only when he braced himself to fiddle with his radio set that he lost that look of fear.

A wild night. Captain Kyle muttered constantly. It was not that he knew no prayers to say for those enduring that same wild night aboard the derelict Merlin; but a lifetime at sea, nearest to the Great Mystery, had proved to him that a man may pray and a man may work for himself, or he may do both, but without the work no help may be expected. He felt sick at heart for his old ship and the brave hearts still clinging to her: he muttered his thoughts, his hopes for them, and kept right on with his job.

Abel Brown relieved old Joe Grundy at the fire, and Joe slept like a veteran on the coke heap. Abel Brown was comfortable down in that little hell hole. It was warm and dry. Joe woke up after an hour as if a clock had struck eight bells. He made the lad carry on, and went up to relieve the Old Man at the helm. The Old Man let him hold the wheel while he got a flying star sight and checked off the position on the chart. Then Joe was sent to his job.

"Who wants to bother with sleep?" the Old Man grumbled. "The steamboat won't run long enough to make a sailorman tired."

A day broke, wilder than the night. The pinnace battled on. Joe heaved buckets of greasy water overboard more frequently. But he never mentioned sleep again. It was only the ingrained instinct of years that had made him catch the bird when he did; the rigid habit that forbade a grown seaman going on with his job while a greenhorn swung the lead.

"How much fuel's left, Grundy?" the Old Man bawled down the speaking tube.

"More 'n 'arf gone!" the muffled voice came back. That voice sounded strangled, tired. Captain Kyle peered wearily ahead. In all that tumbling tumult of gray seas against a slaty sky no speck appeared to break the void. Sea, sky, spray, scud; and in the midst a tiny steel steamboat, long since gone to the knackers' yard, kept afloat and punching her way inevitably forward by the hearts and pulses of three widely different men of the sea.

(Continued on Page 94)

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(Continued from Page 92)

"Do you get no answer with that gadget o' yours, Abel Brown?" the Old Man asked patiently.

"I can hear a ship plain, sir. If the blessed loop 'ud stay steady I'd get a line on it. Worst o' these homemades is —— Ullo! That's clear enough!" Abel Brown grew feverishly intent. He began sending his signal as fast as fingers would move. He added the news that the Merlin was wrecked and that the pinnace was ——

"You fathead!" yelled the Old Man, yanking away the lad's ear phones to make himself heard better. "Here, tell 'em our position and course!"

Captain Kyle paused to think what position to give. Abel Brown clapped his ear phones on again, and the set ceased working.

"Tell them we're in Latitude 31 South, Longitude 71 East, and we're steering south-southeast. And you tell 'em ——"

"It's dead, sir! The set's done for. There ain't no more juice," whispered Abel.

"Steam's leakin' wuss 'n ever, sir!" old Joe wheezed up through the tube.

"You must keep her going," the skipper spoke back. "She's moving too slow now to hold her clear of the seas."

Abel Brown bent over his set. He tried every combination of batteries, though he knew that the batteries were dead. They had given service far past their service life already. Seas rolled up and burst against the pinnace's bow; the Old Man was no steamboat sailor; but, being a sailor, he fought the Old Devil Sea with every last fiber in him.

"There's a pipe bust down 'ere, sir," Joe's ghostly voice crept up. "Fuel's gettin' scarce too."

A great comber out of the Antarctic reared against the pinnace. She was moving more slowly. The sea caught her full and large on the bow, and she did not rise. A crashing impact took away the forward aerial piping. It smashed in the steering hood and scattered Abel Brown's wireless set in shards and shreds. It almost drowned Abel Brown and it flung the Old Man away from the tiny wheel against the other side of the shield.

Steam spouted up through the speaking tube. There was a dull clangor. Another sea rolled up lazily and swept the boat. There was a scream from somewhere—a yell near by—and when the Old Man staggered back to grip the wheel, the pinnace had almost stopped. He saw Abel Brown, the sailor, ducking out of the flying water, head wrapped in arms, scuttling out of the steering pit and over the fiddley, to disappear into the warmer bowels of the pinnace.

"That's him!" grunted the Old Man, and wedged the compass between his body and the remaining bit of the steering hood.

The boat slowed. The seas began to roll her. There was nothing to be done but hold her to it, and she must move ahead to do that.

"Give her headway! She'll roll over!" the Old Man roared into the speaking tube. He had given her up long ago. These things of steam and steel —— A ship's lifeboat under sail could do —— A sea rolled her down, swept her, and the Old Man hung on to the useless wheel, muttering a farewell to those at home.

The pinnace began to move again. She steered. The Old Man brought her to her course, and she picked her way through seas that lifted her, now that she fought them, instead of beating her down, as they did when she lay helpless.

"All right below, Grundy?" the skipper bawled through the tube.

"Hrr-mm-mph!" came back the answer. And the pinnace steamed on.

Through pain-shot eyes Captain Kyle made out the loom of a great steamer, steaming straight toward him as the black of night began to turn to the gray of dawn.

"Give her all you've got, Joe!" he bellowed down the tube.

"Mr-rrm-mph!" wheezed back the answer.

Then the pinnace slowed, staggered and stopped. She began to roll in ghastly fashion in the trough of the steep seas. The Old Man knew she must capsize. No craft could roll like that and stay right side up.

"Get her moving!" he yelled through the tube. "And send up that rat Abel Brown to rig a drag or we'll be gone before that steamer ——"

A jet of steam from the tube, and a muffled voice like a groan, and the pinnace dipped her gunwale to the steel casing over the engine.

It was clear to Kyle that the steamer had not yet seen the small gray speck that was the pinnace. She changed her course twice. Always she came nearer, but not directly. The pinnace could never last. All the Old Man could do was to hang on. He tried to crawl out on the slippery little foredeck, vaguely intending to get some sort of drag over the bow, but he was deadly weary, dazed with long wakefulness, his eyes on fire with brine; there was nothing to rig a drag with. He regained the steering shield and hung on. The pinnace quivered under him.

"It's the end of her!" he muttered. His stinging eyes sought the steamer. The blur swept around dizzily. That was queer. The pinnace thrust her nose deep into a sea. She shook all over. And he suddenly realized that she was moving again—going ahead. That quivering was the engine. That swerving of the steamer was not the steamer at all, but the pinnace swinging, unsteered. The Old Man twirled the wheel. The pinnace squattered heavily toward the steamer. She was loggy with leakage now. But she made it. She was seen. The great steamer, on her way from Fremantle to Durban, swept around, her decks alive with curious passengers; she made a lee, poured oil on the seas, and uniformed men dropped from her rails to the pinnace and sent up Captain Kyle in a sling.

"Joe—Joe Grundy's down there and—Abel—another man," the Old Man croaked hoarsely, indicating the closed engine hatch.

They opened up the little furnace room. Steam belched forth. They found Joe Grundy lying on the greasy floor, water swashing about him. He was plastered from head to foot with oily waste, scalded to rawness, unconscious. And across him sprawled Abel Brown, the sailor, naked to the waist, one hand still on the lever that his fall had yanked back to "stop." His dungaree shirt was wrapped around the main steampipe. The fire was a mere glowing heap of quick-dying wood embers. The butt of the last bit of fuel was blazing just within the fire-box door.

They were talking about it as the Warrigal steamed northwesterly seeking the Merlin.

"Busted right in my mug, that steam did," Joe Grundy was saying in the little ship's hospital. "Laid me out, proper. And down come Abel Brown—shiverin' wiv funk, 'e wos. He wropped me up in greasy rags, as saved my life, sartain. And then 'e wropped 'is shirt round the busted pipe, tore orf the seat of the tool locker and chopped it up, and got the blessed engine goin' again. A sailorman all right, is Abel Brown, missy."

The trim little nurse smiled, gave Joe a drink, and gently forced him to lie down. Joe hadn't much skin left. She went to seek Abel Brown, the sailor. He had not been quite so badly scalded as Joe, but badly enough. She had led him out on deck, after dressing his hurts, and left him in a comfortable deck chair out of the wind. He wasn't there now. She hurried around the deck house. Men were gathered about an officer who was watching through the glasses a small vague speck on which flew a ragged weft of bunting, and above all a smoky lantern swung, its light not yet visible in the twilight. The surgeon and his steward were busy in the surgery, preparing for an overflow from the Merlin. In the middle of the crowd stood Abel Brown, his face bandaged, his hands wrapped fingerless, but on his head sat perkily a radio officer's uniform cap; the chief radio officer himself leaned against the rail gazing in frank amazement at Abel Brown. Captain Kyle was on the bridge with his rescuer, swallowing a lump in his throat as he scanned the leaping seas and noticed that the old Merlin sat lower in the water now. How many of those battered sea dogs would he find still living? He swallowed hard and silently gave credit to Abel Brown, the sailor, in the name of the survivors, whoever they were.

"And you rigged a set out of that junk?" said the radio man.

"It wasn't nothing," said Abel Brown cheekily. "I was good at fixin' sets. Everybody said so."

"You ought to be in the business, my lad. Our set is always going out of whack. It beats me, many times. Why don't you ask our Old Man for a job?"

"Job?" echoed Abel Brown. "Could I get a job fixin' sets on a boat? This boat? Then I'd be a sailor, too, wouldn't I?"

"Bet yer boots you would! I'd say you were a wiz at fixing things, and everybody's talking about you as a ——"

But Abel Brown heard no more. The trim little nurse found him and came forward purposefully. She was smiling, but he was her patient, and had only been allowed outside the hospital because of what he had done. He had not noticed her before, while she was dressing his hurts. Now he saw that she was young and pretty, and smart as paint; she was much prettier, smarter, nicer than the girl who had gone walking with a soldier. And she belonged to this ship. If he got a job as radio man —— Who was it used to tell him a sailor's life is a dog's life? Who was that, now?

"Come along, Abel Brown!" the little nurse cooed, taking his arm in a grip altogether out of proportion to her size. "Time to get some rest. I told you not to tire yourself."

"Can't I stay outside if I stay in the chair?" he pleaded, his eyes fastened in fascination upon her. "I want to see Mr. Noakes brought aboard safe. Please, missy."

"Is Mr. Noakes the officer who told you you'd be a sailor yet? The one with a broken back? You gabbled so much about him while I was dressing you."

"That's him. Gentleman, he is, missy. Don't shunt me orf."

Smilingly she pulled his chair to a sheltered spot from which he could watch the taking off of the Merlin's men. She stood beside him, her hand on his shoulder protectingly. There would be lots of work for her soon. Now he was her prize patient. The world loves a hero, however humble his origin—and she agreed with the world.

"If you leave, you'll break my heart,"
Said the fair young lady.
"If you leave, you'll break my heart,"
Said the fair young lady.

"Oh, we got a start, we'll never part,"
Said Abel Brown, the sailor,
"We got a start, we'll never part,"
Said Abel Brown, the sailor.

"Hey, young fellow, that's no ditty to sing before a lady!" the steamer's third officer growled, pushing forward. He couldn't help hearing the tune anyhow. Poor Abel Brown looked sheepish, remembering how he had heard that same song sung first of all. He had been proud of his own version, laboriously composed since being put into the chair. He felt a small hand patting his shoulder; his pretty nurse laughed. He had never heard that other girl—the one who went off with a soldier—laugh like that.

"Abel Brown's a nice song, Mr. Mold," she said. "I think you must have heard a different version. Sing me some more, Abel Brown."

"That's all I know now, missy. . . . Here's the Merlin alongside. Mister, look through them glasses and tell me if Mr. Noakes is alive," said Abel Brown, the sailor, and the officer obeyed him.

THE WELL-KNOWN WORM

(Continued from Page 19)

his hands were bumpy and gnarled in the fingers. But a look in his eye belied the viciousness of his features. He had a gentle eye and a kindly one. In it flickered continuously a light of amusement, and geniality abided in his expression.

"I just figgered," he said hoarsely, "that I got a shot for you, Jimmie."

"Shot me eye!" Millen growled.

But Danny was not to be put aside. He rose and shook the fighter's hand rather ostentatiously.

"Glad fer to see you, Sledge-Hammer!" he said vehemently. "How's things by you?"

Sledge-Hammer shifted his cap from one big paw to the other, cocked his head sidewise. "Aw, you know how it goes, Dan," he grinned. "One day up, one day down."

Then he turned again to the promoter and continued:

"You know the little town of Canalia, eighty miles down the road, Jim?"

"Certainly I know it," Millen growled impatiently. "What're you here for—to give us a joggerphy lesson?"

The fighter smiled good-naturedly. "No, but I think I got a shot down there," he said.

"That's a good spot for you," Millen sneered. "You can play to about three hundred people in an icehouse. Why come tell me about your shots?"

Powell remained unaffected by the discourtesy of his reception. "This is a shot for you too," he insisted. "They built a big ball park down there an' I was figgerin' mebbe you could use that an' throw me in with Lefty Sporg. We could make it an outdoor shot. I got some pull down there."

"You?" Millen gasped in surprise. "You got pull in Canalia? Why, listen. You couldn't get a permit to stage a fight in that stadium if it was forty rounds to a finish between Lloyd George an' Einstein."

"I got a pull," the fighter smiled amiably. "I been stayin' down there for the last three months, Jimmie. I got a —— There's a dame down there I'm stuck on."

"Yeah?" Millen drawled. "Dame, eh? Blind, is she?"

"Nope," the fighter grinned.

"White?" Millen asked.

"Yup, she's white."

"Well, you may have a little drag with her," the promoter grunted; "it's getting so women will fall for anything these days, but what's this dame got to do with the ball park?"

"That's the joker," Sledge-Hammer smiled triumphantly. "Her old man's superintendent of the park. You see, Jim, her an' me are figgerin' to hook up, so her old man told me he would fix the permit if I could get myself a good money shot. You know, to kind of start us off in married life."

Danny Dool cut in: "Is that that municipal stadium down there at Canalia you're talkin' about?" he demanded.

"Sure," Sledge-Hammer nodded, "that's the one."

He reached into an inner pocket and drew forth an envelope on the back of which appeared several rows of closely scrawled figures. He placed the envelope on the

(Continued on Page 98)

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A-4

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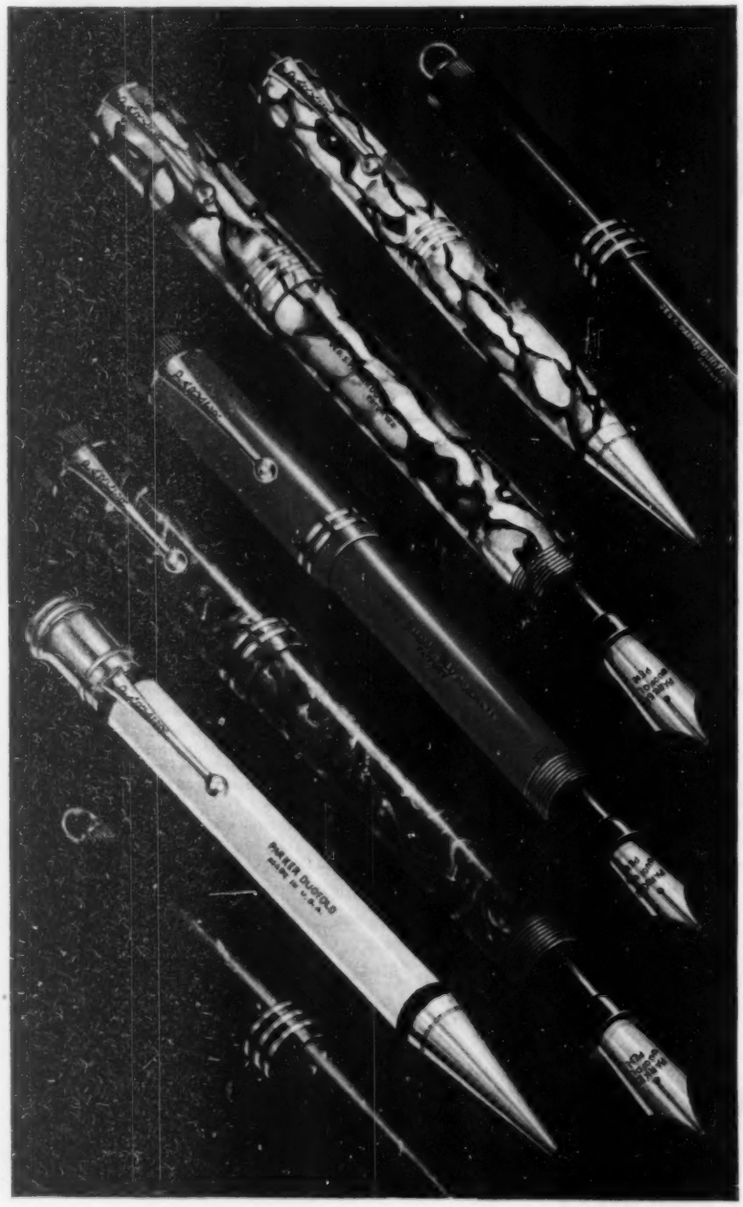

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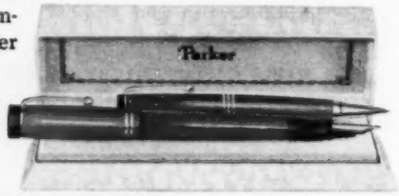

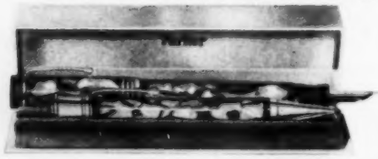

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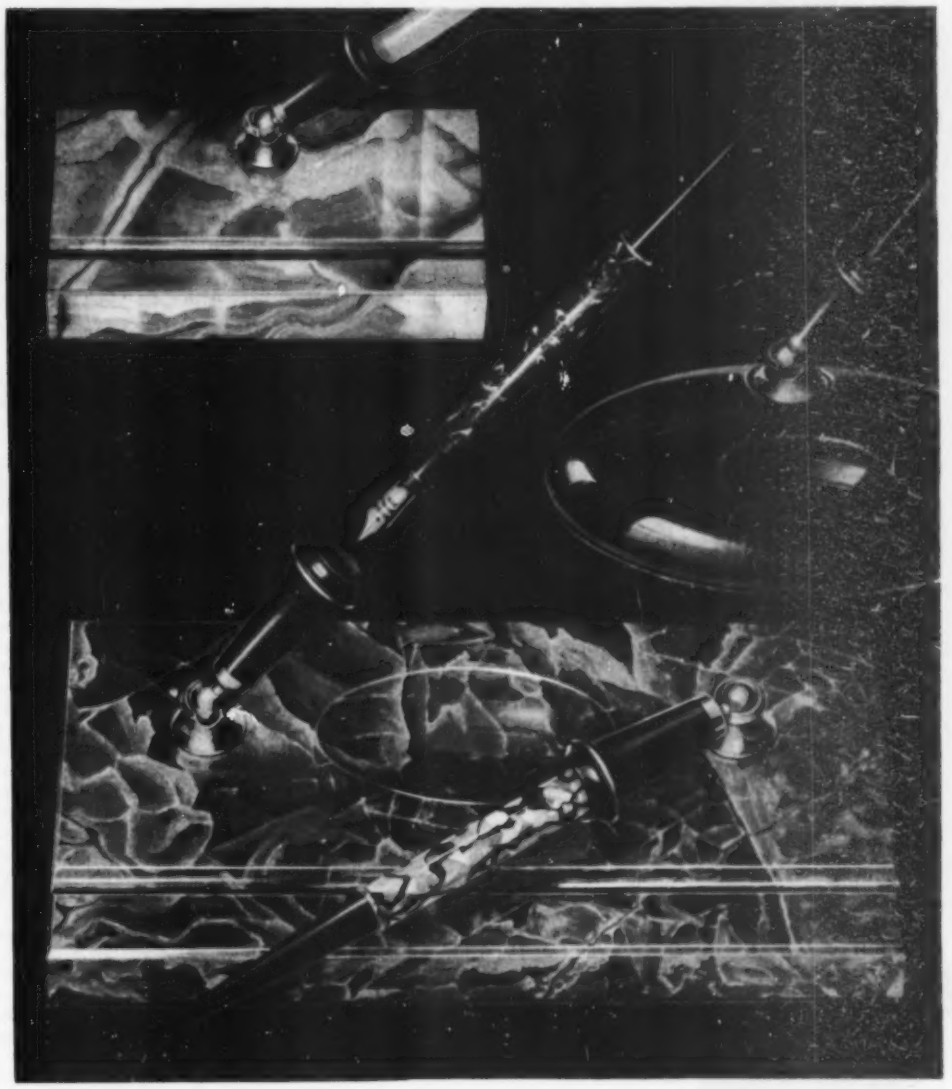

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Duofold

Pencils Desk Sets

(Continued from Page 94)

desk and with the end of a blunt finger traced the markings.

"I got it all figgered out," he avowed. "You know it was public money what built that stadium. The high school uses it as well as the professional ball team. There's a cinder track around the edge of it where guys run races. An' they hold football games there, an' in winter, hockey matches. It'll seat about twenty thousand people."

He paused a moment and rubbed the back of his swollen ear with the edge of his hand. "On account of Lefty just takin' Slugger Pope, I figgered he's a big shot," he continued. "I told the old man I thought I could get you to promote the fight, Jim, for 50 per cent of the gate. That'd leave 50 per cent for the main bout. I'd be willin' to give Lefty 30 an' me take 20."

His finger returned to the defaced envelope and, while the others looked at each other in amazement, he continued:

"Spose we sold four thousand seats for five bucks apiece. Six thousand for three bucks an' the balance at a deuce." He paused there and looked up, a genial smile of triumph on his features. "Spose we done that, huh? That wouldn't be too tough, would it? It'd buy me an' Cornelia a tent on the main stem."

"Boys," Danny Dool said emphatically, "we're gonna do some business here." He jumped to his feet and paced the room excitedly. "If we can get that ball park, Sledge-Hammer," he announced, "I'll sign up right now. We'll make it fifteen rounds, and I'm thinkin' you can sell the first ten rows of seats for ten bucks a throw instead of five—seven an' a half, anyhow."

"If it wasn't for that ball park," Millen said dubiously, "I wouldn't give this idea a rumble. You can't fight, Sledge-Hammer. You never been nothin' better'n a trial horse. How many times have you fought Lefty Sporg?"

"Three or four," Sledge-Hammer admitted.

"He took you every time, didn't he?" Millen insisted. "Did he stop you?"

"No," Sledge-Hammer said proudly. "Nobody ever knocked me out. I ain't sayin' I'm gonna lick Lefty, but I'll manage to give him a fight. An' say; you can bet your socks on me gettin' the ball park. That's already in."

"Sure thing," Danny Dool snapped. "I might even fix it with Lefty to carry you along. You know, make it a good fight fer the customers, but not go after no sleep punches."

"You needn't do that," Powell promised. "I ain't tryin' to put the fight in the bag. I give him three or four good fights an' I'll give him another one."

"You never were cut out for a fighter," Millen interrupted, this time in a gentler tone of voice. "You're too good-natured, Sledge-Hammer. Half a dozen times I've seen you have guys out on their feet an' then lay off an' let 'em come to."

Sledge-Hammer grunted and shrugged. "It's better'n drivin' a truck," he grinned. "I don't see why we don't sign up for this thing, Jim."

To the earnestness of the fighter was immediately added the power of Danny Dool's salesmanship. In half an hour Millen had agreed to promote the bout, advertise it properly, and so permit the fulfilling of his contract with Danny Dool.

"All I got to see," he said at last, "is an actual permit for that ball park. I'll do the rest."

Sledge-Hammer chortled and from the same inner pocket withdrew the permit and spread it there on the desk. "Now draw up your contract," he grinned. "I figgered we'd do business before the day was done."

Millen investigated the permit and burst into friendly laughter. "I got to hand it to you, Sledge-Hammer," he said. "I hope you an' this twist get married, have sixty children, and then discover you bought a house on top of an oil well. How soon will you be ready to fight?"

"Tomorrow," Sledge-Hammer smiled. "The sooner, the quicker, I says. Because right after the fight we're gonna get married."

"For a guy that's signing up for a nice lickin'," Millen laughed, "you're the best-natured egg I ever met."

"What's one more lickin'?" Sledge-Hammer asked quite frankly. "You don't want to forget, Jim, that everybody in town knows that me an' this little gal are gonna hook up. Right after the fight we buy a house there and I'll get a fairly decent job helpin' the old man keep that ball park clean an' pretty. The whole town'll be out there pullin' for me."

"We'll pack 'em in," Millen answered crisply. "Lefty'll draw 'em from here an' you ought to draw 'em out there. A good layout. Keep your mouth shut an' take to training. I'll crack some publicity on it in the mornin' papers an' we'll give it a real blow-off."

That evening Danny Dool found Lefty Sporg sprawled across the bed in his hotel room.

"Well, kid," the manager grinned, "I finally signed up for the third fight with Millen. He had all the tough guys in the racket picked out for us."

"Who'd you get?" Sporg asked with high interest. "Who do I go in there with?"

"When I tell you," Danny answered magnanimously, "you ain't goin' to believe it."

"Yeah? Who did you get?" the fighter repeated.

Dool paced the floor, his thumb hooked into the armholes of his waistcoat. "We go in two weeks," he announced. "An' git this, kid: We ain't got nothin' but the Canalia Stadium! Seatin' capacity twenty thousand! First ten rows ten bucks a shot. Next ten rows seven-fifty. Next forty rows five bucks a throw. Then there's about eight thousand seats at three frogskins, an' the rest at a deuce. We take 30 per cent of the gate."

Sporg sat up and propped his swollen hands on the edge of the bed. "Who've you got, Danny?" he demanded unbelievingly. "The champ?"

Dool laughed in high glee. "Believe it or not, kid," he answered, striking a pose, "the shot's with Sledge-Hammer Powell!"

Sporg lifted his knees under his chin and rolled backward on the mattress. Gales of laughter filled the room.

Danny Dool joined in the enthusiasm. As the fighter laughed, the manager withdrew the contract from his pocket and shook it open. His manicured nail traced its way across the typewritten clauses and the two laughed together, and then laughed some more.

"Millen must've blown his top," Lefty said at last. "I've already licked that guy four times an' I could beat him carryin' a robin's egg in each mitt."

III

IN CANALIA, where Sledge-Hammer Powell seemed to have found that which fettered him against the footloose wanderings of the itinerant pugilist, the main street was wide with high curbs and clustered lights. There was the usual white stone post office and public library. The business section was clean and the stores prosperous. The streets of the residential section were well paved and lined with trees and hedges. There was a complacence about the town at variance with such a thing as a fight crowd.

The one hotel was a red-brick building five stories in height with a rambling sort of porch around it on two sides. When the day was clear and warm and the sun bright, commercial travelers were apt to line this porch in the late afternoon, their feet propped against the railing.

The town and the activities at the Mansion House were familiar to Cornelia Bates. It was the place of her birth and her entire life had been lived within its confines. Her father, superintendent of the Canalia Stadium, was not a widely traveled man. He was, rather, one content to maintain a comfortable domicile with three bedrooms, one bath, and a front and back yard. For most of Cornelia's life her father had been a house painter. Because he was employed by his more commercially gifted brother, work had been steady for him and he had been prudent and thrifty, so life for the family had assumed a sedentary composure.

But when Canalia built its stadium, unexpected prosperity came to the Bateses. Cornelia's uncle had been the motive power behind the erection of the stadium and his influence had been sufficient to secure the superintendency for her father.

"There's no more need," her father told her after his appointment, "for you to work down at the Mansion House. Maybe you could stay to home and take music lessons."

"But I don't want to stay to home," Cornelia protested. "I have lots more clothes when I work and I feel more independent. Besides that, I like the work. It isn't hard. I meet a lot of people."

"Them travelin' salesmen," her father scoffed.

"Lots of interesting people come to the hotel and sooner or later they come to the cigar counter," Cornelia objected. "Then I meet them."

So it was that Cornelia remained at the cigar counter and so it was, too, in the course of his itinerance that Sledge-Hammer Powell came across the girl. The course of their romance shall ever remain a mystery. Cornelia sold cigars and cigarettes, and Sledge-Hammer did not smoke. Sledge-Hammer was about as sedentary as a polar explorer and about as handsome as a gorilla, and Cornelia had never been out of the town after which she had been named. But the romance prospered.

Sledge-Hammer remained at the Mansion House and nurtured the tender fronds of love as they entwined about his genial heart. Cornelia welcomed him and they saw movies together and, in some confusion, Sledge-Hammer went to call. It was the first time he had seated himself in a living room in ten years, but he did well.

Cornelia's mother was a little afraid of Sledge-Hammer and as a result offered no objection to his presence. Cornelia's father, now that an interest in athletics was expected of him, welcomed the caller. So Cupid arranged and Canalia watched and the inevitable took place.

Cornelia was still at the cigar counter when Lefty Sporg, in accordance with the terms of his contract, appeared at Canalia three days before his bout with Sledge-Hammer. She saw Lefty as he opened the front door and she abhorred him before he had closed it. The swagger of the man and his supreme self-confidence seemed to her a reflection upon Sledge-Hammer. She watched Lefty and his manager as they registered. The commercial travelers about the lobby were showing an interest in the men as great as her own.

She heard Danny Dool say to the clerk: "We want a quiet room, see? You better give us two rooms adjoinin'. Lefty, here, is a great fighter an' we'll probably be bothered a lot by reporters."

"Shall I tell them you cannot be disturbed?" the clerk asked courteously.

"Sweet patootie!" Danny gasped with an unbelieving glance at Lefty. "Tell a reporter I can't be disturbed? No, youngster. Anybody that comes in here with a pencil in his hand comes right up, understand? You better give him two bellboys to show him the way, in case one of 'em dropped dead or somethin'."

Then the manager turned to Lefty and suggested that he go up to the room and get himself settled.

"I'll hang around here a few minutes," Cornelia heard him say, "an' get an eyeful of this metropolis."

Cornelia's eyes followed the figure of Lefty Sporg as he swaggered to the elevator. She was still gazing at the grille door that had closed behind the fighter when Danny spoke to her.

"How about a couple of fumigators, kiddo?" the manager queried easily. "I'm Danny Dool, manager of Lefty Sporg. I don't blame you fer lookin' at him. He's a fine figger of a man an' a great fighter."

Cornelia shook herself and straightened with dignity. "He don't look it," she snapped.

Danny elevated his brows in surprise. "He's a great fighter," he repeated. "The dames fall fer that guy like leaves in a gale."

"He looks like a bum," Cornelia sneered. Then: "What do you want—cigars?"

Danny, ever a believer in his own salesmanship, assumed a suave demeanor. "My my," he said, clicking his teeth, "how you surprise me." He tapped the glass case with his forefinger and said: "I guess those thirty-centers are the best smokes that you got, ain't they?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Cornelia said with dignity, "if they're the best smokes you've had in five years. You an' your fighter both look like five-cent cigars to me."

She reached into the case, however, and extracted the box holding the thirty-cent smokes. With something of a flourish Danny scooped out five of them. One he stuck into the corner of his mouth and four he stowed in the upper breast pocket of his coat. He extracted a fat wallet from his trousers pocket and, again with a flourish, contrived that the girl should see the yellowbacks within the wallet. He laid a five-dollar bill on the counter and while Cornelia was making change, said:

"Say, kiddo, I didn't step on your foot on the way in, d'd I? Me, I'm a gentleman an' I figger to be pleasant with you an' pass the time of day."

"All right"—Cornelia shrugged—"I pass."

"Say, you're just full of quips, ain't you?" Danny protested mildly. "Is everybody in town goin' to be this way? I guess it's a good thing we got a neutral referee."

"I guess it's a good thing for Sledge-Hammer Powell," Cornelia charged.

Suddenly a great light dawned upon Danny. He permitted his change to lie on the counter and with his left hand removed the cigar from his mouth.

"Sa-a-ay," he said understandingly. "I'm just beginnin' to get the lowdown on this. Ten to one you're Sledge-Hammer Powell's twist."

The expression on Cornelia's face convinced the manager that she did not understand what he meant.

"You know," he continued, "his dame—skirt—moll—broad—crow. . . . Anyhow, you're gonna git hooked up, ain't you?"

Cornelia blushed and Danny laughed. Impulsively he stuck his hand across the counter. "Shake, kiddo," he smiled agreeably. "I don't blame you fer parkin' in your own back yard."

The appearance of another customer terminated the conversation. Danny Dool gathered his change in leisurely manner, puffed his cigar into life over the brass gas jet at the end of the counter, and strolled toward the elevator. On the way he met the sports editor of the local paper and they entered the elevator together. In a few moments Cornelia saw the bellboy charging across the lobby with four bottles and a bowl of ice. From this she was able to deduce that Danny Dool was doing his well-known stuff.

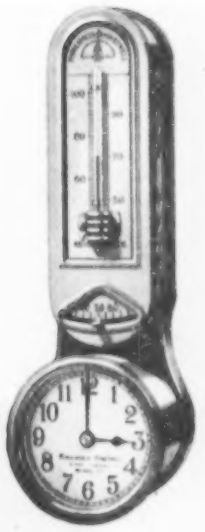
That evening she described to her father and her mother the arrival of Sledge-Hammer's opponent and his manager. Without hesitation she made it clear that Danny Dool was fresher than any salesman who had ever stopped at the Mansion House. As for Lefty Sporg, she spoke vindictively and with disparaging emphasis. Later, when Sledge-Hammer called at the house and assured them that he was in good physical condition, she felt her interest in the impending bout materially increased.

Still later, however, she became bored with the commercial attitude of both Sledge-Hammer and her father. They talked of advance sale and attempted to guess the number of people who would appear to fill the two-dollar seats.

"Already," Sledge-Hammer explained, "we got an advance sale of pretty near fifty thousand dollars and it's still three

(Continued on Page 102)

"I WILL NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A JANITOR"



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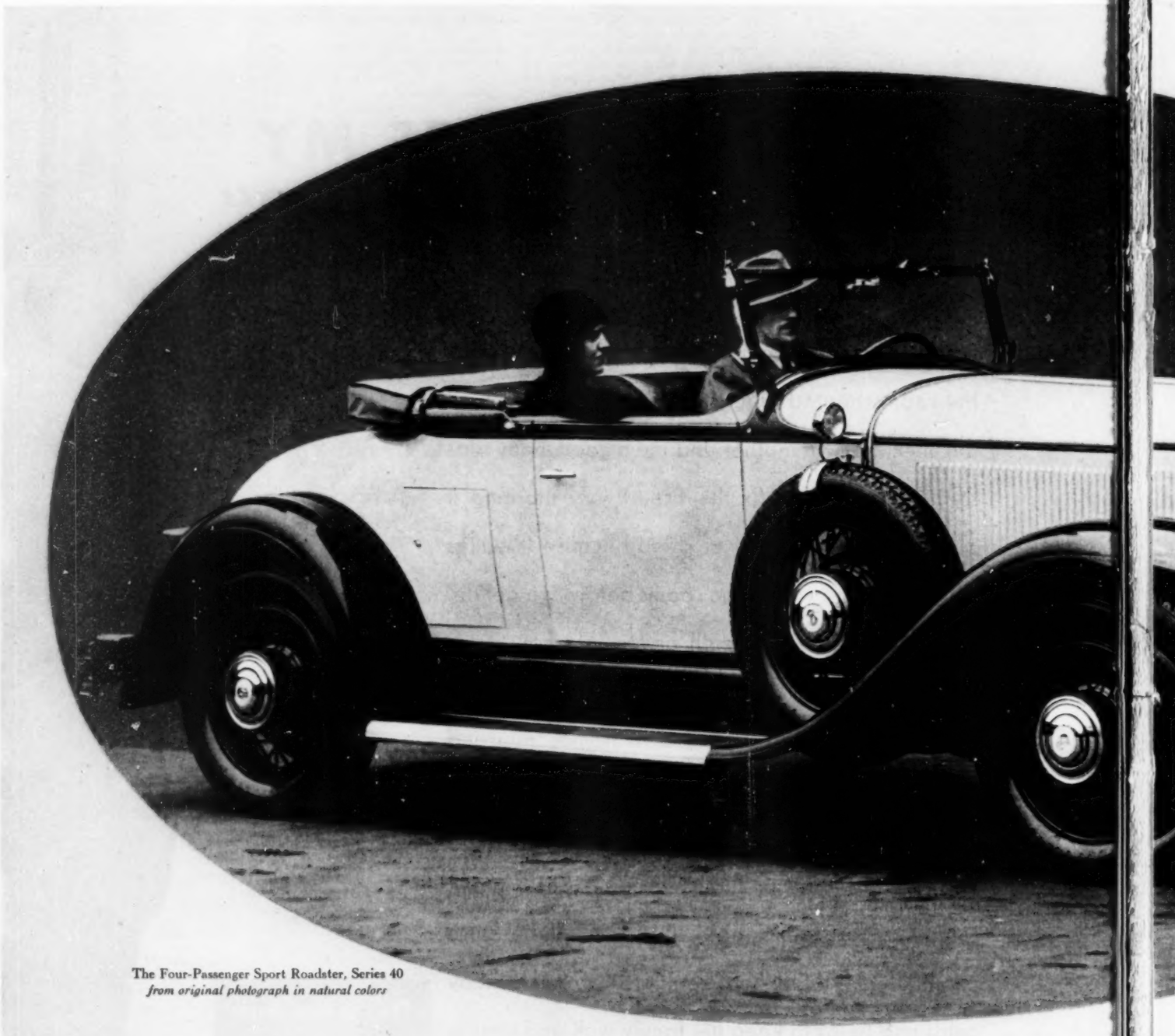

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Manufactured in three new series . . . with three new wheelbases . . . in three new price ranges . . . the new Buick with Body by Fisher brings an entirely new order of fine, luxurious motoring within the reach of a greatly increased number of motor car buyers. ¶ Tens of thousands who have long desired Buicks—as well as tens of thousands who regularly renew their Buick ownership—are recognizing in this car advantages which make it the supreme value and almost inevitable choice among quality cars. NEW FISHER STYLING—NEW BUICK PERFORMANCE ABILITIES. . . . Beauty and performance *both* attain their climax in this new Buick. ¶ Not only are the new Bodies by Fisher longer, lower, more luxurious . . . not only do they reveal grace and artistry seldom found in any automobile regardless of price . . . but they also introduce a host of new features including the new Fisher Non-Glare Windshield for safer night driving; new weatherproof upholstery; and new fittings and appointments of princely luxury. ¶ Moreover, the new Buick reveals this same marked supremacy in fleet, spirited behavior on the road. Its new and bigger Valve-in-Head engine—developing

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(Continued from Page 98)

days before the fight. Tomorrow and the next day may bring a sell-out."

Cornelia's father then computed laboriously the net accruals to Sledge-Hammer himself of such a situation, and shortly they began to consider the problem of buying a house or building one.

"I should think," Cornelia interrupted somewhat testily, "that you would be more impressed in the fight itself. Don't it mean anything to you to win?"

"Win?" Sledge-Hammer asked blankly. "Gee, Cornelia, I can't win. What I got to do is figger to stay the fifteen rounds. If I do that with Lefty Sporg, nobody's got no kick comin'. He's a great fighter."

"Aren't you a great fighter?" Cornelia demanded.

"Me?" Sledge-Hammer grinned. "Me? No. I'm a pretty good fighter, you know, but I ain't no great fighter."

"Well, why not?" Cornelia insisted. "You know all about fighting!"

"Yeah," Sledge-Hammer drawled dubiously. "I know a lot about the racket, but I just never clicked. I just as soon quit the game, anyway, after this shot."

Cornelia flushed and rose angrily to her feet. "I hate that Sporg," she sputtered. "He's—he's ——" Then she whirled away and went out of the room, and they heard her going upstairs. Sledge-Hammer looked blankly into the eyes of his prospective father-in-law.

"S'matter with her?" he asked.

Bates shrugged and shook his head with an air of wisdom. "She's a woman," he sighed. "She's just a woman, that's all. You'll know more about that later."

Cornelia's next contact with the Sporg entourage came as unexpectedly as her first. Lefty Sporg, wrapped in a heavy sweater and wearing a cap pulled close over his ears, strolled across the lobby, caught sight of her behind the cigar counter and frankly stopped. A smile overspread his hard features and with exaggerated pantomime he strolled suggestively toward her and hooked his elbows over the outer edge of the case.

"Gee," he smiled, "it ain't goin' to be so tough to hang around here now."

Cornelia paled somewhat and her lips set in a straight line, but Sporg failed to recognize the danger signals.

"My name's Sporg," he went on. "What's yours?"

"Sporg?" Cornelia asked. "Sounds to me like air in a gas stove."

Lefty chuckled and took no offense.

"What's your name," he asked—"Sputter? On the level, you look good to me. I'm Lefty Sporg, the great prize fighter."

"I know it," Cornelia snapped back at him. "You come on here to get a whipping from Sledge-Hammer Powell."

Lefty laughed with such hilarity that he attracted the attention of the lobby. This added to Cornelia's confusion.

"You're smart too," the fighter said. "Quick with your tongue, kid. I like a dame like that."

Then his heavy hand reached across the show case to grasp Cornelia's fingers. She quickly withdrew them and Lefty laughed again playfully and lunged against the case. He caught her wrist and pulled her toward him.

"Don't be scairt, sweetie," he reassured her. "You an' me can be good friends. I'll see that you get fixed up with a ringside seat right back of my corner. It'll be worth seein'—this bout. I'm goin' around that Sledge-Hammer bum like a cooper round a barrel. Before the first round's half over, sweetie, that big tramp is goin' to think he's fell into a paint shop an' thirty guys are throwin' shellac brushes at him."

Cornelia struggled desperately and ultimately Lefty released her.

"You're one of them dames a guy can't rush, huh?" he leered. "Well, I'll be seein' you later on. I don't know what you have in this town fer entertainment, but how about a movie tonight? I got to roll into the chicken whiskers by ten o'clock, me bein' in trainin'. But if you say the word, you're a sure shot for six bucks' worth of supper an' the best entertainment the town's got. I'll be around again after your coppers has cooled off a little."

Then Lefty swaggered away from the case and crossed the lobby to the elevator and so to his room. Cornelia gripped the edge of the show case and her fingers went white under the pressure she placed upon them. Her first impulse was to rush out of the hotel, find Sledge-Hammer and call upon him to avenge the insults of Lefty Sporg. Then she recalled his frank admission of the evening before and realized that the impending fight really was not a fight at all. It was a sort of gigantic financial transaction in which Sledge-Hammer's one and principal interest was marriage with herself, and a house and lot.

Chagrin gripped her and she sensed the futility which was as inexplicable as it was poignant. That evening she sat in dour silence while her father and Sledge-Hammer compared the latest reports on the advance sale and prophesied again the ultimate result.

Once again she found it necessary to interrupt them.

"I wish you weren't so cold-blooded about this thing!" she cried. "That stadium was built for athletic contests. If you two keep on, the fight will take place in the bank."

"Now, now," her father chastised mildly. "Womenfolks don't understand this sort of thing, Cornelia."

The tolerant remark angered Cornelia the more. She clenched her fist and stamped her foot.

"Women understand when they're insulted!" she cried. "That big Lefty Sporg insulted me today. He tried to flirt with me this morning and when I started home tonight he was waiting outside the hotel." She paused and her lips set again in a straight line.

"He even took hold of my arm and tried to make me go with him!"

From this remark she fully expected instant reaction. Instead, Sledge-Hammer Powell raised his brows amiably.

"Oh, I guess not, Cornelia," he drawled. "Lefty's a mite rough, but he don't mean no harm."

"Oh, you fool!" Cornelia half sobbed. "You great, big, easy-going fool!"

Sledge-Hammer cast another helpless look toward the girl's father.

"Now, now, Cornelia," Bates said placatingly. "I reckon you're tired and upset ——"

"That's the trouble with you," the girl choked hysterically. "You may be a sledge-hammer, but you're a velvet one. You may be a prize fighter, but you're not a he man. You admit yourself you know how to fight and can't do it. The reason is that you're afraid to fight. If I was in love with a clerk in a dry-goods store, he'd go straight to Lefty Sporg and make him take back what he did. But you—you—why, you're a worm!"

IV

THE morning of the fight dawned fine and clear. Ticket offices were opened at the stadium and the unreserved sections placed on sale. When Sledge-Hammer Powell returned from his road work he found that his prospective father-in-law had been calling him on the telephone. Accordingly, he reversed the call and was much elated with the news that already a line of several hundred persons had formed at each of the offices.

"I seen the roads this mornin' while I was runnin'," he amplified, "an' a lot of cars are comin' in. There ain't many women in them an' they look like fight fans to me. I guess it's goin' to be a sell-out all right."

"If it is," Cornelia's father repeated for the thousandth time, "it'll figure right in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars for you. That's more money than I ever had in my life."

"It's a good shot all right," Sledge-Hammer agreed happily. "I been thinkin' this mornin' that the best thing to do is buy that Eames house. Cornelia likes that one an' I guess if they seen the dough right in cash, they'd take eighty-five hundred dollars for it."

"I'd start by offering them eight thousand dollars," Bates suggested. "You can always go up, but you can't come down."

"Yeah," Sledge-Hammer went on calculatingly. "That'd leave ten to twelve thousand bucks for your brother to invest. With the house all paid for an' a little kitty like that on the side, we can live on the fat of the land with my seventy-five a month out there at the stadium."

"You're certainly a lucky young fellow," Bates agreed. "Cornelia will get a good husband an' she ought to 'ppreciate you."

"Aw, gee"—Sledge-Hammer laughed happily—"she will, all right."

The fighter's estimate of the early morning traffic proved substantially correct. The afternoon edition of the local paper announced in its first edition that Canalia Stadium would be packed to its capacity for the first time in its history.

At intervals of an hour during the afternoon, Sledge-Hammer made telephone calls to the superintendent and verified the report. In truth, after he had eaten his fight-day meal of poached egg, toast and cocoa at 4:30, he made his final call.

"I'm goin' to take a nap now," he said. "How is the ticket sale holdin' up?"

Bates answered in a voice vibrant with satisfaction. "There ain't a seat left in the place," he said. "They got Sold Out signs hanging on every ticket window. You'll get yourself twenty thousand dollars tonight, boy."

Sledge-Hammer could not find words with which to express his satisfaction, but he laughed gleefully and, as he turned toward the bed and began undressing, he pulled his necktie with one hand and with the fingers of the other began counting in thousands. Life, to him, was a sublime success.

He had arranged for two local men to act as his seconds during the battle. Following his instructions they came to him and roused him at 8:30. He dressed with an air of contentment, after which he carefully inspected the contents of the traveling bag they would take to the stadium. His bandages were complete, adhesive tape was there, smelling salts, shoes, trunks, and the special preparation which experience had taught him was best for cut eyebrows.

When all was in readiness, one of the seconds promptly picked up the bag and the three went downstairs where a hired car was waiting to take them to the stadium.

When Sledge-Hammer got to his dressing room he found Cornelia's father there.

"What a sight," the older man said. "Honest, I never expected to see this place full. There's people from all over the state, I reckon."

"How are the lights over the ring?" Sledge-Hammer asked.

"Fine," Bates assured him. "I been all around the place and you can stand anywhere in the stadium and see the fighters in the ring. The second preliminary is on now. You and Sporg won't start till around ten."

Sledge-Hammer nodded understanding and began the process of preparation.

"How's Cornelia?" he asked casually.

A look of concern crept across the face of Bates.

"Well, she's a woman," he ventured. "Queer things, women, Sledge-Hammer. You'll know more about that later."

Sledge-Hammer paused in the business of superintending the bandaging of his hands.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "What's she done now? Don't she like fights?"

"That's it," Bates countered. "If there's an empty seat in the house, it's hers. When we was having supper tonight she took one of them female streaks and allowed she wasn't coming to the stadium at all."

"She ain't here?" Sledge-Hammer gasped. "She ain't even coming here?"

Bates shook his head disconsolately. "She says not," he admitted.

"But why?" the fighter persisted. "She's as much interested in this as I am. It means our home an' my job an' everything."

"She says it don't make no difference," Bates explained, "what happens here tonight. She says it ain't no fight anyway. It's kind of a financial deal and wouldn't please her any to see you get a licking from Lefty Sporg."

For a long moment Sledge-Hammer returned to the business of bandaging. Then he muttered amiably, "I spose we've got to make allowances. Women ain't got a whole lot of savvy, have they?"

"Not about such things," Bates agreed.

"She'll get over it," Sledge-Hammer ventured, "when the excitement of the fight dies down."

"I got to look around again," Bates said dubiously. "I'll come back later."

He left the room and after a time Sledge-Hammer stood ready for the ring. From the traveling bag he extracted a worn bathrobe, and this he slipped over his shoulders and tied tight about his waist. In the outer hall a group of men passed and the fighter opened the door and looked at them. He saw one of the preliminary fighters returning from the ring.

"Where was you spotted?" he inquired.

"The semifinals just going on," the fighter answered. "Good luck to you, Sledge-Hammer."

They passed and Powell glanced up and down the narrow hall and saw a short distance away an entrance to the stadium bowl itself. He walked toward this and found the concrete ramp leading up to the higher seats above. He could hear shouting now, and cheering. He climbed the ramp until his eyes were on a level with the stadium floor and he could look across the lower areas and see the ring.

He nodded approvingly of Bates' report. Canalia Stadium was an institution of which the town might be proud and Jimmie Millen had made no mistake in his manner of lighting it. Sledge-Hammer thrilled to the spectacle and stood watching while far below the semifinalists battled.

At the end of a round a boy entered the ring carrying a huge white card on which was painted in black a number. Sledge-Hammer read the figure 5 on the card and knew that four rounds of the bout were over. He turned and walked down the ramp and back to his dressing room.

"That's an eight-round semifinal," he told his seconds. "We'll start in about fifteen minutes."

They nodded and waited with an air of importance about them.

Sledge-Hammer went to a somewhat crude rubbing table built against one wall and hoisted himself to a sitting position on its edge. The business of the fight itself was an old one to him. He had perfected his own campaign, which in its essence was simple enough. By every artifice of his craft he would attempt to avoid a knock-out punch for fifteen rounds. That was to be his triumph and in it he would find satisfaction.

So his thoughts ran mostly to Cornelia and her peculiar conduct. He had seen many youngsters in the ring driven almost to the point of hysteria by nervous tension and he convinced himself that something of the sort was affecting the girl.

"She'll be all right," he muttered to himself. "Just as soon as the excitement's over, she'll be all right."

And so, after the manner of his kind, he dismissed thoughts of the girl from his mind.

In due course there came to his dressing-room door four uniformed guards for the purpose of conducting him to the ring. With considerable clamor his seconds gathered together his paraphernalia and the group formed a wedge about him and started toward the ring. At his appearance in the aisle a cheer arose and rippled across the sea of faces as a breeze might disturb the surface of a mill pond.

Because Sledge-Hammer was of the ring, he responded to the acclaim. His heart warmed and his muscles tingled. When he climbed into his corner he raised both hands above his head and in that manner returned the greeting of the crowd. There was but a

(Continued on Page 106)

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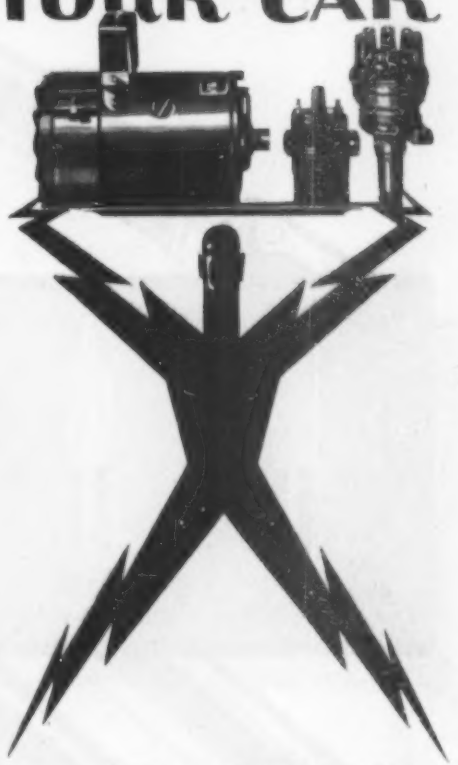
You switch on your lights, expecting the road to brighten up before you; it does. You expect your horn to sound the instant you touch the button, your speedometer to register both speed and mileage accurately; they do.

Without realizing it, millions of motorists depend on North East to keep their cars going, year in and year out. And North East does.



More than 2,000 Authorized North East Service Stations in every part of the world provide factory supervised Service and Genuine Parts to North East equipped car owners wherever they go. These facilities, though seldom needed, are always available. A directory of these Stations will be sent on request.

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Your Wahl dealer will assemble your personal pen
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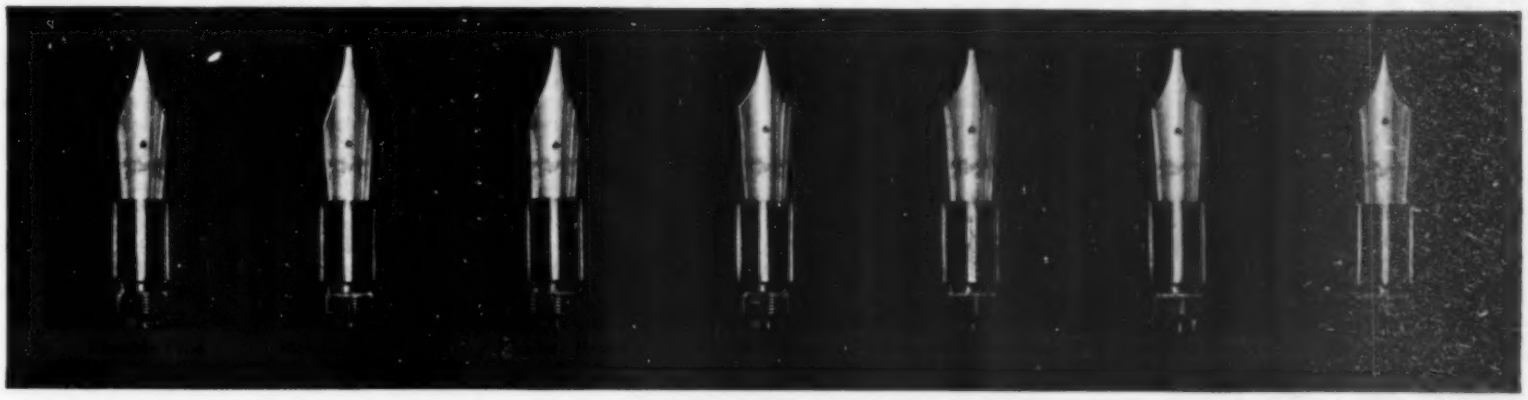
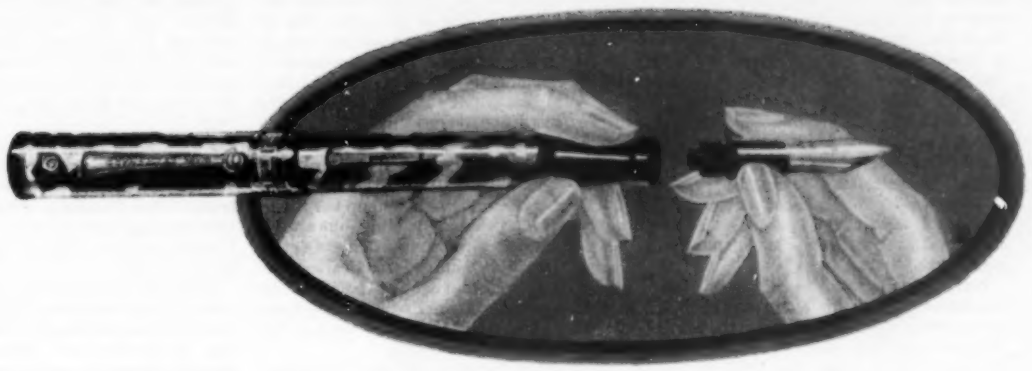
A point for any hand ··· Fitted instantly to any holder





The point that exactly suits your writing stroke and the holder that exactly suits your taste··permanently assembled by the dealer in an instant··· YOUR PERSONAL PEN. *Now, for the first time, a perfected, personalized writing instrument made possible by a new Wahl-Eversharp invention···the* INTERCHANGEABLE NIB

This latest Wahl-Eversharp achievement is truly a writing instrument built to your order.

A point selected from 14 variations, cobweb light to broad and bold, flexible to rigid, with all shadings between. Just the response that suits your writing pressure. Just the ink flow that suits your critical demands.

A holder chosen from such an array as few except Wahl-Eversharp can equal. New, bright colors or something more conservative. Precious metals. Many sizes. A gratifying range of styles.

Five to Ten Dollars

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CHAIRS IN KEEPING WITH A GREAT ARCHITECTURAL ACHIEVEMENT

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The chairing is in the same spirit of modernity which pervades this tremendous structure—yet in no way does the chairing encroach upon the dignity so much a part of every great financial institution.

Without sacrificing correctness of posture or working comfort—without compromising with strength and durability—without in any degree discarding established standards of craftsmanship—Sikes constructs distinctive chairs that repeat the motif of any architectural or decorative scheme.

Consult with your nearest Sikes Dealer (name on request). He will gladly demonstrate Sikes Chairs in both standard styles and specimen custom designs.

THE SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 70 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

A complete line of matched office suites and commercial desks is manufactured by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation, at Buffalo, New York

(Continued from Page 102)

small portion of the male population of Canalia outside the stadium that night, and pride in their new structure as well as interest and good will toward the only fighter ever to make the town his home actuated them in a spontaneous outburst.

Lefty Sporg climbed into the opposite corner and the outburst was repeated. Danny Dool, with the air of a banker about to make a loan, strutted about the ring on a tour of inspection. He tested the ropes and the floor covering and, turning to the referee, demanded that more resin be sprinkled over the canvas covering. Following that, he made an impressive inspection of the bandages on Sledge-Hammer's hands. As he approached, Sledge-Hammer greeted him in his usual amiable manner.

"Some house, ain't it, Danny? Did I have a hunch?" he muttered.

"It's a good house all right," Danny Dool growled. "But good night, what a town! We been here three days an' Lefty has grew forty years older. I hope I never see the joint again. We're catchin' that 10:38 out of town."

For a moment the significance of this remark failed to impress itself upon Sledge-Hammer. It was after Dool had turned and crossed the ring to Lefty's corner that it dawned on Sledge-Hammer that it was already five minutes of ten.

The men were called to the center of the ring by the referee and there given instructions.

"Protect yourself at all times," the referee warned them. "Hit with one arm free and break clean when I tell you to. No rabbit punch goes. You got a big house now, boys. Let's see you do your stuff."

"You'll see plenty," Danny Dool said on the side. "We got a taxicab waitin' outside Lefty's dressin' room an' we're due to catch that 10:38."

The referee laughed shortly. But Sledge-Hammer, slightly worried by this sudden turn of affairs, returned somewhat dubiously to his corner. In order to catch any 10:38 train he knew Lefty Sporg would have to knock him out inside four rounds. If Lefty was serious, the immediate future held dire portent.

At the sound of the bell Sledge-Hammer wheeled and faced the center of the ring. He slouched forward slowly, leaving it to Sporg to use up the energy required in coming to him. Sledge-Hammer was a cagy veteran of the ring and he paced himself always with the last round as poignantly in mind as the first.

Lefty came across the ring like a tiger. Confidence was in his every gesture. He feinted with his left, dropped a right toward Sledge-Hammer's heart, hooked with his left and then brought the right up in a wicked cross intended for Powell's chin. There was no doubting that opening gesture. Lefty was perfectly sincere in his intention to catch the 10:38. Sledge-Hammer went into what fighters call a huddle and from that into a clinch.

"Don't get excited," he whispered to Lefty. "What's the big idea? This is a sweet shot for you, ain't it? Why beat a guy up fer makin' you plenty of dough?"

Lefty sneered and backed away. "I'm in a hurry," he said. "I'm goin' to flatten you inside two rounds so's I can get out to my cab an' kiss that twist of yours good-by before the 10:38 pulls out."

Sledge-Hammer had heard too much of this sort of chatter to be bothered by it in so far as Cornelia was concerned. But the 10:38 business bothered him, as did the determined light in Lefty's eyes.

There was no doubting Sporg's intention. He charged in again and this time he shifted. Sledge-Hammer was slow in getting his hand up. The result was a wicked right hook which landed on his cheek just above the jawbone. The force of the punch staggered him and he reeled sidewise and caught at the ropes for support. Thousands of the men in the audience leaped to their feet and, like hounds, bayed for the kill.

Lefty followed up his punch with a left hook. The very force of his first blow saved Sledge-Hammer from the second by knocking him out of range. But Sporg was not to be denied. He whirled like a cat and charged in again. Sledge-Hammer dropped his head behind his forearms and weaved along the ropes, assimilating as many of Lefty's punches as he was unable to avoid.

"Come on, Lefty!" he heard Danny Dool call. "It's 10:03, baby! Spatter that bimbo an' let's get outa this burg!"

Against his right shoulder Sledge-Hammer suddenly felt ropes. He sensed that he was in a corner and tried to retrace his steps. Lefty, crafty fighter that he was, anticipated the move. The result was another of those crushing rights which landed flush on Sledge-Hammer's ear. The power of the punch knocked him to his knees and, being rich in the gifts of experience, he remained there and took a nine count while the leading citizens of Canalia moaned their consternation.

Two more times in that first round Sledge-Hammer was down, but at no time was he badly dazed. In fact, at no time was he very deeply concerned. These trips to the floor were nothing unusual in his life. This whole business was an integral part of his campaign for a bride, a house and lot, and a job. He remained merely anxious to last the fifteen rounds so that there would be no complete defeat charged to him by those with whom he was about to begin neighborliness.

At the close of the round he availed himself of the minute's rest by the complete relaxation of the trained fighter. The second round began much as the first, for Sledge-Hammer was knocked to his knees almost before the sound of the bell died away. Canalians all over the stadium had lost hope and their cheers for him faded into a moan of hopelessness.

Lefty was fighting with the ferocity of a tiger. Danny Dool, outside the corner, was urging him on with constant reminders of the steadily decreasing time before the 10:38 should leave. Sledge-Hammer met the attacks as cagily as he could. His efforts were entirely those of defense and, as usual, they were sufficiently successful to keep him on his feet and out of serious danger. In the middle of the round Lefty sensed this truth and anger gripped him.

"Come on, you bum," he challenged hoarsely. "Why'n't you open up an' fight?"

Sledge-Hammer grinned complacently and backed away, slipping along the ropes, sidestepping, weaving, dodging, but always retreating, never fighting back. Of this sort of thing he had made a practical science.

Lefty jammed him against the ropes and they slipped into a clinch where Sporg managed to free his right arm and with it flail Sledge-Hammer's back.

"I'll show that high-hat dame of yours," he muttered between blows, "what kind of a punk you are!"

"Ease up a bit, Lefty," Sledge-Hammer urged. "You ain't goin' to stop me before no 10:38. Anyway, the gal ain't even here."

Lefty's response was to swing quickly around the back of the referee as he separated them and renew his murderous attack. Sledge-Hammer's arms were heavy with the business of blocking the punches, but he found shelter behind them, and the fact angered Lefty; drove him to desperation.

"For once in your life," he challenged, "open up an' fight—you worm!"

There came to Sledge-Hammer some added significance in the epithet. The two persons in whom his life's interests had lately been centered were Cornelia Bates and Lefty Sporg. The one loved him. The other hated him. Both called him a worm!

"Open up," Lefty was challenging again. "If she ain't here, I'll give her a chance to read about it. I'll knock you cold before you lay a glove on me."

Sledge-Hammer's mental processes were not particularly swift, but they reached out now and acquired the full potence of a situation which had just dawned upon him. After all, a house and a lot meant little enough if the girl with whom he shared them hung her head in shame. It was as though Lefty's driving blows ripped aside Sledge-Hammer's habitual amiability and at the same time disclosed to him the angle of the person outside the ring.

What he had considered a stroke of business genius, they considered a contest. Instead of leaving the ring a hero because of the financial success he had attained, he saw himself leaving the ring—well, as both had told him, a worm.

And, as is the nature of worms, he turned.

For the first time in his life he threw into a battle every ounce of his strength. For the first time there was in his heart a desire to avenge, to destroy, even to kill. He came off the ropes like a tornado aborning. Heedless of Lefty's darting jabs, he crashed his own right to the heart. Then he hooked upward and felt his glove crunch against Lefty's head. Exultation seized upon him and he followed his man relentlessly. He drove right and left like pistons against the body and the head of Lefty Sporg. Lefty gave ground.

The vast audience rose to its feet as a single person and the thunderous voice of hysteria swelled from its throat, reverberated about the walls of the stadium, and swept like rolling thunder over peaceful Canalia. Here was a fight! The local hero had come into his own and was, before their very eyes, making local history.

Here was the real Sledge-Hammer Powell; the Sledge-Hammer that managers years before had prophesied, but failed to bring out. Sporg found it necessary to cover. He went on the defensive, backed into a corner, found himself caught just as he had previously caught Sledge-Hammer, and the tricky veteran drove that right hand hard against Lefty's chin.

Madness mingled with hysteria in the voice of the mob, for Sporg was down on one knee, propping himself with one arm and swaying with dizziness. A smile of bewilderment played about his lips. From outside the ring, Danny Dool was calling advice and his voice was abnormally strained and pinched. Everywhere was amazement, but nowhere was it so great as in the mind of Sledge-Hammer himself. Here was the great Lefty Sporg down for him!

Fame, such as he had never dreamed, was within his grasp. No longer was he a trial horse, a veteran against which youth might break its shafts, a worm! No! He was Sledge-Hammer Powell, and Cornelia, Canalia and the whole world could well be proud of him.

Lefty Sporg took a nine count. When he rose, his head was clear and determination had returned to his eyes. He stepped back and Sledge-Hammer charged after him. Sledge-Hammer's sensations for the next few moments were blurred. He drove his right hand for the head again, but felt the blow blocked. Then the ring shook under him. He felt his teeth grinding together. Lights like shooting stars blazed across the heavens. Suddenly there hovered above him a great, gray vulture which floated on a single wing that rose and fell rhythmically. Then the vulture disappeared and a great ball of fire which had been shining in Sledge-Hammer's eyes dimmed and was extinguished as rain fell from thunderous heavens and spattered across his face.

He opened his eyes. He was back in his corner. Lefty Sporg was there shaking his hand and telling him it had been a great fight.

"You knocked me out!" Sledge-Hammer gasped as truth assailed him. "Knocked me cold, you did!"

"Sure! But what of it!" Lefty shouted. "You fought, didn't you? That's the first time you ever done it!"

Roars of appreciation still filled the vast arena and when, disconsolately, Sledge-Hammer gathered together his effects and stepped out of the ring, he found it quite impossible to derive huge satisfaction from thoughts of his twenty thousand dollars and his house and his lot. Everything seemed changed. This, he realized vaguely,

(Continued on Page 109)

When you have finished washing, simply lift the wringer off. No clamps—no complicated mechanism. It slides off easily without effort.

Then place the Thor Speed-Ironer in the wringer position. Swing around to any of the 5 wringer positions. Sit down and iron.

Now—one compact machine does both washing *and* ironing

Electrically—Fast—Without Labor

MADAM—here is the very latest development in home laundry equipment—a compact, beautiful electrically operated unit that does *both* washing and ironing.

Now—speed comes to the laundry

Speed enters the home laundry—drudgery goes. The job that once required days of your time each week can now be done without work or fatigue in a few hours. You wash from 8 to 10 a. m. You iron from 2 to 4 p. m. Thus you save from two to four hours of washing time and six hours at least of ironing time. Your laundry is done better—cleaner and with gentle safety to clothes. Your ironing—finished with the lovely sheen that only the expert French hand laundresses can equal.

A new Thor washer of new and unique features

The washer is a brand new 1929 Thor achievement. A marvel of beauty, speed and efficiency. The generous, full-capacity tub is finished on an entirely new and unique principle. Baked vitreous enamel—inside and out. Harder than steel. No paint on the tub to chip or scratch. Here, truly, is a lifetime feature.

And such color harmony! The tub—in soft, Ripple Green—a new color in an age of color. The base—a shade of green that blends perfectly. You have not seen true beauty in a washer until you see this new Thor.

Thor

Note, too, the new silent cover feature. A strip of roll rubber encircles the rim of the tub—to hold the cover firm, quiet and vibrationless. Water cannot seep through. The cover cannot rattle. Note, too, the top opening is the full width of the generous sized tub for easier access and greater convenience.

From speed washer to speed ironer in 10 seconds

Tune in on the General Electric Hour over WEAF and 41 associated stations of The National Broadcasting Co., every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

Plus—The New Thor Rotary Iron

Note in the illustrations how, by a single, effortless operation, this amazing machine becomes a fast, efficient electric ironer.

You simply lift the wringer off—slip the ironer on and in 4 minutes heating time you are ready to iron.

This machine has an ironing surface equal to 10 flatirons. With ten minutes' practice anyone can operate it. Note its compact size—its roll of generous length—the comfortable position of the operator. It irons everything—75% faster than you iron by hand.

Presses men's trousers—women's skirts

And does them with an efficiency equalled only by skilled hand pressmen. Many tell us it pays for itself in a few months in this work alone.

And the price of this complete laundry unit—due to manufacturing economies and great volume sales—is less than you were formerly asked for a good washer alone.

Madam—make your decision! Days of drudgery or a few hours of pleasant relaxation. The coupon will bring you more of the details in beautifully illustrated booklets. Send, please, today. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

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FOR *Mr.* AND *Mrs.* AND ALL OF THE CHILDREN

POSTUM

The mealtime favorite of two million families

THE empty chair at the table is for you—will you join our family for a few moments? We've made a cup of Postum for you . . .

We'd like you to try it. But first, stop a moment to enjoy the delightful fragrance that drifts up out of that steaming cup. Then notice the rich brown color of Postum. See how it turns to a tempting gold as you slowly pour in the cream . . . *now*, taste!

The first sip will tell you you've found a friend. For here is real flavor—smooth and mellow—distinctive—downright delicious! Perhaps you're surprised to find it so. Perhaps you thought Postum was something for sick folks? Then finish your cup, and admit how completely mistaken you've been!

Now take a look around the table. Father, mother, sister, and brother, are *all* sharing this mealtime treat. Postum made with boiling water for the grown-ups. Postum made with hot milk for the children—and just see how they enjoy this delicious disguise of their old acquaintance, milk!

When you leave this little family group, you still have something to learn about Postum. This mealtime drink, unlike caffein, will treat you well *after* you leave the table. You needn't fear the headaches, jumpy nerves, and sleeplessness that so often follow caffein. You are *safe* with Postum.

Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, carefully roasted and blended—100% wholesome. There is *no caffein*—no artificial stimulant of any kind—in Postum. Try it for thirty days. Let it take the place of caffein in your diet—then take stock of your health. You'll find you're sleeping better, feeling better—looking better, too! Ask those who know Postum. Two million families can't be wrong!

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

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The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 106)

was the one time in his life that he had really yearned for victory; and it was the most crushing defeat of his career. Indeed, though he had a hundred times before been defeated, he now, for the first time, tasted defeat.

The sports editor of the local paper followed him to his dressing room and there shook hands with him.

"Believe me," he assured Sledge-Hammer, "there's nothing for you to be ashamed of. What a fight! I'll tell the world right now if you hadn't walked into that lucky punch of his in the first round, there'd have been a different story to tell. You had him down in the second and almost out!" Vast admiration gave the words vibrance.

"Yeah," Sledge-Hammer mumbled unhappily, "he was down all right."

"You get Jimmie Millen to sign you up for a return shot here," the editor insisted. "It'll be another sell-out. You guys are two of the gamest fighters I've ever seen and I'm going to write it exactly that way in the paper, Sledge-Hammer."

Later that night, when the morning edition was printed, Sledge-Hammer read the account of the fight and knew that the editor had kept his word. It was a glowing account and it attributed Sledge-Hammer's ultimate downfall to the lucky punch of an otherwise great fighter. Then it described in detail the terrific uphill fight Sledge-Hammer had made, only finally to fall like a champion of champions while on the offensive.

It urgently suggested an immediate return bout, and for a moment Sledge-Hammer thought in terms of forty thousand dollars instead of twenty thousand dollars. But that thought he dismissed. Somehow things had changed.

"It's funny," he muttered to himself, "but now that I've learned to fight, I'm just too old to do it!"

Though it was three o'clock in the morning, he wandered through the quiet streets of Canalia toward the Bates residence. He paused outside the house in the shadows of the hedge there and looked with surprise at a light in the living room. Cornelia was sitting there with her father and her mother. It dawned on Sledge-Hammer that they were waiting for him.

Slowly he walked up the gravel path and mounted the steps. They heard him, and it was Cornelia who opened the door. With some incoherent sound she slipped her arms around his neck and kissed him. Life never had been so sweet as Sledge-Hammer was finding it in his first complete defeat.

"I'm so sorry," the girl said, struggling for words, "so sorry, Sledge-Hammer."

"I don't mind," the fighter assured her. "Anyway, I ain't hurt. If I'd just started fightin' sooner ——"

"But I called you—a worm!" Cornelia said, her face against his breast.

From the living room Bates said: "That Eames house, Sledge-Hammer; they'll take eight thousand dollars cash. I found out."

Heedless of the remark, Cornelia murmured: "But you're not a worm, honey. Honest you're not."

"I got licked!" Sledge-Hammer answered.

"What's that got to do with a worm?" Cornelia asked, startled into raising her dreamy eyes. "A worm don't have to win to turn!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

You, for all your proud omniscience, are
yourselves the butt for jeering
Under far Australia's gum tree, under
Africa's acacia—
You're the laughingstock of Europe, both
Americas and Asia!

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Castaway

I MET a hard-boiled married man,
And oh, his eye was glazed;
A goofy look was on his pan,
His wandering mind was dazed.

"What cheer?" I cried. "What cheer, O
Hub?"
"It was my wife!" quoth he,
"She took me to a Woman's Club
Reception—woe is me!"

He beat his breast and through his tears
Said, "I admire the sex;
I've written poems to their ears
And lips and teeth and necks;

"But when a thousand round me spake—
None listening to another—
Of this and that and angel cake,
It drave me gaga, brother!

"I was alone; yet on and on
They talked without cessation,
Till I was hopeless lost upon
A sea of conversation.

"I was alone. I had no crew;
All nerveless fell my hand;
A gale of conversation blew
Me out of sight of land.

"I could not breathe! I could not hear!
I could not even think!
Women, women everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!

"I staggered here; I staggered there,
But no escape I found;
I gibbered and I tore my hair
And fell down in a swound.

"Then kindly hands they came, God wot,
And ministered to me;
'He'll live,' the doctor said, 'but not
The man he used to be!'

"Oh, friend, I counsel thee—beware!
And ere it be too late,
Avoid all deadly places where
Much women congregate.

"I who have bowed beneath the rod,
Have learned this passing well:
One woman is a gift from God—
But a crowd of them is hell."

—Lowell Otus Reese.

Too Successful

WHEN I was young my mother read
The doctors of the day,
And I was regularly fed
The subtler sorts of hay;
As, cabbage, lettuce, celery, chard,
And beet and turnip tops,
And spinach by the cubic yard,
And other grassy crops.

Then, too, I tippled orange juice
And took tomato tods,
And turned to my persistent use
Hepatic oil of cods.
Nor did I lack for prunes and bran,
And oh, but I'd carouse
The finest milk provided man
By superplacid cows.

Thus did I largely stow inside
Vitamins A to Z,
And salts and acids specified
For growing lads like me.
And was my mother right or wrong?
How fared her precious lamb?
Oh, am I big and tough and strong?
I am, my friends, I am!

I'm six-foot-ten and weigh a ton
And fit in nothing made,
And people cry, in ceaseless fun,
"Here comes the Big Parade!"
Ah, would I'd passed my childhood hours
In less vitamined scenes
So I'd not prove the awful powers
That lurk in milk and greens!

—Gorton Veeder Carruth.

THE SIREN SCREAMS

. . Does it make you nervous ?

THE moaning, uncanny scream of the fire siren late at night. It strikes terror to the hearts of many business men. Something is burning. In their mind's eye comes the vision of fire, smoke and water, destroying their work of years—their livelihood. Are you one of these men?

Such fear is unnecessary and uncalled for. Keep your vital records—the heart of any business—safe and secure in Diebold Fire Resistive Safes and all cause for worry is removed.

They are designed as to size, style and interior equipment to meet the needs of any business. In addition, their attractive Duco finish beautifies any office. Diebold Safes carry the label of The Underwriters' Laboratories.

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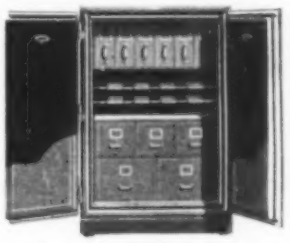

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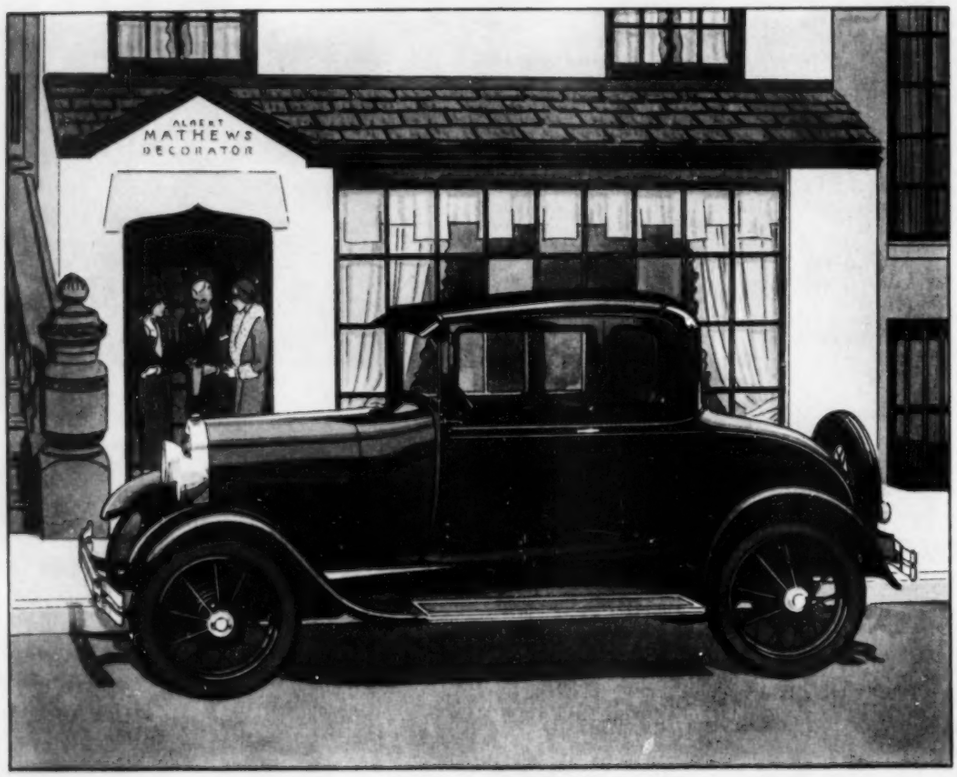


THE FORD COUPE

Unusual number of ball and roller bearings in the Ford contributes to smoothness, reliability, economy and long life

In manner of manufacture, as in performance, there is much that is distinctive about the Ford. Principally it concerns the unseen values which have such a great bearing on economy, reliability and long life. Fundamentally it is an expression of the Ford policy and the Ford method of building a motor car.

In designing the Ford, we decided first on the kind of car we wanted to make. Many months were then devoted to the designing of new machines and new manufacturing methods which would enable us to sell it at a price within reach of all the people. The production of such a car at such a low price is even more unusual than the car itself.

Not in exterior things only, but throughout the Ford you find the same nigh quality of materials and exact, careful workmanship. Prominent among its unseen values is the extensive use of ball and roller bearings.

There are more than twenty of these in the Ford—an unusually large number. In type and kind they are carefully selected for the work they have to do and are as adequate in size as in number.

Being comparable to the jewels of a fine watch, they prevent unnecessary friction and wear, contribute to smoothness and quiet, reduce up-keep costs and add thousands of miles to the life of the car.

Studying the operation of these bearings you can see their practical value to every Ford owner. Steering is made easier and safer because of the roller bearings in the steering gear and because the weight of the car is carried on roller bearings in the front wheels and front axle king pins. The uniformly good performance of the Ford rear axle is due largely to the roller bearings on the rear axle pinion and differential. These are held to such close limits that adjustment is unnecessary.

From the engine-to-the-road, in fact, the entire drive of the Ford on all forward speeds is wholly on anti-friction ball and roller bearings. In addition to smoother operation, this saves gasoline, gives the car more speed and power in first and second speeds, decreases noise, and increases the durability and efficiency of the transmission gears.

Similar good results are apparent also in the drive shaft, the generator—wherever ball and roller bearings are used.

There are definite reasons, therefore, for the smooth-running, alert performance of the Ford, and for its economy, reliability and long life. Throughout it has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

STUBBORN

(Continued from Page 29)

served to relieve the acute misery which had settled down upon Gumbo's carcass.

In Cap'n Jeff's house, after Gumbo had solved the supper problem to the satisfaction of all concerned, "I see you been addin' some fixin's to your place," Sam Baldwin observed to his host.

"Yep. The town pays me a little extry money, now that I been elected mayor——"

"You been elected mayor!"

"That's what I said. Fust thing I did was to spend it on a new canvas deck fer the place. Then what d'ya suppose I did?"

Sam Baldwin looked about him. "The next thing a snag-headed pilot would do is rig himself up a jingle and a gong," he said. "That's the fust thing a mayor needs."

Cap'n Jeff smiled with some difficulty. "Nope. No jingle and no gong. Come along and I'll show you." He led his guest to the far end of the room, where a narrow stairway leaped almost vertically to a hole in the ceiling. "Up you go, and look around when you git there."

Sam Baldwin climbed the stairway, followed by Cap'n Jeff. He climbed into a replica of the Gilmore's pilot house.

"I never seen this from the outside when we was comin' up."

"The trees hide it on the sta'board side. Look out of them windows. Look at that there wheel. Look at the brasswork and all the sailor fixin's. You'd think you was right back in the pilot house of the old Gilmore, wouldn't you?"

Sam Baldwin restrained his compliment and his real sentiments. "I'd think I was back there mebby if I felt the b'ilers tremblin' and heard the hogchains grunting and had me a flock of deck hands and sand bars up ahead. Mebby this makes you homesick, but it strikes me as bein' a mighty foolish way to spend money. What's them there fixin's on the high seat?"

"That's my bedding," Cap'n Jeff said briefly. "I sleep up here."

Sam Baldwin, without giving much thought to his words, forthwith broke the last worn links of the overstrained golden chain of friendship with his next remark: "Comes natural to a pilot, I suppose—sleepin' on watch in the pilot house."

One minute later, by an urgent invitation which preceded a violent verbal conflict, Sam Baldwin began his journey back across the river to his farm.

"Hit them oars heavy," he ordered after Gumbo had shoved the skiff out into the current. "Head her upstream a little, and let's git away from this derned town where Jeff Hall is mayor. As long as Cap'n Jeff is runnin' this town don't you never come near it no more. When I need groceries you git 'em upstream or down. As far as this Beermudy place is concerned, she's flyin' a yaller-fever flag fer us. The idea, the dumb fool riggin' himself a pilot house and a steerin' wheel and a lot of fool fixin's—that feller missed the channel by a wide mile. Don't you never go back to that Beermudy town no more while he's mayor!"

Gumbo, pulling heartily to keep himself warm, answered with some vehemence: "Naw-suh, ain't neveh gwine back no place no mo'." To himself, with an added reservation: "Lawd, lemme git bedded down comf'table an' warm, an' I ain't neveh even gwine to leave my bed."

After another year of labor, in spite of his resolve, Gumbo was still at work under orders. "We won't monkey with no farmin' fer a while," Sam Baldwin said to him on a morning in May, squinting upstream through the mists that lay along the river. "Take that can of oil and some packin' down to the dredge rig. I'll be along down in a few minutes and help you git things shaped up."

"Us gwine to start pumpin' mo' dirt?"

"I got me a newspaper over at Beermudy, and I don't like what it says about the new rains up north."

"Bad high wateh?" A tone of apprehension marked Gumbo's voice.

"Too much rain to suit me all in a bunch after a hard winter. Everything gittin' soft at once in the snow country. The old river might drown the gauge. You know what a good flood stage'd do to us."

"Come mighty near it last spring. Wateh lappin' along widin a foot of toppin' yo' levee."

"Silted everything. Worth a million dollars that time," Sam Baldwin returned. "We don't want any more water on this farm, never again from no flood. We'll git that little dredge runnin' and put in the next week raisin' that levee a foot or two on the top side."

"Lawdy, Mistuh Sam, no rest fo' de weary!"

"Git along down to that dredge. You get any rest from now on, you're mighty lucky."

As a prophet it seemed to Gumbo that Sam Baldwin batted around a thousand. Beginning with no rest for the weary, Gumbo's labors increased until, in his own opinion, he was something over a year behind in his sleep after the first week's work. "Sleep, whah at is you went! Wake up an' heah me callin'!"

"Weatheh gittin' softer in the north," Sam Baldwin announced two days later to his helper. "Forty-foot stage right now on the Cairo gauge."

"Yass-suh, Mistuh Sam. Dem folks acrost in Beermudy must of heerd 'bout whut's comin'. Near as I kin make out, dey got a brush gang workin' along de bank whah de current sets in agin 'em."

"Mighty little Jeff Hall knows about that business." Sam Baldwin squinted his eyes in a vain attempt to discover what the mob at the upper end of the town across the river were doing.

"I always figgered dat Beermudy town would git drownded some day like Kasky did when de riveh cut de bend. Looks like de current is settin' acrost dere stronger dan it eveh did befo'."

"There's more water comin'. Them town folks better hop to it."

"De chances is our levee ain't helped 'em none. Way dat drift comes down heah an' den bounces acrost, looks like de set of de current is been changed a lot by de levee us built. Current seems to set right square at dat Beermudy town."

"Never mind about that." Sam Baldwin's face wore a troubled look.

"Naw-suh. Ain't gwine to mind 'bout de levee, an' neitheh will de ol' riveh when de time comes. Guv'ment folks been fightin' dat riveh since I was a boy. Ain't pestered de ol' riveh none so fur. Git a lot of brush on de bank, git a lot of rock on de brush, git a mighty fine levee th'owed up, steamboats puffin' round, white folks yellin' an' hootin' 'bout how dey got de ol' riveh in jail at last, an' de nex' thing you knows hungry folks is bein' rescued outen trees an' offen de roofs of barns jus' like usual, wid now an' den somebody drownded an' sleepin' on his face wid de ol' riveh floatin' him to de Gulf. Naw-suh, Mistuh Sam, whateveh dem Beermudy folks does ain't gwine to make no diffunce when de ol' riveh gits bullheaded. De way dat wateh is headin', Cap'n Jeff gwine to be a mayor widout no town to mayorize in by de time anotheh two-foot raise comes along."

"She's mighty apt to come." Sam Baldwin looked downward from where he stood on the top of the levee which protected his farm. His gaze drifted to the little house which he and Gumbo had built. "Let another two feet come—or six feet, fer that matter. We kin stand the worst flood now that ever sunk the Cairo gauge."

He turned and faced the broad expanse of water which lay between him and the opposite shore. "Sure enough looks like the current takes a set from here acrost to the town. Old river buildin' a new channel."

"Ol' riveh mo' likely huntin' up his ol' channel some place. Used to run clear acrost f'm heah to de bluffs, sideways, when my pappy was a boy. Ol' riveh gits homesick now an' den an' goes prowlin' round whah he used to be, jus' like folks."

"If he does much prowlin' the way he's headed, Jeff Hall is goin' to be mighty homesick too. Homesick fer his house with the pilot house on the top end, and all them fool fixin's."

"Make me mighty homesick did de riveh bounce back an' take out our place, Mistuh Sam."

"Don't you bother about that. This levee will stand any water that can pile up against it. Fifty foot on the Cairo gauge wouldn't bother us none, but the way the drift is stretchin' out, a fifty-foot stage would mingle Jeff Hall's town from here to the Gulf. Git me that shotgun. I'm goin' to look around to see they ain't no mushrats diggin' into the levee no place."

"Levee too new fo' mushrats, Mistuh Sam, but dey's mighty apt to be cattle an' folks landin' on it befo' de flood sets down. Lawdy, look at dem folks acrost de riveh! Neveh knowed dey was dat many people in Beermudy."

A marching column of more than a hundred men straggled out of the town across the river and walked to the bank of the stream, where Cap'n Jeff Hall had begun his fight to save his town from the ravenous river.

Through the night lanterns gleamed along the Bermuda shore. "Cap'n Jeff is workin' a double shift," Sam Baldwin observed after a look around before he went to bed. "Well, let's see what a dern pilot can do—claimin' to know everything. I'll bet my cribbage board to a cigareet he rings a backin' bell before mornin' and takes to the hills. Blow that light out, Gumbo; I want to git me some sleep."

Long after midnight, Sam Baldwin discovered that sleep was an elusive prize. He got up and threw a stick of wood on the fire and set about making himself a cup of coffee.

Gumbo, snoring with his mouth open, slept through the clatter until his master awakened him. "Roust out here and use your eyes! I can't see like I used to. See what it looks like acrost the river. What is Jeff Hall and them folks doin'?"

Five minutes later, "Lanterns is movin' round mighty fast all in one place on de top edge of town," Gumbo reported. "I seen one of 'em fall down like it went oveh de bank a minnit ago."

"Mebby the Beermudy shore's begun to cave. You hear anything after that lantern went over the high side?"

"De wind is settin' de wrong way to heah much." Then, with some added tension in his voice: "Steamboat, Mistuh Sam! Downstream. Dere's de searchlight swingin'."

"Listen." Faintly from the lower end of Bermuda Bend the pair of watchers heard the exhaust of a steamboat.

"Sounded like the Abbott," Sam Baldwin observed a moment later.

"Dat's de big Abbott, widout no doubt," Gumbo confirmed Sam Baldwin's opinion. "Asthma on de sta'board pipe, an' de cylinders whinin' like a bobcat ev'y stroke. Dat's de Guv'ment boat, an' no mistake."

"Jeff Hall has hollered fer help. Yellin' fer the Guv'ment to save his town." In the darkness Sam Baldwin smiled with some bitterness. "Yelpin' fer help before the fight has fairly begun."

"Way dem lanterns is hoppin' round, Cap'n Jeff is begun to lose his fight. Prob'ly losin' it right now," Gumbo answered.

Seeming not to hear, "That boat's laborin' mighty heavy if she's comin' light," the engineer observed. "Can you see her?"

Gumbo strained his eyes through the darkness downstream. "She ain't made de bend yet. Sounded like she's work'n' acrost f'm Pelican Bar. Wait a minnit! Dere's a light. Well, Mistuh Sam, I be dogged! She's shovin' a tow a mile long, looks like. Dat front light cain't be mo' dan five foot f'm de watch, an' dey's lights strung out a mile behind it. Barges. Dey's bringin' loads."

Then across the blackness slashed the Abbott's searchlight. The bright beam swung to the Bermuda shore, but in the instant of its swinging it had revealed the whole story to Gumbo's eyes.

"Fo' rock barges an' de brush gang wid dey outfit. Looks like a millium men on dem barges."

"Jeff Hall must of hollered fer help mighty loud."

"Lawdy, Mistuh Sam, must of been a dozen lanterns dived oveh de bank at Beermudy right den! Ol' riveh sho eatin' his way into dat town."

"All the men in the world ain't no more than good bait fer this hungry river, the way she's rollin' tonight. Wonder why that fool on the Abbott don't swing his searchlight!"

"He's a-swingin' it. He's a-huntin' round now. Dere—he spot de town. Snakin' upstream wid it now. . . . Dere dey is! Dere dey is! Roll, riveh! . . . Fo' de land-climbin' catfish, look how dat bank is et! Dere she goes again—piece as big as a church fell off. Dere's a house goin'! I bet dat house goes befo'—she done gone! Lawd, Mistuh Sam, one mo' hour an' dey won't be nuthin' left of Beermudy but a wet place in de ol' riveh! Look at dat street cavin' in! Kain't do nuthin' wid dem rock barges now."

"Jeff yelped too late," Sam Baldwin agreed; and then quietly to Gumbo: "Go back to the house and fetch out them two loaves of bread and that cold meat. Put 'em in the skiff. Bring along that sack of flour. Git 'em in the skiff."

"Yass-suh, Mistuh Sam. You goin' acrost to help Cap'n Jeff?"

"Do like I told you and hurry up about it! Soon's you git that grub in the skiff, fetch my trunk out and load it in. If you got any clothes you want you better bring 'em. We're leavin' here." In the darkness Gumbo's eyes bulged and he began mumbling to himself. "Never mind talkin' back! Git that skiff loaded before I bust your head open with a shovel!"

Sam Baldwin at the moment had no shovel in his hand, but he found one presently on the rough deck of the dilapidated dredge. He came ashore from the ramshackle structure over an eight-inch gangplank.

"Still mighty steady on my legs," he commented. "Walk a tight rope in the dark if I had to."

On his narrow levee he paused for a moment. "Good-by, digger," he said to the little makeshift dredge. "See you downstream, mebby. If I don't, so long."

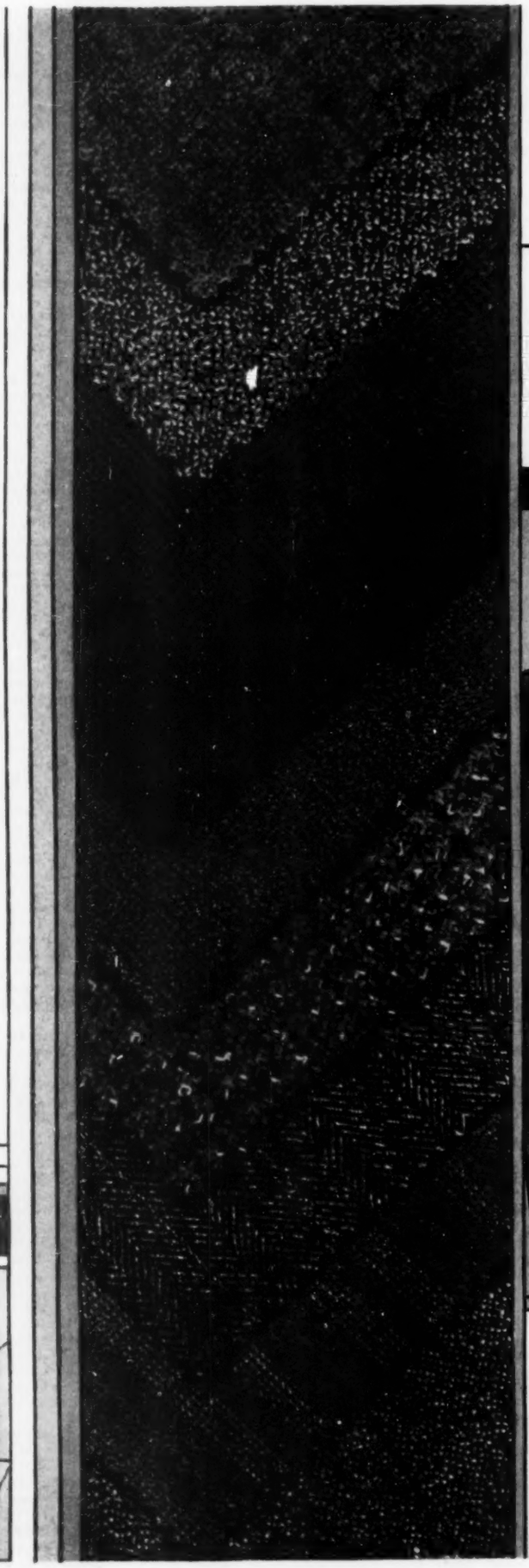
Upstream along the crest of the narrow levee, Sam Baldwin walked for a hundred yards. Here he paused for a moment and yelled an order back through the night: "Come along with that skiff! Bring her up to the head end and come a-runnin'!"

"Yass-suh, Mistuh Sam, Ise comin'!" Gumbo answered. Then, with an element of terror in his voice: "Lawdy, Mistuh Sam," he yelled, "look acrost at Beermudy! Dat big house is de hotel, an' she's goin' oveh de deep side!"

"Come a-runnin' with that skiff!" Sam Baldwin paid no further heed to the scene on which the searchlight played across the dark waters of the flood. He continued his march upstream along the levee for another hundred yards.

Here, at the inner edge, he began to dig a narrow trench in the sandy loam of the barrier which stood between the raging river and his farm. "This sandy stuff will go quicker than dynamite when the river starts through." He paused in his work to yell another command in Gumbo's direction. "Hit the collar, boy! Come

(Continued on Page 114)



Making

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in a vacuum, water boils at low temperatures. In a vacuum heating system, radiators heat up far quicker. In a vacuum system, they stay hot far longer. Naturally, less fuel is consumed.

ANY good heating contractor can do the job for you in jig-time. He tightens up the system to keep out air; places a Hoffman No. 16 Valve on the basement main, to clear the pipes of air; and installs a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve on each radiator.

That is all. You will then have a modern one-pipe vacuum system. With uncanny efficiency *every* radiator heats up *15 minutes* after drafts are opened. When the fire is banked, or the oil or gas burner shuts off, the vacuum keeps heat in radiators for *three hours* or more, just as though you had steam up all the time. This means that in the coldest weather radiators stay hot all day long without frequent raising of steam pressure. Can you imagine a more efficient heating system?

And that is not all. In the thousands of homes whose heating systems are vacuum-ized with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves, they are saving as much as five dollars per radiator every year in fuel bills.

Ask your heating contractor to come up and estimate the cost of vacuum-izing. When you learn how little it costs you will find it hard to believe our claims. If so, send for the booklet, "How to Lock Out Air, the Heat Thief", which tells and *proves* the whole story. Do not put it off. Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. O-22, Waterbury, Connecticut.

(Continued from Page 111)

a-rollin' with that skiff! I'll need you mighty quick!"

"Ise a-comin', Mistuh Sam!" The cluck of a pair of oars accented Gumbo's reply. "Ise a-heavin', but de current is settin' agin me mighty heavy." Gumbo was making his fight in the easy water near the bank. He fouled up for a minute or two on the mooring lines which led to the levee from the little dredge, and then, making a new start: "Ise comin', Mistuh Sam! Whah at is you?"

Seemingly from away upstream Sam Baldwin's voice came thin and clear: "Jerk her along, boy! Another minute and I'll need you mighty bad!"

Even as he spoke a trickle of the flood lapped the narrow barrier of sandy loam which dammed the end of the narrow trench which he had dug. He stuck his shovel into this barrier and withdrew it. Water followed the shovel's lip. Within three seconds the stream flowing over the crest of the levee was as large as Sam Baldwin's wrist.

"Fetch along that skiff!" he yelled.

He turned instinctively to look downstream, and noted with some surprise that he could see the skiff and its laboring occupant. Daylight! He turned again to observe the trench which he had cut through the sandy loam of the levee. It widened before his eyes—three feet—ten feet.

He stepped back and yelled loudly to the skiff puller: "Nose her into the bank and hold her there!"

"Yass-suh, Mistuh Sam! . . . Looks like de current is a-drawin' dis skiff upstream."

"Stay away from it! I've cut the levee! Keep her in the clear!" Sam Baldwin turned for a last look at his work of destruction. The gap in the levee was fifty feet wide, and great sections of the soft earth, caving more rapidly now, invited the rolling flood into the wide channel which had been Sam Baldwin's farm. The engineer dropped his shovel and walked to where Gumbo waited in the skiff. He jumped in. "Shove her off and head her downstream," he ordered. "Git out of here before the current drags us through the gap in the levee!"

In the morning light Gumbo's black face was blotched with gray. "Mistuh Sam, looks like de whole riveh is headin' fo' dat busted place in yo' levee. Look at all dat drift comin' dis way."

Without replying, Sam Baldwin gazed intently toward the opposite shore, and then, with quiet triumph in his voice: "Current is easin' up on the Beermudy bank!" he said.

At the oars Gumbo turned his head for a look at the threatened town across the rolling flood.

"Sho is," he agreed. "Dat piece of bank in front of dat red brick house is a-holdin'. Ol' riveh got licked! My white folks licked him wid a shovel! Ol' riveh got de stren'th, but my white folks got de brains. My Mistuh Sam licked ol' riveh wid a shovel! Got ol' riveh hog-tied right now. Carry along, ol' riveh! Take my white folks whah at he wants to go!" Then, abruptly ending his song of triumph, Gumbo's voice thinned: "By de way, whah at does you want to go, Mistuh Sam?"

"Keep a-pullin'. Git down the river."

"Ise a-pullin', but whah at does you aim to go? Dese rations ain't gwine to last only a mighty little while."

"Boy, don't you worry. Head her down the river. I'll git me a job some place." Thereafter, until the skiff had rounded Bermuda Bend, Sam Baldwin surrendered himself to visions of the future. "I'm too old fer a steamboat job," he reflected. "Too old fer any sort of a job, 'cept mebby fumblin' around as a deck hand, deckin' fer eight or ten years an' then goin' to sleep sometime in the cold and not wakin' up."

Interrupting the old man's reverie came Gumbo's voice: "Steamboat a-comin', Mistuh Sam! Rollin' down on us f'm upstream. . . . Dog-gone if it ain't de big Abbott!"

Sam Baldwin turned and looked upstream.

"She's a-comin' too! Look at him cut that bend, huntin' the fast water. Them young fellers on these Guv'ment boats might not know the river so good, but they can sure cut the corners. Like as not racin' downstream fer more men to help save Jeff Hall's town with. The dern fools!"

To this, "Sho is," Gumbo agreed. "You done saved de town, Mistuh Sam, wid yo' shovel when you cut de levee."

"Shut up, boy. I'll do the talkin'. Who's that man at the wheel of the Abbott? . . . Dang me if it don't look like Jeff Hall!"

"Sho is Cap'n Jeff," Gumbo confirmed. "Talk 'bout dem young men cuttin' de corners—ain't nobody neveh could handle 'em like Cap'n Jeff in de fast wateh."

"Hit them oars. Never mind about Cap'n Jeff."

"He's a-chasin' us," Gumbo said. "I cain't outrun him wid dis skiff. Dere he goes, ringin' de backin' bell. Cap'n Jeff leanin' out de pilot house yellin' at us, Mistuh Sam."

Backing strong, the big steamboat quartered over to where Sam Baldwin and Gumbo rode the cross-currents which surged from the Abbott's wheel. "Stand by!" Cap'n Jeff yelled from the pilot house. "Come aboard here!"

"Git in the clear with that blank steamboat!" Sam Baldwin answered. "We got rights, and we're headed downstream."

"Come aboard or I'll run you down! Stand by to take a line, you old fool! Come aboard or I'll run you down! I got an engineer now that can hear the signals. Stand by to come aboard before I give 'er the gong!"

Sam Baldwin knew that Cap'n Jeff meant what he said. He surrendered. "Edge over," he said to Gumbo; and presently the pair of drifters in the skiff went aboard the Abbott. A group of white-collar men greeted Sam Baldwin on the boiler deck. "Brassnecks," the old man judged.

"Cap'n Jeff Hall's compliments, and he'd like to see you in the pilot house," a messenger announced.

"I'm a-comin', dog-gone him!" Sam Baldwin replied.

"I knew you'd lose your farm one way or another!" Cap'n Jeff said, greeting his old companion. "Where was you headed fer just now?"

"Downstream."

"Listen, you stubborn old fool! Why are you headin' downstream when you own forty acres of the finest bottom land in the valley?"

"You mean I did own it. I don't aim to build me no more levees. I'm mighty weary, Jeff, pesterin' round with farms and floods. Seems like I'd relish a little rest."

"I'm not talkin' about that mud farm you flooded with your shovel at daylight this mornin'. We saw the whole play. What d'you suppose I'm mayor of Beermudy fer, if I can't see things that happen? Five minutes after you cut that levee and saved Beermudy, the town council voted you a free gift of forty acres of the Beermudy reserve land that all the real-estate folks from St. Louis to Memphis have tried to buy fer the last ten years. Richest land in the state. They's a house on your farm with a long room in it built like the Gilmore's engine room, sort of, and you can rig it up any way you like. We'll rig it up with a jingle if you want to, so Gumbo can ring the signals when he gits your meals ready. . . . You goin' to stick with me?"

"I'll stick." Sam Baldwin surrendered to Lady Luck. "I'll stick with you, Jeff, but they's just one thing I won't put up with! No jingles! Don't you ring no backin' bells on me. At mealtimes I aim to open up and come ahead strong—so give her the gong!"

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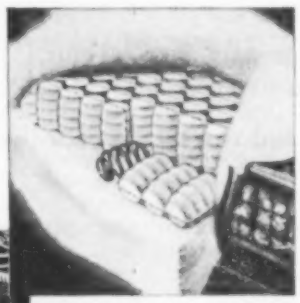

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BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY DELAVAN, WISCONSIN

THE MID-VICTORIANS

(Continued from Page 17)

American girls who came out in New York City during the years immediately after the Civil War made their debuts into a rough world. It was the flash age—a man's world. Society was excessively loose in its morals. Drinking, gambling, prostitution were universal. A young girl was supposed to get herself married within two or three years, and if not, back she went on the shelf. At best, the springtime of love did not last a day beyond twenty-two, full summer came at twenty-three, autumn at twenty-five. Hence the market value of the delicate flower must be preserved in all its purity and every appearance of an opportunity for evil carefully avoided. Says Mr. Martine succinctly:

"Young ladies do not receive calls from gentlemen unless they are very intimate with them or have passed the Rubicon of thirty summers."

Nevertheless, they engaged in violent competition for the men, and the very briefness of the mating period rendered it the more hectic. It was the generally accepted doctrine that a girl became an old maid at twenty-five, was withered and ready for a retreat or nunnery at thirty, and fit only for the boneyard at thirty-five, at which age she was supposed to wear a cap. Once married she vanished into the purdah of American uxoriousness, carrying upon her head the lace symbol of her servitude, however becoming, her wildest public debauch a reckless afternoon tatting in a rocker. Women's place—socially at least—was on the piazza. Miss Leslie, in The Behavior Book, says:

"Most American ladies beyond the age of thirty-five look better in caps than without them, even if their hair shows no signs of middle age. Before that time the females of our country begin to fade, evincing one effect of torrid summers and frozen winters. A tasteful and simply elegant cap—not one that is elaborate in its design and loaded with ornament—imparts a grace and softness to a faded face and renders less conspicuous the inroads of time. A decidedly old lady, persisting in going with her head uncovered, is a pitiable object, and scarcely looks respectable. Worse still, when she takes to an auburn wig. Gray hair is seldom unbecoming to a man. To a woman it gives a masculine aspect, especially if worn without a cap; and if there is an attempt at long gray locks or ringlets the effect is strange, wild and ghastly. It is far more becoming for an elderly lady to give a dark shade to her temples and the upper part of her forehead by a plain, simple and becoming dark-colored braid, not intended to pass as her natural hair—for it never does—but merely that the face should be set off by a due proportion of shadow, and not be all light or lightish. If a decidedly old lady prefers wearing her own gray hair, let her part it smoothly on her forehead, but make no attempt at curls, and be sure to add a cap to it. An elderly female should, as we have said, always wear a cap; and her cap should have tabs or broad strings."

Helpful Hints on Health

The above extract fascinates me for many reasons and piques my powers of speculation. Did women fade sooner than they do now? And if so, why? Was it because they took so little exercise, or paid less attention to their diet, or being told that they were old, conducted themselves accordingly and hence actually became so? Or was it only an apparent maturity, induced by the use of caps and encouraged by jealous husbands or mothers anxious to marry off their younger sisters? Did they use cosmetics? I swiftly turn to my Ladies' Book of Etiquette. Yes, along with "full directions for correct manners, dress, deportment and conversation; hints on managing servants, on the preservation of health, and on accomplishments," I find "useful receipts for the complexion, hair, and with hints and directions for the care of the wardrobe."

Augustus K. Gardner, M.D., in an article on the Physical Decline of American Women in The Knickerbocker of January, 1860, wrote: "We shall attempt to tell why woman is a haggard creature, dull-eyed and sallow, pinched in form, an unfit mother, not a helpmeet but a drag on the energy and spirits and resolution of her partner in life. Look at the dress of women. Were man to so direct the fashion of women's dress, in order to enable him by physical force to overcome her and tyrannize over her, he could not more completely fetter her than she shackles herself. Her sleeves are placed so low down upon the waist that she is unable to raise her hands to the top of her head or use them freely in any direction; her limbs are restrained in their motions by a profusion of flowing skirts, and her breathing interrupted by lacings or corsets, which displace the organs and slowly destroy life. It is in vain, however, to hope for any relief from the tyranny of fashion. Were these injuries caused by any edict of church or state, long ere this they would have been abrogated. Against the decrees of fashion there is no appeal."

The Novel Route to Perdition

Can it really be—would it were so—that the women of today are so far advanced beyond their grandmothers in knowledge of hygiene and dietetics that in spite of all-day bridge and all-night dancing, they are younger at fifty than the latter were at thirty-five? I really think that on a whole they are. Their physical health has enormously improved in the past twenty-five years, owing to the abandonment of the practice of tight lacing and the taking up of outdoor sports. Infant mortality has decreased in an astounding degree, due to better care, the use of antiseptics, more sanitary surroundings and protection against contagious diseases. This is true also of the health of the mothers. There are not nearly so many invalids among the comparatively young now as then.

But the traditions of the fragility of woman, the idea that she was a sensitive plant which instinctively shrank from any contact with the coarse facts of life and was physically unadapted by Nature to violent exercise persisted until the end of the century. The author of Social Customs says, as late as 1887:

"Tennis and other athletic exercises, now so much in favor with young girls, no doubt assist greatly in producing a good muscular development, although tennis is such violent exercise that one cannot recommend women to make use of it, except with a good deal of caution."

With that happy inconsistency we so often find in writers upon these subjects, Mrs. Hale of Boston, who described the Manners of Happy Homes and Good Society All the Year Round, though agreeing that a woman belonged beside the hearth and, once married, should find her happiness in her children, at the same time declared that "married women should control society. The present practice of abandoning it almost exclusively to young girls is lowering in its tone and pernicious in its effects."

Mrs. Hale evidently thought things were in a pretty bad way in 1868 and that the young folks were going to the dogs. The girls deceived their parents, and though not exactly wolves in lambs' clothing perhaps, were certainly wise little serpents in the plumage of doves. What was more, she knew the exact reason for it—novel reading. Too many trashy books!

"There are evils under the sun that Solomon never dreamed of," she asserts. "In our land, one of these evils is a deluge of books. Works of fiction, perhaps from being light reading, are floating on the top

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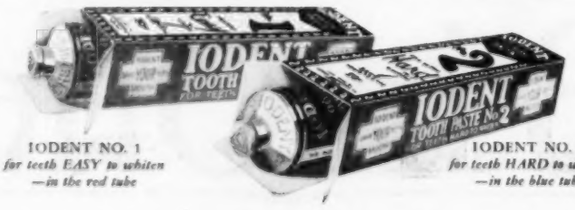

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waves, filling our homes with an ever-flowing stream of 'the last new novels,' and threatening to wash away from the minds of the young all love for works of truth and soberness. I am not intending to discuss the evils of this mania for fiction. That there are injurious effects from this habit of indiscriminate novel devouring, everybody will allow. How to prevent it is the question. This involves the whole system of home life."

How to prevent it! Yes, Mrs. Hale, that is still the question, but not only in regard to novels.

The Glory of the Man

It may be worth while to inquire just what these deleterious novels probably were. Well, in the same year that Mrs. Hale described those Happy Homes All the Year Round, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and George Meredith, Trollope and Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, Marryat, were being widely read; and the Rev. E. P. Roe was producing Barriers Burned Away and Opening of a Chestnut Bur; Bret Harte had written The Luck of Roaring Camp, was under salary to the Atlantic and was about to bring out his first collection of short stories; William Dean Howells was writing Their Wedding Journey; Henry James his earlier short stories; John Esten Cooke's Hilt to Hilt and Mohun were still popular; and Edward Everett Hale's Man Without a Country, published in 1863, was already a classic; Edward Eggleston was just about to bring out The Hoosier Schoolmaster; and of the type of novel most generally in demand were Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre and Emily's Wuthering Heights, William Harrison Ainsworth's Windsor Castle, G. P. R. James' Richelieu, Disraeli's Vivian Grey and Coningsby, Bulwer Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii, Charles Lever's Charles O'Malley, Blackmore's Lorna Doone, Dinah Craik's John Halifax, Gentleman; and Kingsley's Hypatia and Westward Ho! Rough stuff, as the modern girl might say!

But it is against those immodest and unwomanly women who sought to demoralize society by insisting that they had such things as "rights" that the authors of the books on etiquette pour out the full vials of their scorn.

"Would the true wife desire to supersede her husband?" asks Mrs. Hale. "Would the good, intelligent mother who has trained her son to the glorious ambition of serving his country and gaining a noble fame—would she, were it in her power, pluck the laurel from his brow and place it on her own? Would she be willing that any woman should enter the lists against her son? If not, is it right for this mother to encourage the competition of her own sex against the sons of other mothers?"

"No! A thousand times no!" we hear the readers shouting. Mrs. Hale knows her audience and confidently continues:

"Greatness is most perfect when it acts with the least reference to self; power is most efficient when moving the will through the heart. Let us American ladies cultivate the virtues, the knowledge, the accomplishments, which will influence, imbue and aid men to do the work of the world to the glory of God; then the women will truly shine forth as 'the glory of the man.'"

But while Mrs. Hale, a married lady, makes woman's abstinence from fame and glory seem a real self-sacrifice, her spinster confrere, Miss Leslie, lets the yellow cat out of her bag by admitting that woman would have no chance anyhow. She was no Lucy Stoner! No bloomers for her!

"Men make fortunes, women make livings. And none make poorer livings than those who waste their time and bore their friends by writing and lecturing upon the equality of the sexes and what they call 'Women's Rights.' How is it that most of these ladies live separately from their husbands; either despising them or being despised by them?

"Truth is, the female sex is really as inferior to the male in vigor of mind as in strength of body, and all arguments to the contrary are founded on a few anomalies or based on theories that can never be reduced to practice. Because there was a Joan of Arc and an Augustina of Saragossa, should females expose themselves to all the dangers and terrors of 'the battle-field's dreadful array'? The women of the American Revolution effected much good to their country's cause without encroaching upon the province of its brave defenders. They were faithful and patriotic, but they left the conduct of that tremendous struggle to abler heads, stronger arms and sterner hearts."

After all, she consoles herself, there is such a thing as being "womanly."

"We envy not the female who can look unmoved upon physical horrors—even the sickening horrors of the dissecting room."

But these womanly women who could not gaze upon the sickening horrors of the dissecting room or confront mice or endure the sight of a "love apple," these women needed other older, stronger and more self-reliant women to look after them. Beginning with the end of the Civil War, the rigors of chaperonage steadily increased, until by the 90's it had become a curse which tended to destroy the very object of its existence. Mrs. M. E. Sherwood, a lady of social position in New York and well qualified to speak, wrote in 1880:

"Little as we may care for the opinion of foreigners, we do not wish our young ladies to appear in their eyes in a false attitude, and one of the first necessities of a proper attitude, one of the first demands of a polished society, is the presence of a chaperon. She should be a lady old enough to be the mother of her charge, and of unexceptionable manner. She must know society thoroughly herself, and respect its laws. She should be above the suspicion of reproach in character and devoted to her work.

"The duties of a chaperon are very hard and unremitting, and sometimes very disagreeable. She must accompany her young lady everywhere; she must sit in the parlor when she receives gentlemen; she must go with her to the skating rink, the ball, the party, the races, the dinners, and especially to theater parties; she must preside at the table and act the part of a mother, so far as she can; she must watch the characters of the men who approach her charge, and endeavor to save the inexperienced girl from the dangers of a bad marriage, if possible."

Virtue Invulnerable

According to Miss Hall, in 1887, the custom was still on the upgrade: "Society in America is growing more strict on this subject, however, than it used to be, and the chaperon is gradually assuming larger and larger powers, and taking more and more the position of an English or Continental matron."

According to D. Appleton & Co.'s Social Etiquette of New York, this is what went on in 1897: "Etiquette has made chaperonage in New York an established and even a rigid law, as also it is in most Eastern cities. The young unmarried woman neither enters society nor receives gentlemen visitors unattended by an elder or at least a married lady or a kinsman who is nearly related to her.

"The chaperon enters the drawing-room with her charge at her left and slightly in advance of her. After she has exchanged the usual courtesies with the hostess, the young lady is presented. As she moves on, her charge always accompanies her, and a gentleman will not ask the young girl to dance, to promenade or go to supper without first seeking permission of her chaperon, nor will he detain the young lady unreasonably long, if he is considerate and regardful of etiquette in such matters, and no well-bred man can be heedless of the proprieties.

"He cannot ask a young lady to accompany him to a theater or other place of amusement without first asking her mother's or her chaperon's permission, and at the same time extending the same

invitation to her also. If she consents for the young woman, she has a right, if she be engaged or indisposed, to ask permission to delegate the office of chaperon to someone else, and her request is likely to be granted."

One is inclined to wonder whether the danger to a young lady's virtue justified all this bother. Certainly the expense must have been discouraging if not well-nigh prohibitive to most young men.

Then Kiss Her Carefully

A bachelor might well pause today before embarking on the taking of a girl to the opera if it involved anything such as outlined by D. Appleton & Co. in 1897.

"Opera and theater parties are among the delights of the fortunate, and they are common with rich families, although they are more frequently given by bachelors who have no well-equipped homes to which they can invite guests, and thus cancel some of their many social obligations.

"If one of these costly entertainments is to be given by an unmarried man, he first secures an acceptable chaperon for the young ladies of his proposed party. If she be his own kinswoman, all the better for the harmony of the affair. This selection spares him the unpleasant perplexity of choosing from among the mammas of his young-lady guests. He proffers his invitations in person or by note, soliciting first the consent of the mother that her daughter may be his guest for the evening, at the same time mentioning what married lady will accompany them, and also furnishing the names of the gentlemen who are invited to be present.

"The dinner hour is usually six o'clock for this type of party. Retiring from the table, the party proceeds to the opera in carriages or a carryall furnished by the host. Boxes have necessarily been secured, because the party is in full dress for the dinner.

"After the amusement the guests return to the banqueting room for slight refreshments, and then they separate, a gentleman accompanying each young lady, provided only her waiting woman calls for her with her carriage. If her father or a kinsman comes for her, the gentleman who has been her attendant during the evening escorts her to her conveyance. He calls upon her within three days to inquire after her health or he leaves his card, provided a visit be impossible to him.

"The bachelor host is compelled, by the laws of our best society, to pay his respects and return thanks to mother and daughter within a week for the honor and pleasure he has received. The young ladies pay an early visit of thanks to the friend who so kindly chaperoned them."

In those days you might take a walk with a girl unaccompanied by a chaperon, provided you got home before dark; you were not allowed to ride with her unaccompanied by a groom, who must remain at all times within sight. On rare occasions a party of young people were allowed to go to some daylight form of entertainment by themselves—say the circus—but never in the evening. The chaperon was always within sight and hearing when a girl received a male caller unless they had announced their engagement. Even then the conduct of the affianced pair was strictly governed by convention. There is no etiquette more elaborate than that of matrimony and it has remained practically static, although the art of love-making has noticeably altered. The Gentleman—Simplex Munditis tells us how one should propose in 1891.

"Always plead your cause with eyes and speech only. When accepted, it is left to the option of the suiter as to what mode of procedure will best express his delight and happiness. But perhaps for those of timid and bashful nature it is advisable to suggest a standard course of action, viz.: When the lady replies affirmatively, immediately clasp her in your arms; this is not, for true lovers, a very embarrassing position. Let the embrace be gentle, simply to signify and give strength and proof of your affectionate expressions prior to the acceptance.

"Always stand when proposing, as it lends dignity to the occasion and allows of more freedom in expressing the feelings; besides, it savors of very little earnestness to remain in any other attitude while making so important a confession."

But once engaged you had to mind your *p*'s and *q*'s, and you still had the chaperon always at your heels; at least, outside the house. A girl more or less retired from social intercourse until after her marriage. To be seen about too much would argue a lack of seriousness and hence was considered bad form. On her wedding day she must remain indoors and not see her husband before she met him at the altar. Miss Florence Howes notes that in Boston in 1887 "a young lady at the seashore greatly shocked public opinion by going down to the surf beach and bathing on the morning of her wedding day."

But she by no means got rid of the chaperon by marriage. Not at all! After the honeymoon "a bride must on no account receive her visitors without a mother or sister or some friend being present, not even if her husband is at home. This is imperative. Young married ladies may visit their acquaintances alone, but they may not appear in any public places unattended. It is not considered *comme il faut* to ask a married lady to dance when her husband is present, without previously ascertaining whether it be agreeable to him."

Attention, if carried too far even with the husband's consent, could seriously compromise any married lady; and that "what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander" is shown by the injunction that "when a man marries, it is understood that all former acquaintanceship ends, unless he intimate a desire to renew it by sending you his own and his wife's card, if near, or by letter, if distant. If this be neglected be sure no further intercourse is desired."

What killed the chaperon was the advent of the athletic era. The bicycle smashed her. Old ladies could not be persuaded to ride bicycles and the young ones couldn't be kept off them. Many a present-day grandmother remembers the unparalleled sense of freedom that was hers the first time she and a party of her friends enjoyed the experience of setting off on their "safeties" unaccompanied.

The Chaperon Passes

By 1900 society had become fairly sober as compared with twenty years earlier. The number of wine glasses on even formal dinner tables had greatly diminished. One was offered sherry, hock or claret and champagne, not a choice of at least eight or ten varieties and vintages. There had been a marked improvement all along the line since the decade after that of the Civil War. It was the social aftermath of the Victorian Era and the Victorians were still solidly in the saddle, although a few insiders were riding fairly skittish horses. Chaperonage no longer seemed necessary. Certainly it was futile. But the day of the Victorians was coming to an end. Their sons and daughters no longer had the same conception of their importance.

Their fathers and mothers had had the idea—true enough at one time—that because they ate off gold plate and had butlers, the rest of the world spent most of its time looking at them. The next generation realized that nobody any longer cared a continental. One fortune was as good as another. The improved standard of living throughout the country, the general leveling up, the discovery that there was no mystery about etiquette, the spread of knowledge through newspapers, periodical publications and fashion magazines, lessened the distinctions between economic classes and destroyed the aura of magnificence surrounding society women who got their frocks in Paris. Soon every shopgirl got her frock from Paris or via Paris. She became as well dressed as the lady born or the millionaire's wife who had bought a house on upper Fifth Avenue. You couldn't tell one from the other any longer.

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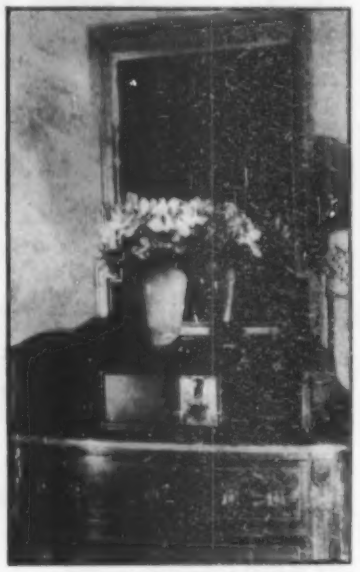

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You simply put in a piece of bread, set a lever at the exact shade of toast you want—and forget it; leave the room if you like. In a few seconds, there's a POP!—and out comes the toast, just as you ordered it.

Both sides are toasted at once; thus the toast made this way is superlative—moist and tender inside, crisp, crunchy outside; the flavor sealed in. In the last two years, the fully automatic Toastmaster has supplanted all other less-modern toasters in many thousands of homes. So it must be everything people claim for it.

In fairness to yourself, see a Toastmaster work *before* you buy any other toaster, either for yourself or as a gift. On sale at all stores in the United States and Canada. Waters-Genter Company, 213 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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1 *Just drop bread in the slot and press down 2 levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.*

2 *Leave the room, read, do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—*

3 *Pop! and it's done. The exact shade of toast you ordered, perfectly toasted on both sides—and current cuts off automatically.*

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

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PAPER WHEAT

(Continued from Page 44)

France and Italy suspended their wheat-import duties. The United States, most important source of supply left, went to war with Spain, which gave world prices another uptwist. Everything turned to Leiter's advantage; every flip of the coin came heads up for him—only the clock was ticking every second, bringing a new harvest nearer. In May, spot wheat sold at $1.85 a bushel. It was probably fairly worth that for export. If Leiter could have stopped there, ending his campaign with the crop year that he began it in, he would have made a great profit.

But they were cutting new wheat in Texas and India; new Argentine wheat was on the market. Moreover, prior to the fall of 1897, world wheat prices had ruled low for six years. The high prices of the following spring called wheat out from every nook and cranny. Theoretically, Southeastern Europe had exhausted its stocks, but peasants swept their granaries. Granaries were swept in the United States. May deliveries left Leiter with some 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 bushels of wheat on hand; new wheat was rushing to market in greater quantity every day. June thirteenth he threw up the sponge, and the September future dropped to 70⅞ cents, or $1.14 under the high mark of only a fortnight before. That shows how helpless the speculator in farm products finally is to control prices. If Leiter had put the same money and energy into buying stocks he would doubtless have made a great profit. For instance, common stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad that he could have bought for twelve dollars a share when he began his wheat deal is now worth $230 a share, paying 10 per cent a year in regular dividends; but wheat is worth not much more than half as much as Leiter paid for it in May, 1898.

Stock speculation and commodity speculation are two different things. The great objection to stock speculation is that for many months it has absorbed some $6,000,000,000 of credit—loans to brokers to enable them to carry securities. Grain speculation, however, is carried on by the simple posting of margins by buyer and seller, and does not directly affect bank loans at all. It is true that except as it absorbs too much credit, stock speculation does not touch people who keep out of it. A rise or fall of 100 points in General Motors stock, for example, does not change by a penny the price you pay for an automobile. But as grain and cotton go up or down in the speculative markets, so the price that everybody pays for those commodities or receives for them goes up or down. For that reason commodity speculation is a subject of wider general importance than stock speculation. But the evidence indicates that it never had a noteworthy effect on prices except for a very short time, and that the cornerless speculation now in vogue promptly cancels itself with no traceable effect whatever on values of real grain. Meanwhile it does provide dealers in real grain with insurance against price fluctuations by hedging.

In Danger From Exports

Speculation used to be considered one of the outstanding farm problems, but another such problem antedates it. In 1820 a worthy citizen of Philadelphia, Matthew Carey by name, laid a memorial before Congress and his fellow citizens. The faded title page of the copy in the New York Public Library reads: "A view of the ruinous consequences of a dependence on foreign markets for the sale of the great staples of this nation—flour, cotton and tobacco." The memorialist found that for fifteen years exports of flour and wheat from the United States, counting flour at its wheat content, had averaged 4,957,802 bushels, all to be sold abroad in competition with the pauper wheat of Europe. During that period the Czar of Russia, whom Mr. Carey extols as the most sagacious monarch of modern times, had developed the great port of Odessa where there was little more than a wilderness in 1803, and that port was already exporting yearly 6,000,000 bushels of wheat, cultivated by serfs, which was 20 per cent more than our exports. In Mr. Carey's opinion American agriculture must languish unless we stopped exporting surpluses of the raw staples. Which opinion, by the way, is shared by a good many students of the subject today.

It is significant of the state of commercial information from foreign countries that Mr. Carey was unable to learn the price of wheat at Odessa, but he found that in various parts of the Union wheat was then selling at 37½, 30 and 25 cents a bushel. In the fore part of 1849, when the Chicago Board of Trade was less than a year old, wheat in that market sold at fifty to sixty cents a bushel for spring and sixty to seventy cents for winter; corn at twenty-three to twenty-five cents; oats at seventeen to eighteen cents. Speculation does not depress prices. Speculating in cotton—trading in futures—developed after the Civil War. A table of prices for a series of years before that war, and after futures trades developed, shows rather wider fluctuations in the former period.

Hedging All Along the Line

From the beginning up almost to the present time the wheat crop—this applying also to other major farm products—was marketed by hundreds of thousands of individual growers, each acting solely for himself, each with but a small amount to sell, many of them often obliged to sell at once in order to raise money. The greater part of the crop came to market in the four months, July–October. The principal buyers of real grain were line and terminal elevators, millers and exporters. Broadly speaking, all the organization and capital were on the buyers' side; they had the storage and the money to carry grain. It is a safe general rule that buyers, whatever they are buying, want it as cheaply as possible; normally, they are bears while they are buying. On the other side of the ledger speculators are predominantly bullish. It seems a not unreasonable assumption that without speculation growers of farm products would have been rather more liable to adverse manipulation than they were with speculation. Very recently coöperation among growers has become a factor. The new Farm Relief Law, by stimulating cooperation and putting storage and capital at the disposal of the growers, obviously aims to redress their long-standing disadvantage in marketing.

But probably growers will never be quite reconciled to speculation. When a man has toiled the year round to raise 1000 bushels of wheat, it will always irritate him somewhat to read that a gentleman in kid gloves has just sold 1,000,000 bushels of wheat that he never saw or expects to see. At first glance there seems something very bogus and inimical about it. The grower is apt to overlook that at the same instant a second gentleman in kid gloves bought that 1,000,000 bushels of paper wheat, and that the first gentleman himself will soon be buying it back, to balance his books, from a third gentleman who also has no real wheat. In short, it just cancels itself.

But as the whole grain trade is now organized and conducted, a great amount of buying and selling for future delivery is useful for the normal, orderly marketing of the crops. It is said that hedging operations by millers alone amount to 400,000,000 bushels a year. Presumably hedging by elevators would amount to far more, for the same grain may be hedged several times over—as often as it changes hands. This insurance by holders and grinders of real wheat against future price fluctuations could not go on except in a very broad market, with many bears as well as bulls, for the hedges will never match, and there must be

somebody ready to take up the surplus on either side. So a great volume of futures dealings in excess of the quantity of real wheat handled is useful. In this connection it may be pointed out that the United States Supreme Court has fully sustained futures dealings as legal and binding. That being so, it seems there could be little point in setting any arbitrary limit to the quantity of such dealings.

Taking an average of the past five years, receipts of wheat at all primary markets came to 450,000,000 bushels a year, or a little more than half the total crop; but there are some duplications in primary receipts. Yearly receipts at Chicago were 43,000,000 bushels, or not quite a tenth of the total at primary markets. Minneapolis received two and a half times as much wheat as Chicago, Duluth more than twice as much, Kansas City nearly twice as much. But more than 85 per cent of all trading in futures is done on the Chicago Board of Trade. The greatest value of a futures market consists in its breadth, so the futures trading for the whole country—and considerable from abroad—centers there. In one day more than 250,000,000 bushels of grain were handled in the Chicago market, but for five years the annual wheat-futures average works out 12,000,000,000 bushels in round numbers. That is about fifteen times the total crop, or thirty times the total primary receipts. Undoubtedly the trade in real grain could get along with a smaller volume of speculation, but it is difficult to see where that trade would gain anything by an arbitrary limit on speculation.

The Coöperative Wholesale Society of England, probably still the greatest co-operative enterprise in the world, with a membership of some 12,000 local coöperative stores in England and several thousand in Scotland, holds a membership in the Chicago Board of Trade—presumably for the value of its futures market. In one day, probably not very different from many other days, futures dealings on the Chicago Board were participated in by 456 traders, residing in thirty-seven states and Canada, England, France, Australia, Holland, Czecho-Slovakia and Cuba. It is not only a national but an international institution.

SOFT STUFF

(Continued from Page 7)

mark them for the printers. "And would you just copy this hand-written report the secretary of the Civic Organization has sent in, Jeanie dear? I'm in such a jam today."

Presently Jeanie found that she was J. J.'s assistant as well as Mrs. Hart's, and that her hours were becoming wearily long. She thought it over. She did not appeal to Mrs. Hart, she did not refuse J. J., but she said, also gently and amiably, "I'll do it as soon as I've finished the work Mrs. Hart gave me to do," and the work invariably lasted so late that J. J. snatched back her items and her hand-written reports and licked them into shape herself.

Jeanie did not tell of these happenings. Neither did she tell of another. In the Art Department there was a photographer, one Dace, who had been long with The Meteor, and felt himself highly privileged. Also, he was a woman fancier, and Jeanie's fresh young face took his eye. He began to hang around, to stop her with a familiar remark or two, and ask if he couldn't make some pictures of her. One morning he came into the office with some prints and found her there alone. "How's my own sweet little momma this morning?" he inquired jocosely, and, leaning down, rubbed his none-too-well-shaven cheek against her smooth pink one. Her brass-edged ruler lay on the desk, and with one movement she seized it and struck him across the muscle of his left arm as hard as she could—and she was not frail. "Keep your hands off me," she said without raising her voice. "Don't you ever speak to me again."

The ruler's sharp edge nearly paralyzed his arm; he jumped and swore with pain and rage. Jeanie opened the door. "You get out," she said, "and stay out."

Yes, Jeanie was learning. She knew the difference between line and half-tone cuts, she knew what "by-line" meant, she even knew that the em had an existence outside of cross-word puzzles, she could estimate manuscripts exactly, and she could be trusted without supervision to answer many of the letters which came to Mrs. Hart asking help and counsel on household matters. The section carried four syndicate features—fashions, beauty, cooking and one fiction story. For the rest Mrs. Hart chose local specials, featuring gardens, pets, children, hobbies, minor celebrities, exploits, unusual professions, crafts and occupations, and her long experience on Steel City newspapers stood her in good stead. Now and then Mary Reade and J. J. complained that she poached on their preserves, but she only smiled blandly and paid no attention. Jeanie had to get some of these stories, and having brought them in she was told to sit down and write them. Now and then she was permitted to have an interview with some actor or actress who was playing in the city, for Mrs. Hart loathed the regulation press-agent offerings. To see her name signed to these articles gave Jeanie the most tremendous thrill.

She would have been perfectly happy if the shadow of David Crane had not lain constantly across her path. She feared and dreaded him. Each Monday morning when she took the section which he had blue-penciled with comment and criticism and sent in to Mrs. Hart, she turned sick with dreary anticipation. Nothing escaped his eyes—he was a monster of knowledge of the subtleties of grammar, and he knew the exact meaning of words, and beyond these—which would have been quite enough to depress Jeanie's spirit—he had a true sense of newspaper values.

"Don't be so upset about it," counseled Mrs. Hart. "He gets it off his chest that way. It's part of his job. And we don't have to pay any attention to him, you know."

But this did not console Jeanie. As she read his blue-pencilings she felt herself a worm of ignorance, she wrote down his corrections and committed them to memory, she toiled over the section's copy, hunting to its lair any sneaking split infinitive, any despicable double "that," any slipshod use of "feasible" for "probable," or "authentic" for "genuine," and like horrors of Mr. Crane's detestation. She learned a great deal in this process, but liked Mr. Crane no better for her gain in knowledge.

She was thankful that she was not required to see him personally. J. J. and Mary Reade were summoned now and then, and came back stammering furious incoherencies. Mrs. Hart also, but he did not seem to fluster her. Jeanie wondered how she did it; her admiration for Mrs. Hart increased.

As for Jeanie herself, when she met him in the elevator she hardly dared raise her eyes and say "Good morning." Her voice died in her throat, she stiffened with nervousness. She always scurried past his office door as if he would jump out and devour her.

But The Meteor was improving under his expert touch. Mary Reade's society notes were less gushing and strained, J. J.'s tendency to long and pretentious words was checked. "Did you ever hear of Anglo-Saxon?" Mr. Crane had asked her. The atmosphere of the city room was electric with energy. Pop Weedon was, they heard, not drinking half so much, the mechanical schedules were revised to the advantage of the workers, and in all departments a slow, well-considered weeding was going on. Among others, Dace was dropped, much to

(Continued on Page 125)

TRADE YALE MARK

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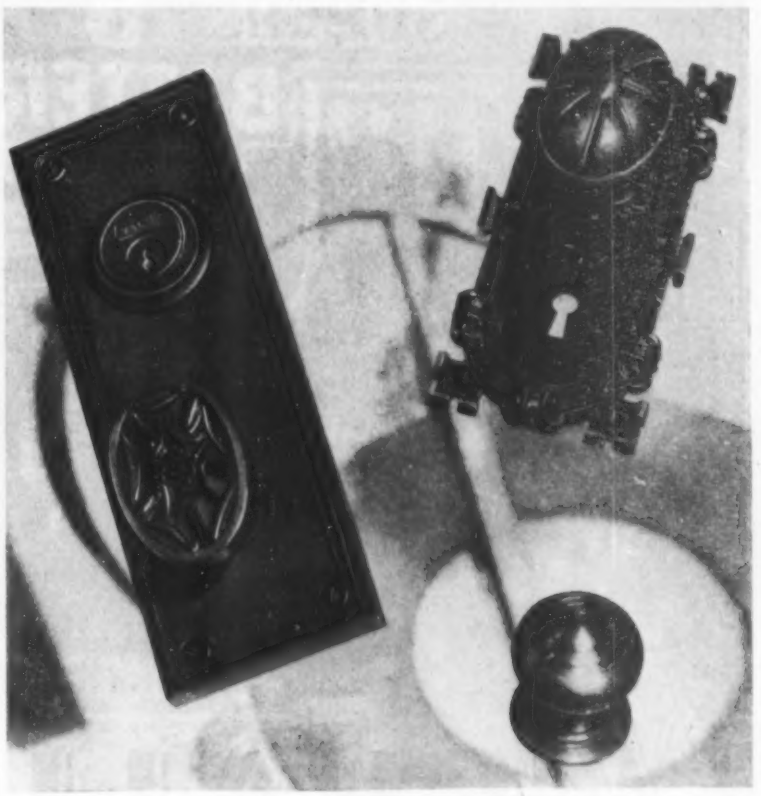

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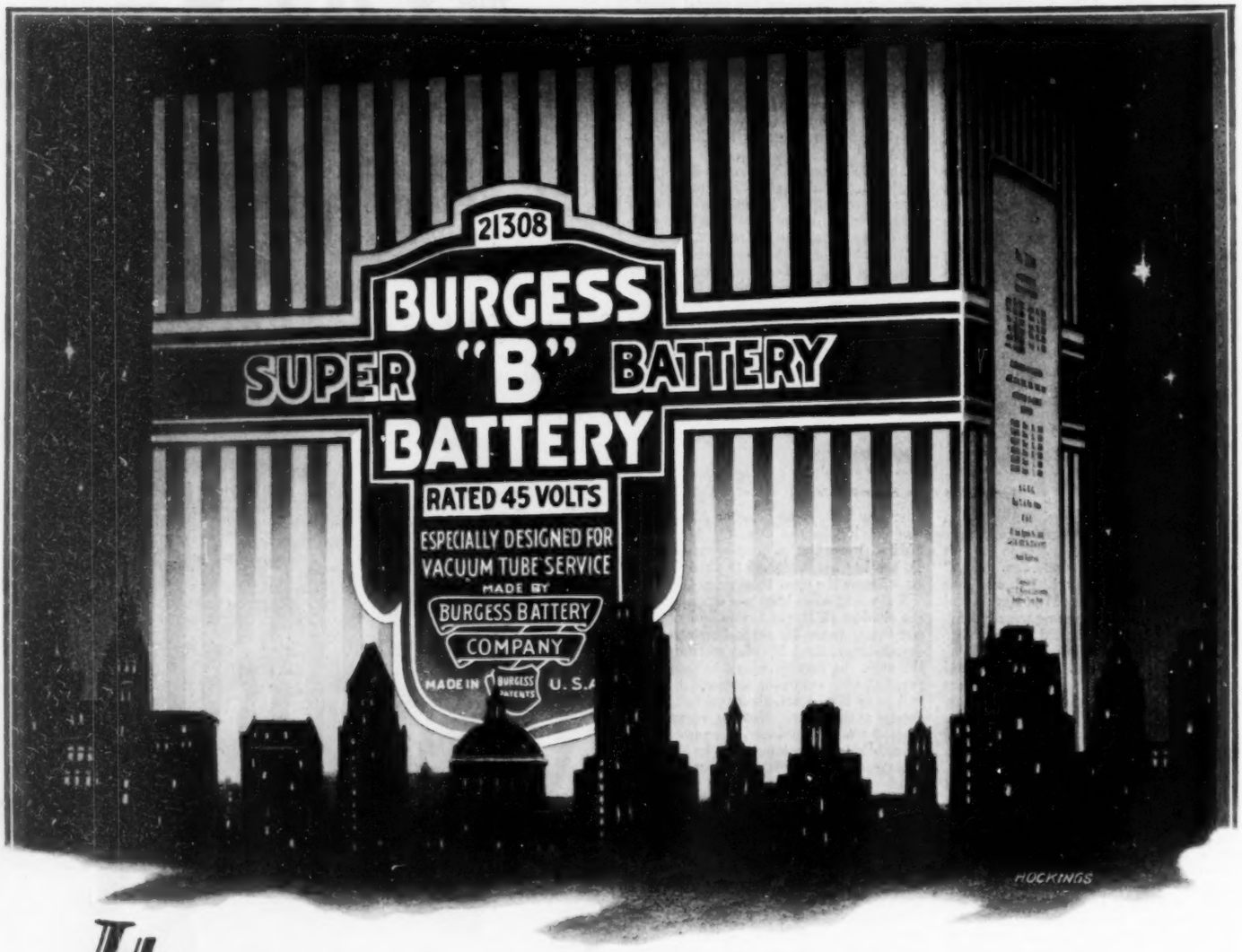

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Other BURGESS Products

(Continued from Page 123)

Jeanie's relief. And there was a new reporter on police courts, a young, unlicked, bounding cub named Rody Heaver, who nicknamed Jeanie "Cherry Ripe" and poked his head in at her office door with titbits of the latest murder trial or political scandal, and chuckled to see her eyes grow wide and troubled with the wickedness of the world. "You'll never grow up, Cherry Ripe," he told her. "You mustn't take it so hard. There's a lot of good eggs too. Look at me, f'r instance."

Jeanie did look at him, and liked what she saw—mostly. For all her undoubted good looks, she had never had a suitor, the boys she had known in high school and business college had passed her by for girls with more pep and less brains. Rody's small favors were new and pleasant, though not at all overwhelming to her. Sometimes she exaggerated her amaze and horror at his hard-boiled conversation because she saw it pleased him so much, made him feel so superior and complicated to her simplicity, so big and brave to her shrinking femininity.

"I don't see how you stand seeing nothing but the scummy lot of people around the police courts," she said to him. "I'm going to give you a book to make you think about something else."

"A book! You funny little thing! Let me see that book."

She brought from her desk a copy of Ralph Hodgson's poems. "Here it is," she said. "But read it; don't open it and look at it with one eye and shut it up again."

"My Lord, poetry! Cherry, you're a treat."

Nevertheless, though Rody scoffed, he read the poems. A few days later he was back. "That was swell," he said. "Anything more you could recommend, lady?"

"I might lend you my Wishmaker's Town and the Irish anthology."

"One at a time. Don't rush me. But you know, Cherry, it was nice to read that poetry; it made a lot of things look different. Police courts don't grow roses."

"No, nor newspaper offices." Jeanie frowned darkly, thinking of Mr. Crane.

"Anybody imposing on you? Tell me who it is and I'll soak him one."

"Hmph! I can soak anybody who tried to impose on me myself."

Rody grinned for days over this answer, but he did not discount its truth. He perceived that Jeanie, in spite of her pinky prettiness, her love for poetry, was not lacking in character. She was not at all like any girl he had ever known and Rody had known many in his short life. It occurred to him that he would never get better acquainted with her by brief stand-up chats in the glaring publicity of the city rooms or by taking a chance on finding her alone in her office. So he made a suggestion: "How about going to a show? It's my night off and Snootz'll give me a pass for The Palace."

"I'd love it," said Jeanie. "I meant to go to the Saturday matinée."

"And, look, stay downtown and we'll fork a bunch of spaghetti at Minnie's. How about it?"

Jeanie fluttered within, but outwardly was calm. "That'll be fine. What time?"

"Oh, about seven. I'll stop in here for you."

She had never gone to the theater with any man except her Uncle Giles. She quit work early, went home and put on her blue crêpe-de-chine and her blue hat, told her aunt that she had a date and wouldn't be back before 11:30, and returned hurriedly to the office, arriving a few minutes before Rody appeared.

"But why all the doll rags?" he asked, surprised by her festive appearance.

"I don't care to go out in the evening in the dress I've worn all day," said Jeanie in a woman-of-the-world tone.

"Well, if I didn't wear what I've worn all day I'd have to go out in my birthday suit," said Rody.

They were starting off by this time. The cohorts of the city room, such as were present, paused in their labors to gaze and admire. Pop Weedon waved a genial hand.

"Give us your blessing, Pop," said Rody. "Cherry and I are stepping out."

"And she's much too nice a girl to be seen in your company, you big nut," said Pop affably. "She ought to have somebody with a limousine."

"Not at all. Cherry knows that beneath my rough exterior beats a heart of gold—which is better than any bank roll, however large."

"Well, she certainly looks as cute as Christmas, and I see you've put on a clean collar," said Pop; "and you're both young, so a good time's coming to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Weedon," said Jeanie. "I wish you were going too."

A shout of laughter went up at this, and Rody, in comic pretended anger and chagrin, seized her arm and rushed her away. At the elevator they ran bang into David Crane himself, and the sharp disapproving look he gave them quenched Jeanie's fun abruptly.

"He didn't like us fooling in the office," she said worriedly.

"If he doesn't like it he can lump it," was Rody's blithe reply.

Jeanie did not go on; it seemed so ignominious to confess her fear and dread of David Crane. Besides, she had to listen to Rody, who was talking on gayly.

"Maybe the boys aren't sore at me for ducking out on them tonight," he said. "We've got a regular little Thursday-night poker game in my room, and when I said I'd not be there they howled like a lot of wolves."

"Do you like to play poker?"

"Cherry, I will not deceive you. I am probably the worst poker player in the well-known cosmos. But a fellow's got to do something with his evening, hasn't he?"

By this time they were at Minnie's and had found a side table. "Why have you got only one suit?" asked Jeanie, from among the sardines and salami.

"I don't need any more."

"But what do you do when this one has to be pressed?"

"I go over to Zach's and sit behind the screen until he presses it."

"Well, that's ridiculous. You ought to have two suits and wear them alternately. They'd last longer and look better."

Rody was impressed. "Would they really? My clothes wear out awfully fast."

"No wonder. It's an economy to have two suits."

"By jiminy, I believe I'll buy me another. I know a fellow who'll give me credit."

Now Jeanie was really shocked. "Rody Heaver, haven't you ever saved any money?"

"Not a red. Have you?"

"I get eighteen dollars a week," said Jeanie. "And I give my Aunt Margaret nine of it for my board and room, and I help her round the house to pay the rest of it, because nine a week is no price at all for a good room and two meals, and I couldn't get it anywhere but at a relation's. Well, that leaves me nine dollars. I wash out my own things and do my own pressing, so laundry doesn't cost anything. I allow myself thirty or forty cents for lunch, and then there's car fare, so my expenses are forty to fifty cents a day. Fifty cents a day for six days in the week is three dollars and that leaves me six dollars out of my nine. I save one of it, tight and fast, in the bank, and the other five I save just kind of incidentally, you know, to use when I need something—stockings, or shoes, or a tooth filled, or a new dress, or to buy a present for somebody, or to go to a show. You see, I do it on a budget."

Rody's eyes had bulged during this recital. "My gosh! I get forty a week, and pay fourteen for my room and buy my meals wherever I am, and I'm always broke. Cherry, you're there. I'm a helpless sap beside you."

"Why don't you make a budget of your own, then?"

"I haven't the least idea how to start it."

"I'll show you. Got a pencil and paper?"

"Sure." He dragged a pad and pencil from his pocket, and the rest of the meal was given up to a thorough investigation of his finances and a reapportionment of his spending. They became so excited that they were almost late at the theater, and between the acts the discussion and the figuring went on. Indeed, it continued right up to Jeanie's home door, and Rody left her there with a voluntary promise to budget and economize as he had never even dreamed of before.

Nor were his promises all pie crust. He actually started a savings account, repaid various small borrowings, reclaimed other sums which he had loaned, and took some thought as to how he spent his pay. Naturally, these strange adventures required the constant direction and encouragement of Jeanie. It was Jeanie who told him of a much better room at ten dollars a week, it was Jeanie who sent him a laundress who took a maternal interest in the welfare of his socks and shirts. It soon became an understood thing that they should spend Rody's evening off together, and this automatically stopped his poker parties. Now and then they met for luncheon, and Jeanie always insisted on paying for her own, which Rody did not enjoy. "Makes me feel like a cheap skate," he growled.

"I'd feel like a grafter if you paid for my luncheon when it's not a party, but a regular part of my working day," said Jeanie. "If you're going to make a fuss, I won't eat luncheon with you at all."

Under this threat Rody was silent. Experience had taught him that Jeanie invariably meant what she said. Their friendship progressed slowly, but solidly, on the basis of tastes in common besides poetry and finance. They both liked sour pickles, Douglas Fairbanks, skating, walking in the country, Airedales, jack-in-the-pulpits and Jerome Kern's music. When the moment came for Rody to buy his new suit he hurried down early to the office and insisted that Jeanie come out with him and look at the bargains displayed in the window of Myers for Men.

"There's a light gray that's a wow," he told her. "You'll be proud of your little playmate when you see him in it."

But Jeanie looked at the light gray and shook her head. "Better get the mixed brown. The gray's too light, and it's solid color besides."

"What's the matter with a light solid color? Looks rather festive, seems to me."

"But it'll show every spot, Rody, and the mixed brown won't. You wouldn't want to go about dirty, of course, but it's very convenient to have a suit that doesn't need to go to the cleaner every day or so. Besides, you have brown eyes and brown hair. The brown will be more becoming to you, and the stuff looks as if it would wear better."

Rody bought the brown suit. "Old Myers says it's the best of the lot," he reported. "Said it would outwear any two of the others. It was just an odd length of expensive goods he had left, and he made it up and put it in with the cheap ones. Maybe you're not a smart kid, Cherry, and then again, maybe you are."

"You couldn't be supposed to know about cloth. Anyway, it looks fine, and now, if you get some civilized ties ——"

"Wha-what? Civilized?"

"Your ties are sort of dingy. Why don't you get a dark red one or a striped brown and old gold? That blue string you're wearing looks like something the cat discarded."

"Will you pick me out a couple, Cherry? If it isn't too much bother?"

So Jeanie picked him out a couple of ties, choosing them with great care as to color and uncreasability. She urged him to buy a brown hat and dark brown shoes. The entire city room acclaimed Rody in his new outfit and razzed him to the limit, but he merely grinned and assured them they were green jealous, and he only hoped the style lesson he was giving them might do them all good, for it was sorely needed.

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WHEREVER veteran pilots of the World War are gathered together, you are sure to hear talk of "Robbie," as Captain Douglas Hall Robertson is affectionately called among aviators. For Robbie was one of the first to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps at the outbreak of the war and afterwards was given the distinction of opening the now famous London-Paris air line.

During the war he was officially credited with shooting down nine enemy planes and had his own plane shot from under him four times. From all these perils Robbie escaped unharmed, but when testing out a commercial plane in America about six years ago he was badly smashed up. Paralyzed, with his back broken and both feet smashed, there were long dark days when it seemed that he might never take the air again.

But a sky-born soul like Robbie's will not accept defeat. One day while listening to Pal his gay little canary singing, a bright idea occurred to him. Getting out his faithful "uke," he practised up the songs that had cheered the flyers during the dark days of the war. Now he is on the air regularly in the aviation hour over WRNY for the Curtiss Flying Service.

"The aviators have a lot to learn yet from the wild birds about flying," Robbie says, "but when it comes to the art of cheerful living, when we can't see ahead for the fog of discouragement, we can learn most from the canary, who certainly is past master of the art of cheerfulness."

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Shortly after Rody bought his brown suit and Jeanie had been working on the section for some twelve months, Mrs. Hart fell heir to a trust fund through the death of a distant relative—a trust fund which paid a little more than five thousand a year. Having verified the sum and its safety, the heiress gave notice to The Meteor, sold her furniture to a secondhand dealer and bought a ticket for France.

"I've always wanted to try living over there," she said, "and I've no time to lose. If I don't like it, I'll come back. If I do like it, I'll stay till I die. And, Jeanie, I'll expect you to come and visit me—and that's something I'm not saying to all my friends."

"But, Mrs. Hart," said Jeanie, "who's going on with the section?"

"You are, my lamb."

"But I can't. I don't know enough."

"Yes, you can. Don't be silly. I've told both Mr. Wallace and Mr. Crane that you're perfectly competent, and I don't want you to make me out a liar. They're going to let you try it, they promised me. All you've got to do is to go along as we've been going, and now and then put in something new. Change it, even if you're not sure you're improving it. Don't let it get into a rut. And when difficulties come along, use your head, Jeanie. You've got a good one."

Jeanie watched her friend's preparations for leaving in a numb state of terror. She was delivered to the ogre. There was no one now to stand between her and that cold glance, that scathing blue pencil. Mrs. Hart, gathering up old overshoes and extra handkerchiefs, and comb and powder and soap and such other small accessories as she habitually kept in her desk, glanced at her shrewdly.

"Jeanie," she said, "don't forget what I told you when you first came. There's always a way to get what you want, and if you can't get along with people, it's your fault, not theirs; you're simply not smart enough to handle them. Remember that."

"I don't feel smart," said Jeanie. "I feel scared."

"Oh, you're all right," said Mrs. Hart, dismissing the subject. She did not mean to be hard and unfeeling, but she simply had too much to do to sit down and console Jeanie and give her any more definite direction. If the girl hadn't learned by working with her for more than a year—why, then she simply wasn't the stuff of which good newspaperwomen are made. She kissed Jeanie good-by and flew out to get visas on her passport.

The day after her going, Mr. Wallace sent for Jeanie, and she went down to his big luxurious office fearfully, but not so fearfully as if it had been David Crane she was to meet. Mr. Wallace was brief and kind. Mrs. Hart considered her capable, had asked that she have a chance; he had consulted Mr. Crane.

He paused. Jeanie lifted grave eyes to his. "Mr. Crane doesn't like the idea?" she hesitated.

"N-no, not exactly. At least he feels you are very young and very inexperienced for such an important position. It is important, you know. But we have talked it over and we're going to give you a trial. And your salary is to be raised at once."

"I'd rather not have more salary until you're satisfied that I can do the work, Mr. Wallace."

"That wouldn't be fair. The question is, can you carry on alone? Don't you need a helper? But you'd better take that up with Mr. Crane."

Jeanie's comprehension, keen from uncertainty, warned her that Mrs. Hart must have gone over Mr. Crane's head for her sake, and Mr. Crane did not like it. Also that Mr. Wallace was trying not to override his managing editor's authority. It seemed best to end the interview. She considered Mr. Wallace. She knew of his fanatic pride in his paper.

So she rose and spoke with the manner of complete simplicity and trustfulness: "I'll do my very best," she said. "It means so much to work for The Meteor, Mr. Wallace. And I do thank you for the raise."

Mr. Wallace beamed. "That's the spirit," he approved. "That's the spirit we want every Meteor employe to feel."

"Oh, but they do, Mr. Wallace," said Jeanie, at the door. "There isn't anybody in Steel City who'd work on any other newspaper if they could only get on The Meteor. You know that yourself."

She almost felt for a moment that she was beneath a sun-ray lamp, his following smile was so warm and radiant. Slowly she went upstairs, feeling that she had at least taken the first hurdle. She could hear Mr. Crane talking over the phone in his office and her fear and depression returned. She slid past, trying to be invisible. Perhaps she ought to go in and see him and have it out with him. But she knew she could not—not yet. "Time enough when he sends for me. He'll do it soon, probably," she thought with a shudder.

She determined to go back to her work and devote herself to it with more concentration and energy than any true-spirited employe of The Meteor had ever before manifested. She'd show them all. And particularly, she'd show Mr. Crane.

J. J. and Mary Reade watched her narrowly. They had talked it over and decided that it was not worth while for either of them to try to succeed Mrs. Hart. "Because," said J. J., "that section's doomed. Crane only stood for it because Belle Hart had it and she knew her stuff. He'll give it a little run and then kill it. Society and Clubs have to go on. We'd be fools to change into anything that wasn't assured."

"I feel sorry for the girl," said Mary. "She seems to think she can swing it."

"We were all like that at her age," said J. J. "When I was twenty I could have edited the Mercury with one hand and Harpers with the other—in my own mind—and thought it as easy as pie. It's youthful conceit."

"I'd like to have that desk of Belle's after the section's gone," said Mary.

"So would I, but there's no need to wait, is there? We'll toss a penny to see who gets it."

"I wouldn't want to ask Jeanie to give it up now."

"You don't mind if I do, I suppose?"

"Of course not, J. J. Only ——"

"Only what?"

"Oh, well, go ahead. It's none of my affair."

So J. J. went ahead. She put all of the section's material in her own old desk and transferred Clubs in their entirety to the newer one. She did this late at night, and left an explanatory note.

Dear Jeanie: You don't mind if I take Belle's desk, do you? It would naturally come to me by seniority in the office, so tonight, when I had a little time, I changed things over. I meant to speak to you about it, but forgot it.

Affectionately,
J. J.

Jeanie, coming in at nine the next morning, discovered the transfer and read the note, and for a few minutes struggled with angry tears. Then she gritted her teeth and sat down at the telephone to call J. J. at her home.

"Hello. . . . Miss Hooley?" she said, "This is Jeanie, at the office. I called up about the desk. I mind terribly giving it up. It would almost break my heart. I don't believe I could work at yours, ever. It's sentimental, I suppose, because this desk was Mrs. Hart's and she was so wonderful and so kind and so clever. So I'm changing the things back. I know you wouldn't want to keep it when you found out how I feel about it. And I know, too, that you'd never do anything to make me distressed and upset. Mrs. Hart always said you were the kindest and most understanding person in the office. Some people have a lot of sentiment about inanimate things, you know. And it's hard enough for me without Mrs. Hart, so I simply couldn't bear not having her desk. Why, I feel as if she was with me when I sit at it. I'll change everything back neatly for you. You won't have a bit of trouble. Thank you, dear Miss Hooley; I knew you'd understand."

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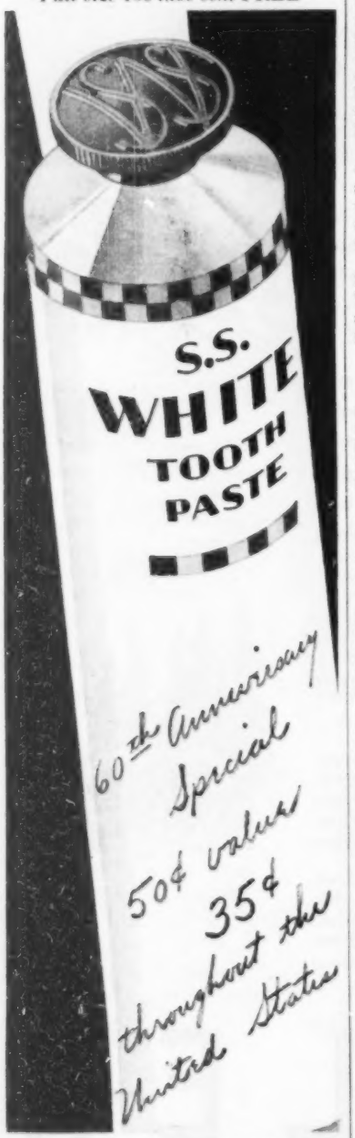

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(Continued from Page 126)

She left J. J. swearing helplessly at the other end of the line. This particular form of attack she could not combat. She wondered at herself for not having the nerve to give the kid a good calling down and to tell her she certainly could not have the desk and not to be silly. Sentiment, indeed! She had never expected Jeanie to call her up at once and talk to her openly—and be pathetic. Pathetic, of all things!

"I decided not to take the desk now and start a rumpus," she told Mary Reade. "We're packed in here too tight for quarrels and injured feelings."

"I think so, too," agreed the gentler Mary, but silently wondered how Jeanie had won her point. She knew J. J.'s explanation was untrue.

So Jeanie kept her desk, and if the atmosphere of the small office was a bit charged with animosity and resentment, they did not come from her. She said not a word to J. J. about the victory; her manner was so exactly as before that presently J. J. almost believed that she had simply made a mistake, and that Jeanie did need the desk for her morale. Almost—not quite.

Jeanie was quite aware that The Meteor office in general scarcely expected to see the section go on. No one told her so, but it was so neglected and overlooked, and no one gave her any encouragement—no one, that is, except Rody.

At one of their fifty-fifty lunches he told her: "You're getting on like a house afire. The section looks slick. I suppose pretty soon you'll be too proud to speak to a mere reporter."

"D'you really think it's all right, Rody?"

"Gwan, child, I know it."

She smiled a rather pinched smile, but did not tell her apprehensions. "It's lovely to have the extra money. I've been saving lots more. I'm going to ask Mr. Pierce to tell me a good stock to buy—one that's sure to go up."

"Say, that's an idea. What's the use of having a financial editor on the paper and not get some dope from him? I believe I'll do that too. It's a grand and glorious feeling to have a little stake."

"It's specially nice for a man. You know, you don't want to be a reporter all your life, and if you've got some capital you can go into another business or—well, do lots of things. Maybe buy a newspaper of your own, like Mr. Wallace."

Rody stared at her. He had never thought of his future as anything he might definitely shape. And here was this slip of a girl with the most casual words opening a vista which amazed and excited him. He perceived instantly that he didn't want to be a reporter all his life, drifting from paper to paper and ending by clipping stuff for the morgue or taking over some petty tabulating job in the circulation department, worn out, used up, with nothing interesting or vital in his work. He couldn't imagine why he had never thought of this before. Hereafter he would save more of his money; he would ask advice from Pierce, that dry saturnine man who handled The Meteor's financial pages, and he would build up a sum which would mean freedom to choose, power beyond his own energy and ability, a lever on the world.

Jeanie was finishing her piece of coconut pie. "I've got to get back," she said. "Believe me, with Mrs. Hart gone, I have plenty to do. I'm glad you think the section looks all right."

"It's a hundred per cent," Rody assured her—but a trifle absently. He was still thinking of Pierce. Then he brought himself back to her. "You aren't worried about it, are you?"

"It's no use being worried. I'm doing everything I can," she said steadily. "Is your boarding house still so good?"

Rody was diverted from the section. "Say, Cherry, those people treat me as if I were a little tin god. Maybe I'm not grateful to you for telling me about Miss Dugan's. Why, she and that sister of hers leave sandwiches or cake for me every night, and a glass of milk, and they take care of my clothes, and my room's so neat and clean and comfortable! I feel a lot better than I used to in that little hotel."

He did, indeed, look fit and trim; very different from the unkempt, careless lad who had laughed at the idea of Jeanie lending him a book of poetry. His suit was brushed and pressed, his shoes polished. He would never be a dandy, certainly, but he was unquestionably much improved.

"Well, it's nice for Miss Carrie and Miss Rose to have somebody there who pays regularly and appreciates what they do," said Jeanie. She, too, spoke a little absently. At the moment Rody was not the man foremost in her thoughts.

Nor, in fact, was David Crane, though he was linked with her present worry. Ever since Mrs. Hart had gone, Jeanie had encountered trouble in the composing room. Mr. Gribbel, whose gumdrops she had scorned and whose familiarity she had rebuked, had seized his chance. The section's copy was set last, sometimes lost or partly lost, and even galleys which she knew had been set, mysteriously disappeared from the rack. The capable man who had been in charge of make-up from the first must be put on other work, Mr. Gribbel said, and he had assigned her a slow chap, easily confused and with no more memory than a clay pigeon. Jeanie could not suspect him of willfully causing the confusion; his trouble over it was too genuine. She tried to send her copy upstairs earlier, she checked her schedule carefully every day, but still the delays, the losses continued. And Mr. Gribbel was sending reports to David Crane so worded as to make all the blame fall on her shoulders.

This was the reason Jeanie was absentminded to Rody, and listened to his praise of her work without any display of gratitude. She was wondering what to do about Mr. Gribbel. It seemed so difficult, so unnecessary to contend with his special variety of opposition. But she remembered J. J. and the desk, and that heartened her somewhat. "For," she thought, "if just a little soft soap can make J. J. come round, maybe it will help with Mr. Gribbel, because they're sort of alike in their natures."

So she sought out Mr. Gribbel and as she approached she saw a flicker of triumph in his eyes, a curve of satisfied malice on his lips. He thought she was coming to complain, to make a fuss. But she did neither. "I wonder if you'd give me a gumdrop, Mr. Gribbel," she asked with demure friendliness. "I'm just dying for something sweet. I meant to go out and get some peanut brittle, but I haven't had time."

Mr. Gribbel grudgingly offered her the grubby bag. "I thought you were too Ritzy to eat my candy," he said nastily.

Jeanie's wide childlike gaze at him was utter candor. "I thought you only offered it to me to be polite, Mr. Gribbel. I've been too afraid of you to take any. I love gumdrops."

The gaze and the adjective made Gribbel unbend a trifle. "I don't see why you'd be afraid of me."

Jeanie leaned confidentially against his desk. "Well, you see, you being the head of the most important department of the paper and me being a beginner and so green, I just couldn't help it. Mrs. Hart always told me I was silly to feel that way. She always said you were not only the most efficient man on the paper but the kindest and most approachable."

"Mrs. Hart was a fine woman," commented Gribbel.

"Oh, wasn't she, Mr. Gribbel? Oh, Mr. Gribbel, it is so hard to get along without Mrs. Hart. I do wish you'd tell me whenever you think of anything that would help me upstairs here. I'd appreciate all the advice you could give me. I try to do everything right, but I know I make lots of mistakes, and that must be awfully annoying to you. Won't you help me, Mr. Gribbel? I do so need advice from somebody who really knows about everything."

She appeared so young, so unfledged, so defenseless that Mr. Gribbel's heart weakened with compassion. He mentally called himself a yellow dog for having harassed and obstructed a creature of such lamblike innocence. He vowed within that hereafter the composing room should be Jeanie's stronghold, and instead of treating the section like a stepchild, it should be a pampered pet with every son of a gun in the place, or he, Gribbel, would know the reason why. He even thought of his own daughters and how dreadful it would be if they had to face the world as this little girl was doing with no one to guide or shelter. A lump came in his throat as big as one of the gumdrops.

"Why, of course I'll help you," he promised largely. "Just you get your copy up here in reasonable time, and keep the Art Department jacked up about the cuts, and you'll find everything put right through for you, and when it comes to make-up I'll give your chap a live helper so there won't be any delay."

Jeanie took another gumdrop before she departed. "Thank you, Mr. Gribbel," she said, with fervor. "Thank you very much for all your kindness."

So that was all straightened out and she needn't have any more qualms about the section being held up. Perhaps it would influence Mr. Crane in her favor if there were no more bad reports from the composing room. She was back now worrying about Mr. Crane. If he would only send for her and talk with her! If she only dared go in and beard him in his lair, talk to him about the section, not as she had talked to Mr. Gribbel—no, Mr. Crane was far too great and wise a man to require the salve of flattery—but in a plain, businesslike way—the way a business woman should talk to her boss!

But what, she wondered, would she have to talk about! There was the question. And with the question Jeanie beheld the dim nebula of a plan. She would not go to him unsummoned, braving his ominous neglect and indifference—for it was ominous that he had not sent for her—without a convincing good reason. She would, she determined, draw up an outline of the various changes she would like to make in the section. With this in her hand she might, she felt, enter his office without stumbling on the doormat or standing dumb and tongue-tied before his cold eyes. "Why did you wish to see me, Miss Thomason?" he would ask. And she could answer promptly, sensibly, "To show you this, Mr. Crane."

She began to make memoranda of the things she wished to put before him. The fashion-syndicate material had visibly deteriorated; it ought to have more cuts and less flowery text. She knew of another fashion service, much better, but it cost more. She jotted down the reasons why it was better, why the increase in cost was a gain. And she wanted to supplement the fashions with style talks from department-store buyers and local dressmakers, short, snappy stuff, signed, for a new feature. In this connection there might also be a Seen in the Shops column, but that would be more difficult to handle, and it was not so novel. The Commerce-Herald had one.

As for the cooking department, Jeanie had looked long and enviously at the

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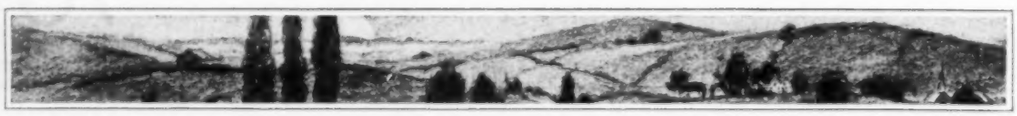

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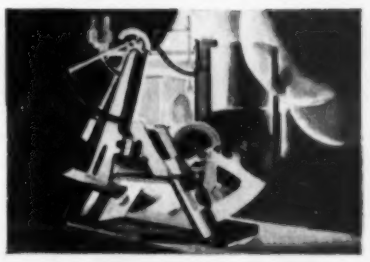

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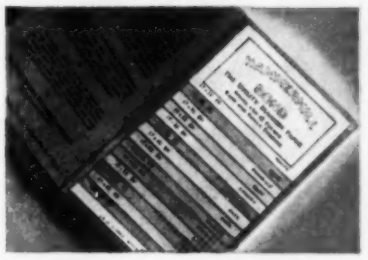

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metropolitan journals with their testing institutes, their domestic-science experts. The Meteor could not fly so high. But there might easily be a half page of contributed recipes, not only from housekeepers but from restaurants and tea rooms, with the personal touch. "The meringue strawberry shortcake which is such a favorite dessert specialty at the Pine-Tree Inn on Mount Street is made as follows." Jeanie imagined paragraphs like this in each number; people would like to try the formulas at home, and other people would go into the restaurant and call for the dish.

But chief of all the changes Jeanie longed to make was the use of color in her section—tint blocks to liven up dull cuts, line illustrations printed in dark blue or green, sepia half-tones.

"It would jazz up the whole works," she thought. "It would make all the difference in the world. Color's the word nowadays. There's color in everything; it's modern, it's up to date." How could she convince Mr. Crane that color applied to the section was a necessity! How make him see that the extra cost was inconsiderable beside the effect!

To say Jeanie toiled over the memorandum of the section's changes would be to whisper where a shout is needed. She devoted herself to it with an absorbed and jealous passion. Night after night she lay awake in bed, concentrated upon it, pen and paper ready beside her if a new thought occurred to her. She would sit up, switch on her light, write down her latest inspiration, again and again and again. During the day she had to devote herself to immediate duties, but her mind was ever divided.

Her aunt asked her if she was sick, Rody inquired if he had done anything to offend her, she was so queer and silent. But Jeanie paid no heed.

She went over her outline each day, altered the phrasing, making each point as clear, as concise as possible. That ought to appeal to Mr. Crane. Half her terror of the man was his enormous superiority. She had seen how he had rejuvenated and strengthened The Meteor, and made it over, and it seemed to her a work of omniscience. Beside his knowledge, his power, she was so ignorant, so weak. He was, she knew, a newspaper superman, and she a silly little creature who had been kicked upstairs by fate and not by suitability. She felt her own unworthiness pitifully. Yet she labored on, hoping without much hope. It made things no easier that J. J. had lately commenced to make occasional insinuations concerning the imminent demise of the section.

"But maybe I can show him that it ought to be kept on," thought Jeanie. "Maybe. I'll be so businesslike!" That, she was sure, would appeal to him—she harped on the word. Businesslike, a plain, sound business proposition. Sedulously she pared down her statement to the bare facts,threw away her adjectives, omitted her enthusiasms. Mr. Crane knew everything, understood everything—why should she attempt to dress up and decorate her ideas!

At last the moment arrived when the list of suggestions was finally done. If she altered it further it would be merely nervousness and not improvement. She must make her grand plunge. She read her paragraphs over and over, rehearsing just how she would speak of them. Short, curt words, spoken in a clear voice. Over and over she read them until she could say them by heart.

In a last effort of appropriateness Jeanie put on her plainest dress, brushed her hair in a severe line and, walking very slowly, but holding herself very straight, she approached the dreaded ogre's den at the hour when she knew he was available for consultation.

He was there, alone. She paused at the threshold: "Mr. Crane, may I see you for a few moments?" she said. Her voice sounded unusually loud, she thought, but that would merely show him she was not afraid. "There are some things I would like to discuss with you," she added in the most businesslike way.

David Crane looked up and saw the stiff serious little figure. He frowned slightly.

"Come in," he said, and indicated a chair beside his desk.

Jeanie sat down, stiff as a ramrod, and swallowed hard. Now for it. She thrust her typed papers under Mr. Crane's nose. "I want to make some changes in the section," she said crisply. "I've written an outline. I'd like to go over it with you."

He said nothing, but his frown did not relax. Jeanie swallowed again. She remembered that one of her forbears had been a soldier. "Now, Mr. Crane," she said—and began her recital.

He listened until she had finished the paragraph about the fashions, then reached over and checked it with his blue pencil. "I see no reason to change this feature to a more expensive one," he said. "And if you mix yourself up with the local department-store buyers and dressmakers you'll only be giving away advertising and starting a lot of trouble. Each one will claim that the other firms are getting more publicity, that The Meteor's showing partiality."

"I can handle it in a way to overcome your objections," said Jeanie doggedly.

"I doubt it," replied Mr. Crane. "Now, what next?"

Inwardly shaken, but outwardly stiff and cool, Jeanie went on with the cooking department. When she had quite done, Mr. Crane remarked caustically, "All of your ideas seem to be based on opening The Meteor's columns to free publicity and free advertising. Well, what next?"

Her voice went up a note with the effort she made to keep it steady. But she continued. She recited her bits about home decoration, fancywork, achievements of great women, poetry, and so on—and to each of them Mr. Crane made derogatory objection and crossed them off with the fatal blue pencil.

She was pale and almost faint when she reached the last item—her desire to use color. But she went through with it to the final word. And then she paused. Mr. Crane's blue pencil was poised in condemnation, but he, too, paused. During that pause a terrible calm came to Jeanie. She knew she had failed; Mr. Crane had vetoed everything, he was about to veto color. His next remark would be that the section must go. She knew it as if he had actually uttered it. And then, before he could open his mouth, she began to speak once more; the words flowed from her lips smoothly and freely, without thought or will; she leaned toward him; one hand rumpled her plain hair into a mass of careless waves, a delicate curl fell over one eye.

"Oh, Mr. Crane," cooed Jeanie, "if you only knew what this means to me—to be allowed to come in and talk to you and hear your opinion! You've been so wonderful on The Meteor; you've made it over so marvelously! There never was such a transformation in the newspaper world. Everybody in town talks about it! Everyone says how clever Mr. Wallace was simply to leave everything to you! Of course, I'm awfully inexperienced, and it's been so terribly difficult for me since Mrs. Hart left, and I felt somehow that you wouldn't want to be bothered about my little ideas; and yet I knew, if you would only look at them, and listen to them, and give me your advice and your help, some of them might work out. I could never work them out myself without your direction—of course I know that—and that was why I dared to interrupt your really important matters."

She stopped. She could not go on. Mr. Crane, the ogre, was smiling—actually smiling. "Why, I'm never too busy to be consulted," he said. "Every department of the paper is important, you know."

"Yes, I do know," went on Jeanie. "I do know, indeed, and I ought to have come in and asked you about things before, but"—the vision of Mr. Gribbel rose before her—"but I—I was so afraid of you."

"Afraid of me? Now, isn't that absurd of you?"

"Of course it is, and I'm ashamed of it, because Mrs. Hart told me you were not only by far the ablest newspaperman she ever knew but also the kindest and most approachable. She said I should come to you with everything, and that I'd always find you fair and open-minded, and with one thought only—the good of the paper."

Mr. Crane's smile deepened a little, but Jeanie gave him no time to interrupt. "I've worked so hard over these suggestions, Mr. Crane—I've worked so hard—and I've worked so hard over the section since Mrs. Hart left, and I'm so crazy about it, and about working for The Meteor—oh, if you knew what it means to work for you and The Meteor—and I want so much to make the section really worthy of you. Isn't there something you can direct me to do that will make it successful? Won't you help me and show me how to do it?"

Mr. Crane's smile was now what any disinterested party would have described as fatuous. Benevolence and kindness radiated from him. "Well, now, Miss Thomason, I'll tell you. I'll keep your memo and go over it at my leisure, and it's quite possible that something can be worked out of it—quite possible. In fact, I'm sure of it. I've been thinking about the section a good bit lately."

Jeanie's smile was more radiant than his own. "Oh, Mr. Crane, have you, really? Oh, thank you! Now I know everything's all right! For if you'll only show me how to do what you want done, I'll work my hands off—I honestly will!"

"I don't think that will be necessary," beamed Mr. Crane. "I'm sure we can get results without that."

Jeanie knew that the battle of the century was over and that Mr. Crane was counting his own complete knock-out. Flushed, sweet, innocent-eyed, she rose and departed. "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Crane. You've been so kind, and understanding, and helpful—just as Mrs. Hart said." She floated out on the last word.

As she walked down the city room the smile abruptly left her face. She went into her little office and sat down before her desk. Mary Reade and J. J. had not yet come in. Suddenly she put her head in her hands and commenced to cry, hard, sobbing aloud.

Rody Heaver came bounding in, all alight with excitement.

"What d'you think, Pierce says I'm the first reporter who ever saved a nickel! Why, Cherry, what's the matter?"

Jeanie did not lift her head. "I've been talking to Mr. Crane!" she sobbed.

"And he made you cry! I'll break his neck! What did he say? Cherry, what did that swine say to you?"

"He d-didn't say anything, Rody. He just—oh, Rody, I'm so sick of my work! I hate it! I despise it! I thought Mr. Crane was far above such things; I never thought I'd have to flatter and soft-soap him; but he's just like everybody else; he l-lapped it up. I'm so disgusted—I'm so disgusted! I don't want to manage people, Rody!"

Her head was on his shoulder now, but her tears continued. "Why, you poor little kid," said Rody. "You poor darling little kid. You never were cut out for a business woman; I always knew it. Listen, Cherry; you give up this job and we'll dash uptown and get married. You need a home and somebody to take care of you, that's what you need."

"Yes, that's what I need," assented Jeanie.

There was an interval for consolation and affectionate demonstration. At last Jeanie abandoned her sopping handkerchief, raised her drooping head. She looked fondly at Rody—this well-dressed, purposeful, manly Rody whom she had evolved from the careless young ruffian of their first meeting.

With that dear and delightful self-deception, instinct in a woman in love, she exclaimed with emphasis, "At least—at least, I'll never have to pull any of that managing stuff on you, Rody."

And Rody, equally blind and happy, fondly, laughingly replied, "You couldn't if you wanted to, sweetie."

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LADY CAN DO

(Continued from Page 38)

moment, moving slowly along the hall with this very quiet-spoken Mr. Carlock, she didn't feel as if she had the slightest personal part in the tragic mess. She might have been sitting in an orchestra chair looking on. Pretty soon the act curtain would drop and she would stroll out to the foyer and chat with friends. "I suppose," she thought, "I'm fed up. Something snaps then somewhere in your nervous system, and you just automatically relax."

Then a thought she hadn't known she was entertaining flashed out in indignant words that were real enough for anybody. She stopped short.

"Mr. Carlock, Mrs. Cuppy said she didn't know anything about how the cap came here."

He stopped, too, and fixed his thoughtful eyes on her. "Yes, she said that. Isn't it true?"

"Certainly not."

"How do you know?"

"She told me. Told me all about it. Listen! I can give you almost her exact words. It was that first evening. . . . When was that—last night? Funny, it seems years ago." She didn't know she had caught Mr. Carlock's sleeve tightly in her fingers. "She said this—I was looking at the cap, you see; she had it on—she said, 'You know, my dear, it didn't come to us through the regular channels. Two strange Chinamen drove out here one evening in a flivver. Imagine!' She said just that. And then: 'They had the cap wrapped up in a newspaper. And my husband tells me he bought it for a song. He is still chuckling over it. Some strange dark story there. Most fascinating.' And this: 'It would bring not far from a quarter of a million at auction. And I'm sure my husband didn't pay twenty-five thousand.' . . . You see, she knew perfectly well that it was stolen. Oh, do you think those thieves might have—have committed the murder?"

"Not likely." How cool he was, and how quietly impersonal. Now she saw her hand on his sleeve and removed it. "You see, they got their money. They'd hardly stick around here. For one thing, they'd be afraid of those other Chinese, the war party. Their lives wouldn't be worth three cents. Most likely they're in Mexico by now."

"But why shouldn't Mrs. Cuppy tell the truth?"

"She knows how valuable the cap is. As stolen property it would have to be returned to Ting Pao."

"She didn't act last night as if she cared about it. The way she was throwing it around. She even gave it to me. Actually!"

"She wasn't sober then."

"Oh! No. That's true."

They were going on down the broad stairway when they heard someone running down after them. Carlock turned. It was John Dane. She saw that he carried a letter. And she saw somber eyes in a white face. Then her own eyes fell.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said. There was an intent, almost burning note in his voice. "I have written a note to Miss Penn. Have you any objections to my giving it to her?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Dane."

Again she felt that softness within. And again, she knew, the revelatory color was flaming hotly in her cheeks. She appeared to have simply no defense against the emotional appeal of this man. . . . 'John, you darling!' So Mrs. Cuppy had written. A wild new sort of anger surged in her breast. She couldn't speak. Yet it was all she could do to keep still. For a cent, right in front of this police officer, she'd turn on John Dane and give him a piece of her mind. But she mustn't. Not a word. Hotly she decided she wouldn't touch that note. Wouldn't have anything to do with such a man. He was nothing to her. Nothing. If she could only get away. Only have a chance to think, to breathe. She took the note. It shook in her hand. And then John Dane ran on down the stairs and disappeared within the living room.

Vaguely—her tired confused brain was racing so crazily—she knew that Mr. Carlock led her down and around behind the stairs and into the den. She couldn't very well refuse to go in there. Anyway, he couldn't make her look down at the rug where that awful —— She shivered.

He was speaking. "I'm going to ask you to read that note, Miss Penn."

Fumblingly she tore the envelope. Her eyes were filling, making it difficult to see clearly. She found her handkerchief and somehow read:

This I must say to you. You have every right to think me a trifler. I am not. You enchanted me last night. Today, without that costume and make-up, as your honest little self, you have enchanted me even more. I don't know about love at first sight. Perhaps that's just rot. I simply don't know. I'm all mixed up. I do know that you are honest and real and simple and adorable. One doesn't find so many real people nowadays. And I know you're not the sort to be let loose in this ugly world. I know this, too: I've got to square myself for the way I seem to have begun with you. Won't you give me that chance? Oh, I'm head over heels in love with you! You wouldn't give me your address. But I'll find you, somehow, the minute we get out of this frightful mess. And I'll show you—I've simply got to find a way to show you—that I'm decent. I've got to have a chance. Maybe the police will give me your address. They're friendly enough with me now, thank God! Overnight I've come to realize this—that I'm going to put up a fight for you. I've got to. We're the same sort. Why, we can't be together two minutes without flaming up! It must mean something. Oh, I know this is just a crazy incoherent note. Let me know where I can find you! I will find you! I will!

And anyhow, it's a relief just to write this. I'd rather write it than say it. I want to be put on record. I want to be tied. I don't know what love is—it's a lot of different things, I suppose, with different people—but whatever it is, I've got it. And I'm going to win you if I can. But first I've got to win your respect. That's my job now. I must.

To Miss Elsie Penn. JOHN DANE.

Elsie Penn was crying. She moved to a window.

Mr. Carlock spoke. "It is my duty to ask you, Miss Penn, if there is anything in that letter that might bear on the case."

She couldn't answer; could only twist the paper in her hands.

"Your own position, I'm sure you realize, is rather delicate. If it were found that you were in private communication with any of the guests in the house I'm afraid you'd find yourself in pretty serious trouble."

She thrust out the crumpled note. He took it and read it.

That phrase about the police blazed in her brain: "They're friendly enough with me now, thank God!" . . . He knew nothing of his present terrible danger. Chief Urquhart came to mind—strong, stony, implacable, rushing like a beast of prey to the kill. She saw again his complacent grin when he'd read his own name in the headlines. She couldn't so much as pass a friendly warning. Not a word.

Mr. Carlock returned the note. She stood, every nerve in her body taut as a bowstring, folding and refolding the paper into a compact little square.

She shivered again. A thin querulous voice that appeared to be her own remarked, "It's getting cold."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Carlock, glancing out at the long late-afternoon shadows, "that nobody's thinking about heating the house."

"If you don't mind"—her own voice again—"I'll run up and get my coat."

"I'll come with you," said he.

So! She, too, was to be watched. The thought hurt. She wouldn't so much as speak to John Dane. Or would she? How could she tell what she might do? They went up the backstairs together. Mr. Carlock stood at the door while she was in her room. She got her coat from the closet and slipped it on. She put the note in a capacious side pocket of the coat, then drew it out again and kissed it passionately. But she caught herself. "No sense in blubbering like a baby," she thought, and rejoined Mr. Carlock. Together they went down. And all the way her hand, deep in that pocket of her coat, clutched John Dane's wadded note.

Mr. Carlock spoke of it on the stairs. "Shall you be sending him any reply, Miss Penn?"

She was flushing again. She'd simply have to get hold of herself somehow. She must speak quietly. But she couldn't.

Her voice broke out hotly. "Certainly not! Why, I don't even know the man!"

"If you should," said Carlock, in his grave, even voice, "I must warn you to be extremely careful."

That angered her. What was he, after all, but another of those policemen!

In the Chinese room the other officials were in their chairs about the table. Doctor Obry sat with his head in his hands. Once, when he lifted it, she saw that he looked gray and old. Chief Urquhart sat firmly, massively upright, like a wooden idol.

Mr. Atkinson was speaking angrily. "So you're doping it out as another Snyder case. Well, you're wrong. It's not so simple as that. Not by a damn sight!"

The chief didn't so much as look at him. He sputtered on for a moment or two, then sat back sullenly. The coroner spat on the rug.

Mr. Carlock, slipping quietly into his chair, reached for paper and pencil to jot down a few brief notes. Two beams of yellow light streamed through the western windows and illuminated the cabinets against the opposite wall. The policeman called Mike walked over and raised the blinds. His heavy step was the only sound. Elsie's gaze roved, nervously alert, about the treasure house of a room. Those beams of amber sunlight, alive with millions upon millions of dust motes, gilded the ivory carvings, glinted upon the figurines in rock crystal, lighted prettily the green and rose and tawny and creamy mutton-fat jades. On a carved and lacquered green table, over in the corner by the fireplace, lay the pearl cap, still casually rolled up in that bit of newspaper. Nobody, passing through the room and glancing at it, would give it a second thought.

Faintly, beyond the closed door and the hall, came the throbbing sound of a violin, playing eerie, monotonous strains with hardly a trace of what a policeman or an assistant district attorney or a coroner could be expected to recognize as a tune. The sustained tones fell unpleasantly on Elsie's nerves. She shivered. And then she saw that Mr. Atkinson was twisting in his chair and tapping with his long fingers.

Mr. Carlock spoke. At the first sound of his quiet voice all started as if he had broken a spell.

"Doctor Obry," he said, "you examined the body, of course."

The physician, roused out of his painful, bewildered reverie, lifted his head and replied with simply "Yes."

"At what hour would you put Mr. Cuppy's death?"

"Well"—Doctor Obry cleared his throat—"it must have been about a quarter past nine this morning when I first saw the body. At that time he couldn't possibly have been dead more than four or five hours. Everything considered, I would put it not earlier than between four and five o'clock."

"Could he have lived for any time after the attack?"

"With his head crushed in like that? Hardly. No, death must have been very nearly instantaneous."

"You would fix the moment of death, then, positively, as later than four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

The violin drew nearer. Just outside, in the hall. Throbbing on. Suddenly the jumpy Mr. Atkinson banged a fist on the table and cried out, "Stop that noise! Officer! You! Tell that bird if he doesn't lay off I'll break his fiddle over his bald head!"

Mike stepped out into the hall. Abruptly the music stopped. Voices sounded near the closed door—angry voices. Then, as abruptly, the violin began again, right outside the door; in a minor key, deep, penetrating; utterly mournful and musically aimless wanderings up and down the G string; but much louder and with a more intensely *vibrato* throbbing.

The policeman stepped quickly within and leaned against the door. That lugubrious, deep-toned wailing filled the room. To Chief Urquhart the officer addressed himself: "Do you wish I should adopt rough methods, chief? He says, 'To hell with the district attorney! What does he think he is,' he says, 'a critic? Tell him we got one in the house already,' he says, 'and that's too many!'"

That gargoyle person was scraping off chords now—very loud chords—of a cacophonous modernistic sort. Atkinson sprang up, shoved the policeman aside and flung the door open. There stood the queer little bald-headed musician with the long nose, scraping away, thrusting it upon them exactly as a naughty child might have done; grinning with an angry leer, his eyes staring and rolling. It wouldn't surprise you to see him stick out his tongue. Elsie's toes were again curling tightly within her shoes. There seemed to be, in the man's appearance as in his music, something deranged, something perversely, primitively violent, something almost maniacal. Perhaps he'd committed the murder. Why didn't they think of that?

But Mr. Atkinson merely snatched the violin, thrust the sputtering musician away, slammed the door, and dropping the instrument on a chair, resumed his seat, breathing heavily.

The coroner muttered, "Completely nutty, that bird," and spat.

And then Chief Urquhart announced grimly, with one huge hand spread flat on the table: "We're going into conference now. Doctor Obry, we'll excuse you if you don't mind. And you, Miss Penn."

XII

ELSIE walked along the hall with the doctor. In the living room those bridge players were still at it. Mr. Delos was playing Canfield; unaware, of course, all of them, of that dreadful scene in Mrs. Cuppy's room, as of the present grim conference. The actress still lay on the sofa, wearily, with Mr. Ettlethwaite still seated beside her. Talking about himself, of course. John Dane sat alone near the bay window. Stromberg lay sprawled in a big chair. So much she caught in a fluttering glance.

"You'd better lie down until you're needed, Miss Penn," said Doctor Obry gently. "Those brutes are putting you through a terrific experience."

"I think I need air more," she replied wanly. "I couldn't sleep anyway."

They walked out into the porte-cochère. "If I could only bring myself to realize what they're up to."

"It is terrible, Miss Penn. You do see, of course ——"

"Well, I ——"

"Chief Urquhart has his case nearly built." The doctor's voice broke slightly. "He's going to accuse John Dane and Mrs. Cuppy of the—the murder. Oh, it's unthinkable! Why, I've known Hazel from the moment she was born! Admitting that she is a spoiled child, that she is willful, that she has done foolish things ——"

"Oh, they didn't—they never—I can't believe ——"

(Continued on Page 137)

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Mind

to look at it" . . . "our old methods have been successful" . . . these were the verbal cords which strangled many a new idea at the start.

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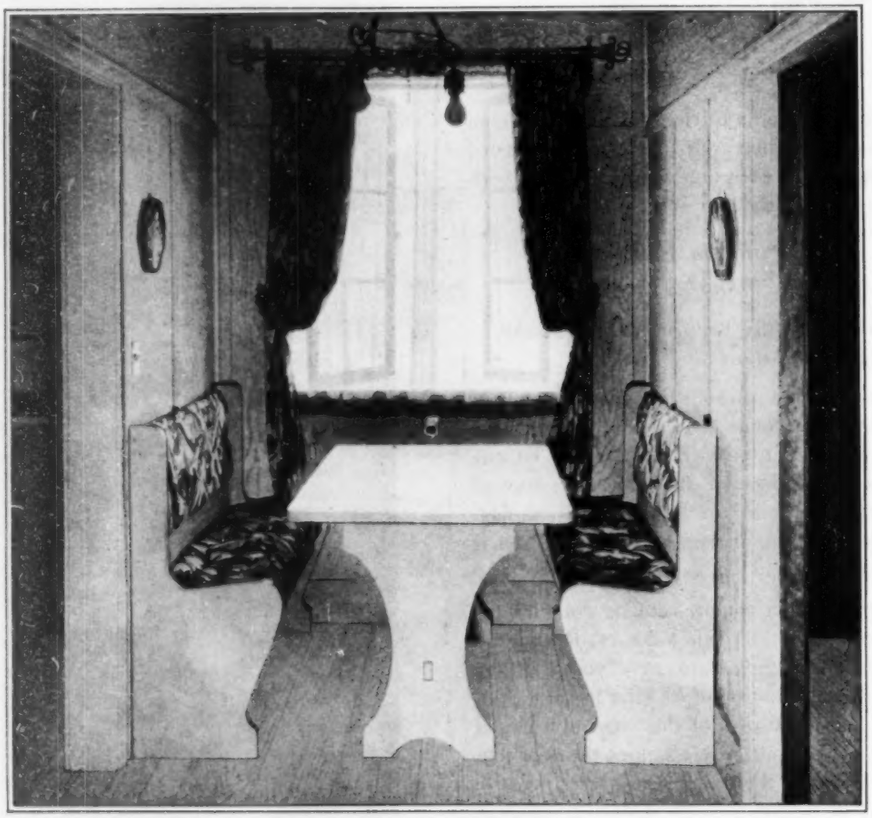

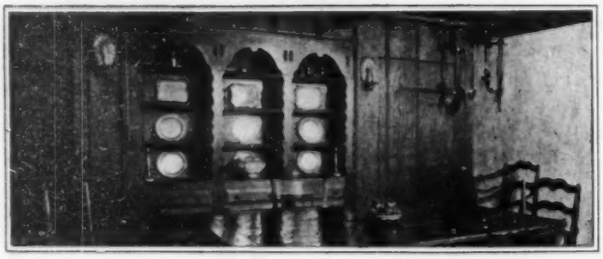

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*Northern Pine Manufacturers Association, Minneapolis, Minn.—White Pine, Norway Pine
*Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, Jacksonville, Fla.—Cypress and Tupelo
*Southern Pine Association, New Orleans, La.—Long Leaf and Short Leaf Southern Yellow Pine
*West Coast Lumbermen's Association, Seattle, Wash.—Douglas Fir, Sitka Spruce, West Coast Hemlock, Western Red Cedar
†Western Pine Manufacturers Association, Portland, Ore.—Pondosa Pine, Idaho White Pine, Larch
National American Wholesale Lumber Association, New York, N. Y.
National Association of Wooden Box Manufacturers, Chicago, Ill.
*Maple Flooring Mfrs. Ass'n, Chicago, Ill.
British Columbia Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.
British Columbia Loggers Association, Vancouver, B. C.
Hickory Golf Shaft Manufacturers Association, Memphis, Tenn.
American Wood Preservers' Assn., Chicago, Ill.
*Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States, Chicago, Ill.

*Grade- and trade-marked lumber available in these species

†Trade-marked lumber available in these species

(Continued from Page 132)

"I've known Jim Urquhart a long, long time, too, Miss Penn. He's crude and rough. Sometimes he's stupid. But he's stubborn. And he's strong. Can't you see that he's in complete command of the situation? Atkinson is a child in his hands. A reed. Just a young fellow with a political job. And believe me, there's politics enough in this county. Plenty of it. That coroner's nothing but a hanger-on. Used to run a livery stable."

"But Mr. Carlock, he's ——"

"I've been watching for him to take hold. But he doesn't seem to. I can't make him out. As a lieutenant of the state police he could really exert almost as much authority as he might choose. You see, he has the state behind him. And he is widely known as an expert in these cases. He and that sergeant of his work a lot with the district attorney's office in the city—New York. George Carlock, the name even, carries weight, authority. These local men usually feel that. But I can't make him out."

"Mr. Urquhart"—Elsie broke out nervously with this—"the chief, he's working for himself!"

"Oh, yes."

"He's after the publicity!"

"Yes. And he would be. Jim is ambitious politically. I know that. And it's the publicity I dread most."

"You mean ——"

"Don't you understand, Miss Penn, that this story is going to burst out in the papers tomorrow morning? Jim Urquhart will see to that. Trust him! And once the story breaks—Hazel and John Dane, her lover, accused of the most sensational, really the most important murder in years—rich, important people, all that—can't you see that once the story breaks they are ruined for life? The newspapers will simply crush Hazel. They'll hound her to death. I really think it will kill her. And as for Dane, where will he be? Whatever new developments may arise, his name won't be worth a snap of the fingers. He may as well go out to Tahiti and stay until he dies."

Elsie whirled on him. "Mr. Stromberg lied. He said it was 2:20 this morning when he saw Mr.—saw that ——"

"Saw Dane in the hall?"

"Yes. He fixed it positively. Said he was up in his room at 2:25. Yet you fixed the time of Mr. Cuppy's death, just as positively, at a time hours later."

"H'm! That's so! Your mind is keener than mine, Miss Penn. I never thought of that. Why didn't you speak out?"

"Oh, I guess I was just too worn out. Besides, Mr. Carlock got it. Why else did he ask you those questions?"

"Even so, Stromberg's story will land with terrific force on a jury, I'm afraid. He tells it convincingly."

"Oh, why doesn't Mr. Carlock do something!"

"I wish I knew, Miss Penn. As I tell you, I can't make that man out. Well"—the doctor sighed, and then brushed off, with a tired hand, a few beads of perspiration that had appeared on his temples—"well, I must go up to Hazel." He sighed again; stood a moment lost in his own tragic thoughts. "The awful thing about it"—he was now like a man so unnerved that he talks aloud to himself—"the horrible thing is that Jim Urquhart can ruin Hazel, ruin them both, without even approaching a conviction. The newspapers will seize on the love affair, broadcast it, wallow in it. There'll never be a chance to explain. Six truths can't overtake one lie." Unsteadily he turned and entered the house.

Elsie, hardly knowing what she was about, descended the steps and crossed the road toward the Japanese garden. Twilight was settling, but there were no lights in the lantern posts of carved stone. There was nobody about the place now to attend to such matters.

She mounted the high-arching little bridge. Leaned on the railing and looked down at the dim, lazy goldfish; but as she bent her head her eyes filled and she couldn't distinguish much of anything in the dimpling water. Her mind was a jumble of queerly confused memories. Her hand, deep in the pocket of her coat, clutched John Dane's note. That man couldn't have committed a murder. Nor was he a thief.

Those policemen, back in the house, were the law—all the law there was. Blundering on. Politics. Publicity. Primitive, ruthless men fighting one another to build reputation and success on a foundation of broken lives. It was disheartening.

She heard a car in the driveway and turned. A state policeman sat at the wheel. She could just make out the straps crossing over the shoulders, and the cap. A small figure of a man appeared from the house and entered the car—Mr. Wong. They were letting him go, then. Driving him into the city probably. They'd better. He wasn't out of danger. Pure intuition told her that. In a curious way she was sorry to see him go. He was one man you could believe.

She descended the farther slope of the bridge. Here was the stone bench where she and John Dane had sat twice. Her pulse raced crazily. Again she found herself pressing a hand to her breast—her free hand; the other, down in that coat pocket, still held the note. Extraordinary, the blunt power in Dane's hastily scribbled words. They'd had the force of a blow when she read them. It was a love letter. In her thoughts those words stung and glowed. Oh, why wouldn't life let her alone? That was all she wanted, she thought—to be let alone.

She hurried past the bench, following the winding path along the brookside. The twilight deepened. The heaped-up rocks, which had been placed with an apparent carelessness that was subtly art, seemed in the dusk like miniature, shadowy mountains. There were mosses and ferns. Twisted cedars grew there and deepened the shadows. The house was out of sight now. The path led to a tumbled-up boundary wall of rocks and there twisted off to the left. She stopped, looking about. She didn't want to go back by that bench. Perhaps if she followed the path it would lead her back another way.

"Do you want to make fifty dollars?"

Elsie caught her breath. That crazy pulse was pounding against her temples. A man's voice; from nowhere, apparently. Low and cautious.

She looked, frightened, but with every faculty almost abnormally sharpened. Her eyes searched the leafy top of the wall. At last, in the deepest of the shadows, she glimpsed a face.

"Don't be alarmed. It's all right. I'm from The Morning Earth. Here's a note for Mr. Delos. And here's a fifty-dollar bill. Will you take the note in to him? That's all I ask."

A nightmarish feeling that she couldn't move had seized upon Elsie.

"Will you do it? Perfectly proper, really. Needn't involve you in the least. The local police are slipping everything to The Planet. Getting good pay for it too. It isn't on the level."

That was probably true enough. But she wouldn't speak.

"Then, look here; if you won't take the note, will you do this? Tell him that if he can possibly get a story out here to me I can wait until half-past nine tonight. Until ten, as a last resort. Be right in this spot. Have a car waiting. Tell him it's Andrews—Ben Andrews."

Elsie found now that she could move. She turned and walked back. The voice died out.

By the stone bench she paused. Just stood there. If only she could think! But she couldn't. Her mind was a tangle of indecisions and memories, of the horror that hung over the day, of hurt pride and jealousy and of an unnerving pity for John Dane. His kisses were still on her lips. They'd just flamed up, the two of them. He'd said that. It was true. She'd flamed too. A sudden bitter hatred of Hazel Cuppy surged in her breast like a pang. She'd made love to him. He was an artist. Sensitive, of course. A man of temperament. Elsie was mothering him now. She couldn't help it, however much it hurt. Even if he'd—whatever might have occurred. Oh, it was all that woman's fault! And now she was crying again.

She sat on that bench. A queer thing to do. But all at once she'd wanted to. Well, that was how it was!

Mistily she could see the dark shape of the house. It was lighted up within. Over the windows of the Chinese room, in the nearest corner, the blinds were drawn.

A man came over the bridge. Her nerves were on edge again. John Dane? No, that other state officer in citizen clothes—the one that had come with Mr. Carlock in the morning.

"Will you please come into the house, Miss Penn?" he said respectfully. "Chief Urquhart wishes to see you."

Funny, he knew precisely where to find her out here in the dusk. Perhaps he'd happened to see her go into the garden.

XIII

MR. CARLOCK sat at the telephone in the side hall, listening intently and jotting down notes on a pad. Elsie hurried by and went on around the stairs into the main hall. Even before she reached the entrance to the living room she heard voices: "One spade." . . . "Double." . . . "Two spades." . . . "Three hearts." . . . "Three spades" . . . "Four hearts." . . . "Double." . . . How could they?

A policeman in the hall let her go into the Chinese room. She quietly resumed her chair. At least none of these men could suspect what was going on inside her head. Oh, perhaps Mr. Carlock. But what of it! She felt defiant.

Chief Urquhart stood by the fireplace, talking in low tones with the sergeant. Elsie looked over her pencils. All needed sharpening. And her notebook was nearly full. She picked up another and broke the back so it would lie flat.

Mr. Carlock came in and dropped his notes of the telephone conversation on the table. After a moment the chief returned to his chair.

"That was New York headquarters," said Mr. Carlock. "They've got a bit of news. Five of the Chinese servants have given themselves up."

"Is that all of them?" asked Mr. Atkinson.

"All but one. The butler, Sin, seems not to be among them."

The chief asked crisply, "What's the story?"

"Their story—the servants'—is that when they came downstairs this morning they couldn't find the man Sin. And he wasn't in his room. I gather that they were in some confusion over that. Sin was in the habit of giving them their orders for the day. Then the boy whose duty it was to clean up in the front part of the house discovered Mr. Cuppy's body in the den. After that they all ran away. Simply in a panic. Very much as Mr. Wong suggested. They say that they walked across country to Jamaica, caught a train to New York, and hid in the basement of a curio dealer on Pell Street. This afternoon they decided to surrender themselves."

"And you believe that?" asked Atkinson with a sneer.

Carlock shrugged. "For the present. It is common experience that this sort of Cainaman, the regular domestic servant, is truthful and faithful."

"Even so, where is that butler—Sin? No, it's fishy."

"At the moment I haven't a notion where Sin is," said Carlock. "He may be hiding. He may be dead."

"Oh, then you believe in him too!" said Atkinson.

"I'm inclined to. Mr. Wong recommended him to Mr. Cuppy. I have not been able to pick up the slightest bit of

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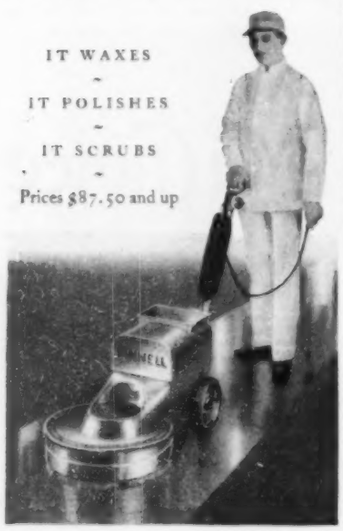

color against him. What little data I have would appear to make him out a particularly steady and honest sort."

Atkinson kept at him: "And you trust this man Wong?"

Carlock looked steadily at the assistant district attorney. When he was ready he replied with the single word: "Perfectly."

Atkinson snorted. Lit a cigarette. With a beaten-back expression fell to scribbling notes.

Chief Urquhart brought down his big hand on the table. "All this is beside the point, gentlemen. We've got some real evidence before us. And we know where we're going." He moved his chair back and around, turning his massive front directly toward Elsie and taking her in with a firmly fixed gaze.

Elsie's wits fluttered. So it was, at last, her turn. She thought—she was still, it is to be noted, in that confused phase—"What's he up to now?" She tried to meet those cold eyes, but couldn't quite. Nervelessly she fingered the pencils before her—twisting them about, then laying them side by side in a neat row. Not before, even during the scene in Mrs. Cuppy's room, had she felt the full strength of the man. At least it hadn't then come to her as a personal experience. The wheedling tone, that rather disgusting suggestion of the man-and-woman business, was gone. No foolishness now. He meant business. She could think of nothing but an enormous, tireless bulldog.

"Miss Penn," he began, in deliberately measured words—oh, those eyes!—"you told us this morning of a talk you had with John Dane in the garden. I want you now to go back over all that. He was out there with you about twenty minutes, you said. A good deal can be said in twenty minutes. I want you to straighten it out in your mind and tell us everything he said—everything."

Elsie sat motionless. If only she could think! As it stood, she couldn't. Not yet. Was there anything she'd kept back? The very thought suggested that there was.

"What was the first remark he made?" pressed the chief.

"Well, he—oh, he came wandering out there. I was sitting on a bench. He asked if there was room for another stray. I moved over on the bench and he sat down."

"Then what was said?"

"Well, I—oh, something—just talk."

"What talk?"

"I think I made some remark about its being beautiful there in the garden."

"What reply did he make to that?"

"Well, if I can recall it—oh, yes, he lifted his head up and sniffed the air and said something like 'If only it didn't smell of oil.'"

"Oh, he said that?"

"Yes, sir."

Elsie was doing pretty well, she felt. Talking evenly enough. Only Mr. Carlock knew that the chief was beginning to torture her almost as savagely as he had tortured that wretched woman upstairs. Then and there she made up her mind that not one of those others should so much as glimpse the truth. Whatever the crazy truth might be. As for Mr. Carlock, let him think what he might. She couldn't help that. She saw clearly enough how closely he was watching her. But let him! There was nothing she could do about it. And the experience, whatever it might turn into, had to be lived through somehow.

"Then what?"

"I—I think I asked if the Cuppys were friends of his, and he replied that he'd never heard of their having any friends. I spoke of the guests in the house and he said that Mrs. Cuppy collected personalities and was always getting new lots and throwing them at one another. People lived off her, he said. Especially Mr. Stromberg. He said that he himself—I mean Mr.—Mr. Dane—didn't come out of friendship, but for five hundred dollars."

"What did he mean by that?"

"The price of his services, he said; for doing that pastel portrait of Mrs. Cuppy. And that he was leaving in the morning." She was speaking more readily now. "Most of what followed after that I have already told you. He asked if I thought I could stick it out and all that. We talked a little about Mr. Cuppy then. I asked if he was always like that—I meant drunk—and he said, 'More or less. Always pickled, if that's what you mean. Oh, he doesn't always pass out.' It was after that that he advised me not to try to stay."

"Just how did he put it?"

"Oh, he—well, I remember his saying, 'I'm afraid you're in wrong here.'"

"Did he explain what he meant by that?"

"I don't think so. I don't remember. I'm really trying to tell you everything, but it isn't easy—to remember, I mean. I was pretty excited. I was dressed in a beautiful Chinese costume and my face was painted up and—and then I'd never been in a millionaire's house before and with famous people all around. I do remember that we talked a little about how you couldn't always choose your associations if you were working for a living."

"Was anything personal said? About himself and yourself?"

"Oh, a little, I suppose."

"Well, what?"

"Why, when we were talking about jobs that way, I told him that I—that, fortunately, I was the mental type."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said, as I recall it, 'Mental type? My eye!'"

"He must have said more than that."

"Well, only that he'd watched me when we were in the house and that I was just a—a romantic girl"

"Oh, he did!"

"Yes, sir."

"Go on. What else did he say about that?"

"Oh, nothing much—I mean ——"

"What did he say?"

Elsie was fighting back the color again. This terrible man kept at one so! "Really, nothing much. You see, Mrs. Cuppy came just about then and ——"

Mr. Atkinson broke in at this point: "Miss Penn, you have been in our confidence all day. We have had a right to assume that you are an honest, straightforward young woman. But you are raising doubts in our minds. You are keeping something back."

"Oh, no, Mr. Atkinson! Really! It's harder than you seem to realize to ——"

"Oh, come!" boomed the chief. "We know all about that! Speak out!"

"Well, I remember his saying that he was romantic and willing to admit it. And then he said that I wasn't safe anywhere here. 'Even with me!'" Her voice had dropped almost to a whisper.

"So! He said you weren't safe with him!"

"Yes, sir." What on earth were they getting at?

"Then what?"

"Why, Mrs. Cuppy came."

"I see. And that is all?"

"I—why—yes, I would say so."

There was a long, tense silence. No one moved, and she could feel their eyes on her. The strain was pretty nearly unendurable.

Suddenly the chief's voice boomed out again; so suddenly that she jumped in her chair—a big voice with a merciless dry twang in it: "Now, Miss Penn, just one more question: When you were sitting on that bench with John Dane, discussing your romantic nature, did he make love to you?"

She couldn't, at the moment, forestall a low, quick, gasping intake of breath. The room seemed full of eyes. She began to cry. For just an instant the perversely impish thought popped up that she hadn't cried so much in one day since babyhood. What was the matter with her, anyway? Were her nerves just completely shot?

"Answer me!" thundered the chief. "Did he or didn't he make love to you?"

"I—why, a little."

"Speak up! Louder!"

"Why, a little. I ——"

"Oh, he made love to you a little. Now, just what do you mean by that?"

"I d-don't know."

"You don't know? That's peculiar. Did he take you in his arms?"

"I don't know. I guess so. I ——"

"You guess so. Hmp! Then he did take you in his arms?"

"Y-yes."

"I see. He took you in his arms. Did he kiss you?"

Elsie summoned all that was left of her sadly scattered native sense and character. This man was, of course, simply breaking her down. A little healthy anger came unexpectedly to her aid.

"Did he kiss you?"

Elsie looked straight up at him, wiping her tears away, and said, firmly enough, "Yes."

"Very good! He kissed you. You permitted it?"

No answer. But she was still looking at him.

"You knew, at the time, of his affair with Mrs. Cuppy?"

"No! I did not!"

"But he had told you, bluntly, that you weren't safe with him. You made no attempt to leave when he said that?"

"No."

"Very good. That is all, I think."

The tension broke. A chair scraped. Carlock, who hadn't uttered a word—in a confused way she felt a flicker of gratitude for that—set to work on those interminable notes of his. The coroner spat and lit a fresh cigar. Elsie slumped back in her chair. She even felt a measure of relief. It might, after all, have been worse. There was nothing shameful in an honest kiss, whatever unpleasant construction might be put upon it by the vile minds of these men. She hated them all. Loathed them. Even, in a measure, Mr. Carlock. He might, she thought now, have stopped the odious probing. He hadn't lifted a finger.

This was the moment, a grave but distinctly relaxed moment, that Chief Urquhart chose to whirl on her. Really to take her breath away. Speaking rapidly, in a sort of roar:

"We have your word that you've told us all of it—everything that might bear, even remotely, on the case?"

He caught her in a moment of exhaustion, completely off her guard. She bit her lip, looked about her in a sort of panic. A little color crept into her wan cheeks.

"Ha! I see! You haven't told us!"

"Oh, but I ——"

"I see! All but a few really important little things that you'd just as soon we didn't know about!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Urquhart."

"Come out with it, then! He said something else. What was it?"

Elsie nerved herself. She was caught. Her small hands gripped the sides of her chair. She wouldn't tell them an out-and-out lie. She couldn't do that. Again she looked straight up at him. And now there was a glint of something like steel in her eyes. It is doubtful if the chief saw it. She looked very tired, very frail.

"Mr. Urquhart," she said, "it is really difficult to reconstruct a fairly long conversation. Especially if you had reason to be excited and confused at the time. Besides, I'll admit that my emotions have been stirred. We can't help these things. Of course I haven't wanted to tell these intimate happenings. And I haven't wanted to tell things that might help you to build your outrageous, trumped-up case against Mr. Dane."

"You dare say that? You've been here all day, completely in our confidence, hearing all the evidence and ——"

"Yes, I dare say it."

"So you've deliberately held out on me! Like a crook!"

"No." Wearily she explained: "Not deliberately. If you knew just a little about human nature you'd understand that people who feel deeply, people who are torn

(Continued on Page 140)

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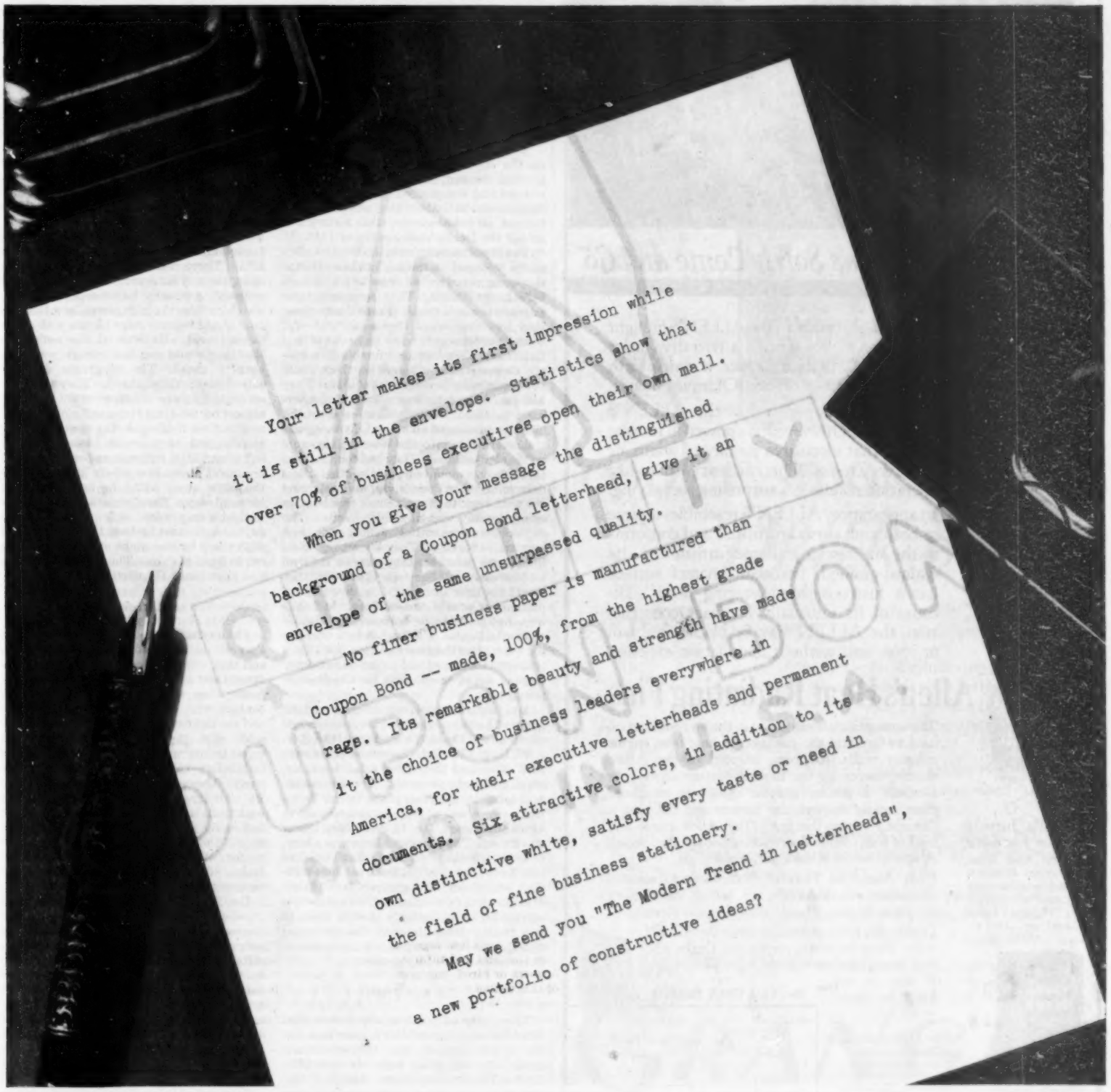
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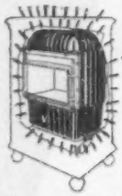

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(Continued from Page 138)

with emotions they can't understand, don't always think straight. I told you everything that came into my head this morning." She sighed. "But I suppose, with all of us, there are times when the heart keeps a good deal of what it knows from the head."

"Are you trying to tell me I don't know my business?"

"I'm perfectly sure you don't." Was there, just for an instant, a faint twitch at one corner of Mr. Carlock's mouth?

"Well, I'll be hanged!" roared Chief Urquhart.

And Elsie, more than a little beside herself now, flashed straight back at him with "I'm perfectly sure you will."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LOST IN DEATH VALLEY

(Continued from Page 21)

complete a satisfactory division of their outfits, sawed their wagons in half. Sixty-odd wagons back-tracked with Rynierson to the trail along which Hunt was moving south.

Twenty-seven wagons were still in camp on the cut-off when scouts found a way through the canyons. The emigrants took counsel and reorganized. They committed themselves to follow the cut-off. They formed, all unknowingly, what history was to call the Death Valley party of 1849.

Twenty of the wagons in the Death Valley party belonged to the Jayhawkers, thirty-six young men who had come as a unit from Galesburg, Illinois. They were impatient to reach the gold fields. From the moment they had first heard the word "cut-off," when they were only a few days out of Salt Lake City, they had been unable to reconcile themselves to a longer southern route to a goal almost directly west of them. They had found the long wagon train a cumbersome machine, woefully slow on the trail. They had believed all along that there was a shorter route into the West. They were on that cut-off now. They had found a pass through the mountains while others, less determined than themselves, were retracing the trail back to Hunt's route or sitting in camp dumbly wringing their hands. The Jayhawkers were entirely willing to do their own trail-breaking. They knew they could hit a faster pace once they were on the trail by themselves. They decided that they would not have their speed cut down by the presence of women and children. And they were not going to be bothered by any old women in pants. The Jayhawkers were going west. And they were going alone. They yoked up their oxen and pulled their twenty wagons out of camp. Ho, for Cal-eye-for-nee-ay!

An unwelcome trail companion moved out behind the Jayhawkers. It was the tragic clown of the Death Valley party, the Rev. J. W. Brier. With the Reverend Brier were Mrs. Brier and their three small boys, six, seven and eight years old. The diverse accounts left by members of the Death Valley party who wrote of their experiences are in agreement upon the Briers. Mrs. Brier was a man. The Reverend Brier was a lazy, helpless windbag. The Jayhawkers had told Brier that they did not want him traveling with them. The group of families left in camp on the cut-off after the Jayhawkers started off independently invited Brier to join them. Brier declined the invitation and ignored the rebuff of the Jayhawkers. Brier followed the Jayhawkers.

Off the Trail

The group of families which remained after the departure of the Jayhawkers and the Briers formed the Bennett-Arcane party. In this group were Mr. and Mrs. Asabel Bennett and three children; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Arcane and their small son; Mr. and Mrs. Wade and three small children; two Earhart brothers and their sons; Captain Culverwell; a man named Fish; another named Gould; John Rogers and Lewis Manly; and four unnamed teamsters—a total of three women, fourteen men and nine small children. Manly, who wrote a story of the expedition forty years later, was the scout of the Bennett-Arcane party. He ranged free of the slow-moving wagons and climbed buttes and pinnacles along the route to observe the country ahead. Manly condemned the northerly direction his party was taking in following the Jayhawkers and the Briers.

"We're going wrong," Manly told Bennett. "I know we are going wrong. We must either turn west or go back and follow Hunt. This trail goes nowhere—unless it leads back to Salt Lake City."

Bennett had enough confidence in Manly to swing the wagons from the trail of the Jayhawkers and head more directly west. The seven wagons crossed gently sloping table-lands and wound through broken hills. There were springs and streams along the way for several days and then the country gradually became dry. Manly, watching from the high places, saw that the land would become more barren with every day's travel. He warned the emigrants that they would encounter rough, waterless country ahead. The emigrants were resolved to continue ahead. They were exasperated by the constant councils which always resulted in a change of plan or route and further delay. A day spent pushing wagons and oxen across broken country left a man little enthusiasm for evenings of argument about how wisely he had chosen the route along which he had worked so hard all day. The Bennett-Arcane party pushed slowly west. A few days later the Jayhawkers came up from the rear, camped with them for one night and then went on out in front of them. The Jayhawkers, too, had abandoned the northerly trail.

A Guide Lost

The Jayhawkers were still confident that they would be the first into Los Angeles, and they were moving at a rate that vindicated their earlier claims of breaking trail faster when they traveled alone. Still in contact with each other, the Jayhawkers and the Bennett-Arcane party rolled southwest, with the feed getting poorer and water becoming scarce. A group of Indians fled before the approach of the Bennett party. The emigrants captured one Paiute. By sign language they made the Indian lead them to water. They would keep the Indian for a guide. They would force him to lead them to Owens Valley; it could not be far. While the emigrants drank, the Indian slid up a hill and disappeared. The emigrants were to miss that Indian.

Day by day, ten miles a day, the wagons crawled west. They must be nearing the Sierras and Owens Valley. Perhaps the summit of the next range would give them a distant glimpse of California. They were to know many next ranges. More than three hundred killing miles of desert flats, desert mesa, and steep and naked desert mountain chains were spread in a cruel barrier system between them and California. Not all of the emigrants would climb to the last far-distant summit and see what lay beyond the final range.

No rain had fallen since the twenty-seven wagons of the Death Valley party started along the cut-off to the west. The nights were clear and warm and the heat of midday increased with the steadily increasing barrenness of the mountains and the valleys. More slowly than a man could walk the wagons crept across the desert. Ten miles became a good day's travel. The emigrants were learning to do without water.

Manly returned from a scouting trip. He said, "There are snow-clad mountains to the west. I saw them plainly. First, there's

a wide, waterless plain. Then there's a low, black, rocky range, and beyond that the mountains with the snow. I think there is a pass just north of one big snow peak. If it is a pass, it is right ahead on our trail."

They began to call the pass Martin's Pass. California was at the other end of the pass. They hastened along the trail to the southwest. In their anxiety to reach the snow and the pass, they pushed the oxen and increased their pace. They strained forward for three days. The oxen were burning up under heavy work on dry feed and insufficient water; they were beginning to look badly. But California was not far away.

Manly climbed a tall butte to the south of the wagon train. He looked across the distant Amargosa Desert to the three great mountains of the Amargosa Range—the Black Mountains, the Funeral Mountains, and the Grapevine Mountains—chained northwest and southeast for one hundred and thirty miles along the east side of Death Valley. Manly looked across the Amargosa Range to the higher walls of the towering Panamint Range; and he saw the snow cap of Telescope Peak. The low place, the Martin's Pass of the emigrants, was more than eight thousand feet up the bald face of the Panamints! Manly did not know that. Manly could not see the deep sink of Death Valley hidden beyond the Amargosa Range.

California was not far away? Many of the emigrants would not see beyond the last range.

"There is a waterless plain ahead," said Manly. "There is no water for many, many days of travel. I do not think we can cross this next barren plain."

The twenty-seven wagons of the Death Valley party were camped together for the last time. The Jayhawkers heard Manly's report on the difficulties ahead. Manly's summary of the dangers ahead spurred the Jayhawkers on. The Jayhawkers staggered forward through five waterless days. They met thirst. Panic struck into their ranks for the first time and destroyed their unity. Martin, one of their members, formed a group of his own and turned south across the desert to skirt the southern spur of the mountains ahead. The situation of the Jayhawkers was dangerous to life. Waterless, they performed exhausting labor throughout every mile of their advance. Keep the wheels turning. Shoulder to ox wagon. Heave! They were in a hurry now. They wanted to live.

Traveling Light and Fast

It snowed on the sixth day. Not much snow. Just enough moisture to relieve parched bodies and send them into the next burning march across the desert. At last they found water. It was the Amargosa River, charged with alkaline salts. Thirsts such as the Jayhawkers knew were not to be denied water, whatever its bitterness. Man and beast drank heavily of Glaubers and Epsom salts and other chemicals in solution.

It was the first time the Jayhawkers met thirst. They drank and then toiled up through the Amargosa Range. The bowlder-littered alluvium was a trail difficult enough without the cumulative weakening effects of the salts the Jayhawkers had consumed. An ox died. The Jayhawkers lived through two days of toil and weakness. They reached the summit and were confronted with the terrorsome sight of Death Valley's unwatered sink and bald mountains. They doggedly descended into the valley. They found a spring near Furnace Creek. They drank and soaked their dry bodies. They camped.

The Jayhawkers had met thirst. They were grim where they had been gay. They were in the worst pocket of country they had ever seen. It was no longer a question of hurrying on through to the gold fields. It was not even a question of saving their wagons and stock and possessions. There could be no more hauling and heaving of wagons, no more coaxing of oxen across mountains or even across the ordinary desert terrain. The problem now was for a man to get out of a country that threatened his life. Fertile lands were to westward, and they must be reached quickly. On foot a man could go quickly through country that his oxen and wagons would never cross. Their one chance was to push on rapidly on foot. On foot they would go, and it would be every man for himself.

The Jayhawkers were in a hurry now. They killed the poorer oxen and dried the meat over the flames of their burning wagons. They would drive the better oxen along as beef on the hoof. They made knapsacks from the wagon canvas. They built canteens from powder horns. They fashioned moccasins from the oxhides. They divided the small store of provisions that remained. Each man was given his share. There would be no more shares. Every man would be on his own.

Panic in the Camp

While the Jayhawkers hurried their preparations for the break westward on foot, the Martin group, the Bennett-Arcane party, and the Reverend Brier and his family came up along the Jayhawker trail to enter Death Valley. The Death Valley party of '49 was assembling in the valley it named. All the emigrants had met thirst. Provisions were low, and the emigrants were knowing hunger. Not one of the emigrants was desertwise. They were passing through range lands that had supported numbers of Indians for thousands of years. The emigrants walked blindly by food sources and springs. When they stumbled upon water they could scarcely do more than assuage the thirst of the moment, because they had no containers to carry an adequate supply of water into the desert. The oxen were so weak that they could barely keep the wagons moving on a down grade, yet the emigrants drove them along. The emigrants had all been impatient to get quickly to the gold on the Pacific Coast. Now they all wanted to live. They knew they must quickly escape the dreadful country that confined them. Panic had struck them all. All except the Reverend Brier.

Brier approached the Death Valley region through Forty Mile Canyon. In Forty Mile Canyon, Brier burned his wagons. He rested a few days. He drove his oxen ahead of him, packed with the goods he had salvaged from his wagons. Manly discovered the Reverend Brier and his family in Furnace Creek Canyon. It was Christmas Day, 1849. The worn Mrs. Brier and the exhausted children sat forlornly in a volcanic waste land, listening to the Reverend Brier, who was earnestly lecturing them upon the advantages of education.

Manly was the first of the trailing emigrants to overtake the Jayhawkers. Manly came down Furnace Creek Canyon and walked out on the floor of the weird valley. West across Death Valley was Telescope Peak with the cap of snow that had lured the emigrant train into the trap of Death Valley. The sun burned behind a gray haze and sent sheets of white and gray light upon the black and brown and blue flanks of the sheer Panamints. Yellow hills of sulphur streamed down from the Funeral Mountains to melt into the black of lava and the steel of the gigantic fans of gravel. Mountains hemmed the valley in—naked mountains of rock, sharpened and carved by the centuries and painted by the shattered strata of minerals. The wind curled serpents of sand about the salt blocks over which Manly walked, and in the distance, writhing sand devils whirled up against the massive hills. Manly found the trail of the Jayhawkers in the sand and gravel, and followed it north in the valley until darkness fell and the fires of the Jayhawkers led him to their camp.

A fog of depression hung over the feverishly active camp of the Jayhawkers. The camp was poor. The water was brackish, and there was no grass and only scattered brush for the oxen. The Jayhawkers were

(Continued on Page 145)

"Then ye who'd bid adieu
to care,
Come here and smoke it
into air."
—Anon.

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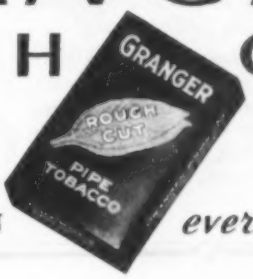

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QUALITY in shoes begins with the character and conception of those who make them—but only begins. Good style, likewise, becomes a good shoe only through good shoemaking.

International quality goes far deeper than the smartness of International style. To every shoe is brought the most careful selection of materials. Each shoe is fashioned and built to deliver service as unmistakably as it reflects grace. There is no substitution for quality in any shoe, regardless of price—they must stand use as effectively as they stand display.

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Through this principle of specialization, International assures the wearers of its shoes consistently better materials and workmanship.

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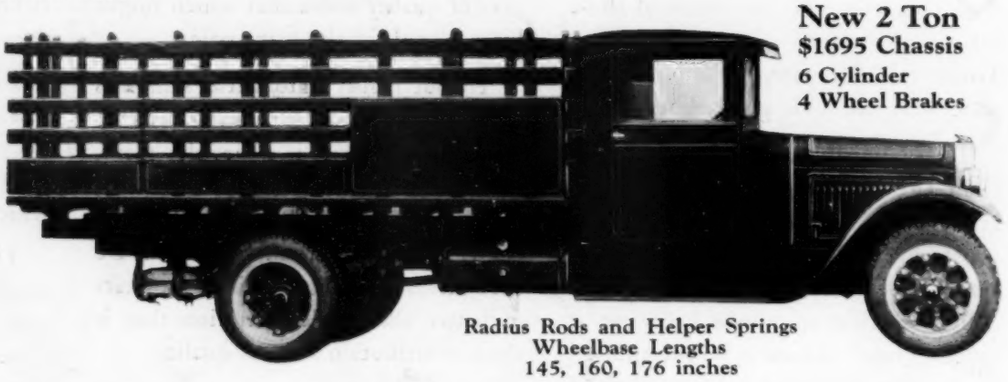

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Stewart Trucks Have Won By Costing Less to Run

(Continued from Page 141)

almost ready for their effort on foot. Manly said good-by to them and started south to the Bennett-Arcane camp near Furnace Creek. Along the trail, Manly met two of his camp companions, Fish and Gould. They had packs upon their backs and were taking their chances on foot. They said good-by. It was the last time Manly saw Fish alive.

Driven by gripping fear, the Bennett-Arcane party left Furnace Creek and assaulted the walls of the Panamints. They attempted to go south on the salt bed, but the salt bed turned them back. Desperate to find a way through the Panamints, they searched along the valley foot of the range for a pass. They found none. The women and children had only scanty food from the original stocks. The men were living upon ox meat alone. Water was an immediate need. Four men who had been driving the Bennett oxen cracked under the maddening pressure of their futile efforts. They would go on foot behind the Jayhawkers. They threw some meat and a few personal belongings into their knapsacks and said good-by. They trudged north after the Jayhawkers.

Another laborious day moved the Bennett-Arcane party eight miles along the base of the Panamints to a small sulphur well close to the mouth of a canyon cut into the range at Telescope Peak. They would force their way out through this canyon. Manly went up the canyon ahead of the wagons. He did not get far. He found a dry waterfall over which the wagons could never go. He returned down the canyon and turned the wagons back toward the water hole in the desert. As the pitiful train retraced its weary trail, one of Bennett's oxen collapsed. They killed it where it fell. Another ox went down and could not rise. They brought water to the exhausted ox from the desert well and got the animal into camp. Another day had sped without any progress. Another day's food was gone. Another ox was dead. Death for the entire party was one day closer.

Too Late to Turn Back

The ragged, weary emigrants had been toiling through dry desert lands for weeks. All through September, October, November and December they had labored along the long trail from Salt Lake City, wasting energy on blind and false trails, meeting discouragement with supreme faith, only to end in the trap of Death Valley. They saw nothing of the grandeur of their cruelly beautiful prison. They were wagering life against hunger and thirst. They had known thirst and hunger so long that despair almost replaced their faith and courage.

Their oxen stood with galled necks hanging in their yokes, thin and worn, pitifully unequal to their task. All around the emigrants were hundreds of miles of desert waste land, without life, apparently without water. The sparse desert mesquite, crowning the low aimless hills, danced mockingly in the shimmer of heat on the desert floor, far down below the giant walls of the mountains. There seemed to be no way out.

North of them in the fawn and purple of distance the high mountains of the Panamint and Amargosa ranges pinched out the valley. To southward along the floor of the interminable valley were miles and miles of salt crust thrust up in sharp blocks to halt their progress. To west and east the mountains rose abruptly to six, to eleven thousand feet, to bar their escape. Nor could they turn back. Food and water were almost gone, and they knew the bitterness of the miles that lay behind—the thirst and the heartbreak of the miles that lay behind. If they were to escape, the way was somewhere before them in the west. Hidden somewhere in the fantastic wall of the Panamint Range there must be a canyon that would let them through to westward. To westward it must be—they had come so far!

Numbed with the fatigue of a day's heavy labors, the emigrants in the Bennett-Arcane party sat in the black silence of their giant prison to plan their escape. The Jayhawkers had gone on foot. The Martin group had given up their oxen and wagons. Fish and Gould were walking out. Even their own four drivers had decided to attempt the escape on foot. At least all of these men on foot were moving forward each day. They were not straining their bodies all day to camp by last night's water hole. True, these others had no women or children. Women or children could not travel on foot over such difficult country. But the way out could be found on foot, by one man or by two men—two would be better, one might not get through. If either scout got safely to the settlements, he could return with food and some definite road out. There was their new plan. Send two of the youngest and strongest men out as pathfinders. Let them find the way to the coast; fertile California could not be far away. California was probably just across this next range. The party could hold out for fifteen days and the oxen could rest and gain strength. If the scouts were not back in fifteen days —— The party would hold on as long as it could. It was the one chance of escape.

A Two-Man Expedition

Lewis Manly and John Rogers were selected to make the desperate effort. They scaled the Panamints through the canyon that had denied the passage of the wagons. From the summit of the Panamints they saw the hot basin of Panamint Valley at their feet, and the black Slate Range beyond, and beyond that the Argus Range, and still farther in the endless desert the high Sierras piled snow up to the sky all along a horizon that was lost in the north. Barren desert spread in all directions and reared innumerable hills and mountains to thwart them. The scouts looked at the country they must cross. They knew they would not be back in fifteen days. They wondered if they would get through at all.

Crossing Panamint Valley and climbing the Slate Range, the scouts met thirst again. Near the summit of the Slate Range they came upon the first traces of the Jayhawkers. The Jayhawkers had dug in the gravel of a canyon for water. Manly and Rogers enlarged the diggings, but found no water. Farther up the steep canyon they found Fish curled dead beside the trail. How long could a man endure thirst?

Manly and Rogers went on through the days. They munched their meals of dry jerky as they tramped along. They were too nervous with fear to sit down and eat. They seldom spoke, saving their breaths in their dry throats against the efforts of the steep trails. Thirst and the cold broke their rest at night as they slept spoon fashion under a light blanket.

From the summit of the Slate Range they saw a lake glittering in the sun to the southward. They left the Jayhawker trail and turned south to the lake. It was Searles Lake, a red lake, so charged with soda minerals that it was undrinkable. The scouts spat out the bitter liquid and turned dully westward, heading for a canyon to take them through the foothills of the Argus Range.

The ridge of the next hill showed them the cool snow on the distant Sierras. Their tongues and throats were hard and beginning to swell. They were suffering badly for want of water. They would head for the snow on the Sierras. They picked out a butte for a landmark. They walked. Thirst and the cold would not let them sleep. They walked. Moving uncertainly through the moonlight of an early morning, they found a small plate of ice in a shallow rock basin. A short drink and they moved on into the heat of the day among the foothills of the Argus Range as they entered Indian Wells Valley. They gained on their landmark with exasperating slowness. In the lingering desert dusk they seemed to be less than halfway there. Then as the dusk became black, the orange-red of a camp fire burned in the distance. The scouts walked into a Jayhawker camp. They greeted Doty, the Jayhawker captain, Tom Shannon, L. D. Stephens and several others. They were camped at Indian Wells.

The Jayhawkers were surprised to hear that Manly and Rogers were only four days out of Death Valley. Captain Doty said, "We were four days without water. The boys are panicky. Some of them have gone on ahead. We stopped to kill an ox and we're going to rest a few days and get some water into our systems."

"We saw Fish's body back on the trail."

"Yes. Fish died back on the second range. And Ischam died in the next valley, with the big red lake. He sat down and wouldn't get up. He said he was too tired to go any farther. We found some water that afternoon and a couple of the boys went back to him. He was still alive, but he couldn't swallow. He died while they were trying to give him a drink. We buried him. We'll probably bury some more before we're out of this country!"

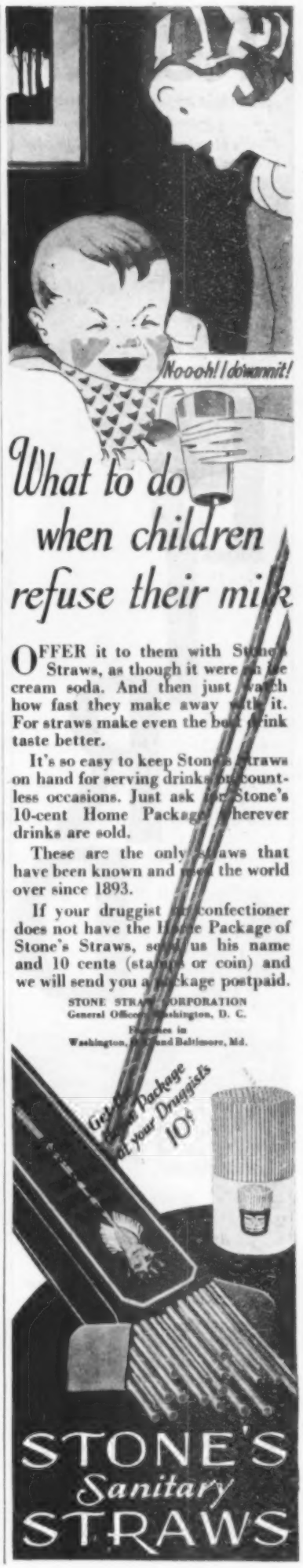
The Jayhawkers had left Death Valley just after Manly visited their last camp in the valley. They drove their oxen up the rocky alluvial slope where the road now runs through Townsend Pass. They struggled up Emigrant Wash and found water at Emigrant Springs. They divided their party at the springs. Some went out Emigrant Canyon and others clambered over the mountains west of the spring. They found a dead ox in the crest belt of the Panamints and came upon a stranger sitting over a feeble fire. Doty said, "There's folks that didn't come in with us scattered all over the hills trying to find a way out, the same as we are. The Briers are somewhere behind us. God knows where!"

Manly and Rogers pushed on from Indian Wells and soon passed the advance party of the Jayhawkers. They were badly off. Hunger and thirst were adding to the ravages of panic. Some of the Jayhawkers were without food and were begging scraps from the others. The scouts went on, powerless to help the suffering Jayhawkers. The trail down Red Rock Canyon led them out into the plain of the great Mohave Desert that swept away to the west until it faded into the base of the San Gabriel Mountains, which flaunted a lure of snow high above the dry plain. The scouts were still far from the settlements, and farther from their friends, isolated in Death Valley hoping for their return.

Quail for Dinner

It was the thought of their friends patiently and confidently enduring the desolate days in Death Valley that helped Manly and Rogers across the stark Mohave. The scouts needed to think of their friends who relied upon them, and they needed the visions of the cool days of well-fed comfort which would be their reward if they could just walk, walk, walk, across one last desert and one last mountain. Water—water, cool and clear—all a man could drink. Food—all a man could eat. Plenty to drink and plenty to eat. All a man had to do was put his mind on walking. Forget the piece of hot leather that was his tongue. Forget the ache throbbing through his sore body. Forget his burning head and just put his mind on walking. Just walk right up into that snow ahead of him. Tomorrow he would roll in that snow. . . . Well, it's farther than it looked. But we'll make it today. Or tomorrow, sure. Just keep walking, walking.

Five days out from the Jayhawker camp at Indian Wells, Manly and Rogers stepped into a subdivision of Paradise in a brush-choked canyon in the San Gabriel Mountains. They shot a quail, a crow and a hawk, and they made a stew and feasted beside a sparkling mountain stream. It was the first sweet water they had known in three months. The next day found them in San Fernando Valley amidst the green hills, the trees, the streams and the herds of fattening cattle they had dreamed of.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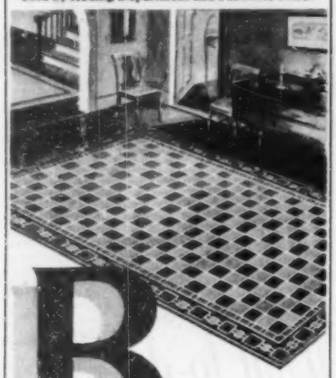

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The hospitable people welcomed them, fed them until they were deathly sick, outfitted them, and started them back over the hard trail to the rescue of their friends.

The scouts started back to Death Valley well outfitted. In their three days in San Fernando Valley they had gathered supplies of dried meat, a sack of small yellow beans, two sacks of unbolted wheat flour, a small sack of wheat, three horses, a mule, pack saddles and some horsehair and rawhide ropes. Their outfit cost them sixty dollars. They headed east, each mounted and leading a pack animal. At a water hole on the western edge of the Mohave the scouts saw evidence that the Jayhawkers had been there. Manly and Rogers were glad to know that the Jayhawkers had won through. They wondered if the Jayhawkers had sworn as fervently with delight at deliverance as they had cursed with bitterness at thirst and starvation.

Not all of the Jayhawkers had fought through to the Pacific Coast. The men with Doty had remained at Indian Wells, where Manly and Rogers left them, for two days. The Briers came in out of Searles Basin and joined them. Many of the Jayhawkers were thoroughly dejected, and there was snarling and bickering in camp. Doty, the Jayhawker captain, stilled the quarrels and led the feebler spirits on by the force of his personality and the example of his own indifference to hardship. Doty brought the Jayhawkers through.

A Deep Sleep

Madness and death were the trail companions of the Jayhawkers across the Mohave. They had the snow on the coast ranges coaxing them toward the last western horizon, the lure of the snow which seemed to retreat before their slow advance. They had very little else to keep them moving. Physically, they were dead men marching with heavy feet through the desert. They hoarded their tiny supply of water and endured the heat of the day without drinking. When they killed an ox they drank the blood. Food was scarce. They cleaned and cooked the intestines and ate them. They singed the hair from the hide and ate the hide. They drank their water in the smallest quantities. But their supply of water shrank and they found no water hole. Some were without water and the Mohave still ran endlessly ahead, a great dry waste, to the mountains and the snow.

Asa Haines sat down in the desert. L. D. Stephens went to Haines. Haines said, "I can't go any farther."

"Come," said Stephens. "It isn't far now. Look, you can see the trees up there in the snow."

Haines said, "I can't go any farther."

Stephens thought of Fish and Ischam. Both had said they could go no farther. Was he to lose his old comrade Haines with only a few more days to go? Stephens dug into his knapsack. A little rice. A little tea. A dry crust of bread. Stephens had been saving the precious store against a last weakness. With his last drop of water Stephens made a weak broth for his old comrade. Stephens forced Haines to drink the broth. They rested together. Together the two comrades went on into the sun and miles of the Mohave.

The next night Stephens awoke, choking. He crawled to the sleeping Doty and croaked at him, his voice lost in his swelling throat. Doty took his canteen from under his head and gave Stephens half of his water.

The water was gone. The snow still beckoned. Tom Shannon killed an ox. They drank the blood. Those who still had oxen were given pieces of meat. Those without oxen shared the entrails, bones, sinews and hide. They ate them. They softened the horns in fire and gnawed upon them. Shannon gave the liver of the ox to Mrs. Brier. Someone stole it. They were a little mad.

They were approaching the foothills. One of the Jayhawkers thought he saw moisture in the shade of a bush. He dug frantically with his hands and, failing to find water, buried his face in the sand to suck up the moisture. A Frenchman in the party went mad and walked off into the desert.

They were in the foothills and the trail disappeared. The Jayhawkers fanned out to find it. A gunshot and the smoke of a fire. Water! One of the boys has found water!

Within a few miles of the smoke, Robinson could not take another step. Two men held him on the back of an ox. Robinson protested at so much attention and the two guards relaxed their watch over him. Robinson fell off the ox.

"I'm just awfully tired," he said. "Just let me rest. Leave me my blanket and you go ahead to the water. I'll come in after I rest."

They left Robinson his blanket. Later, when they went back for him and brought him water, he had not stirred. Robinson was dead.

The Mohave was behind the Jayhawkers. They crossed the San Gabriel Mountains into smiling country. Days of rest awaited them and a gradual return to hearty meals. Ahead of them were the forks of a hundred trails leading to the gold fields. Doty brought his Jayhawkers through to the Pacific.

Manly and Rogers, returning to Death Valley, wore themselves out and ignorantly punished the three horses and the little one-eyed mule. The scouts saw too far ahead along the trail. They stretched their planned marches and missed water holes. They overreached themselves and made unnecessary dry camps. In five days they worked their mounts into the ground. The tough little mule was the only desert-wise member of the party. She left the trail if better footing occurred upon either side, and often stopped to crop the green foliage on the vegetation along the trail. The horses suffered badly. They trailed with effort, their heads hanging upon down-stretched necks. When the stiff, forced pace and lack of feed and water had weakened the horses, the scouts dismounted and went on foot. Manly's mare walked head-on into a great rock, fell down, and died. The scouts hoped to get the two remaining horses into the Death Valley camp, and as the horses did not look as though they would survive under packs, the scouts cached most of the provisions in the Argus foothills before they crossed Searles Basin. Then they hurried on. Slow and easy does it in the desert. The scouts did not know.

The Mule Carries On

The little mule carried all the food supplies that had not been hidden. The horses went on under saddles alone, but they were dying on their feet as the scouts urged them through the loose alluvial soil that tugged at every dragging step. Near the eastern edge of Searles Basin the grave of Ischam was a grim reminder to Manly and Rogers not to make too many dry camps. The scouts hurried over the Slate Range and made a dry camp beyond the body of Fish. The horses did not have so much as a blade of grass. The scouts hurried their fatigue-drunk bodies across the hard clay of Panamint Valley and went slowly, slowly, up a canyon into the Panamint Range. They were at the last barrier between them and their friends in Death Valley. As they penetrated deeper into the canyon, the sturdy mule was an inspiration to the scouts. She never gave up her search for water. She never passed a single blade of green foliage. She needed no help over the small dry waterfalls where the horses made demands upon the overtaxed strength of the scouts. One three-foot wall of rock balked the horses. A small heap of rocks furnished all the assistance the mule needed to scramble up and over the fall to disappear up the canyon. But the greatest efforts of the scouts could not get the horses over the three-foot obstacle. Night was coming on and water must be found. Thirst was torturing the scouts again. They must find water. Now. Reluctantly, the scouts abandoned the horses. Here was heartbreak. Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Arcane were to have ridden out to laughing streams of water and green pastures on those horses.

Slowly, the scouts ascended the canyon into the Panamints. Behind them the horses they had left to die neighed despairingly. They overtook the mule. The mule was waiting for them at the base of a sheer rock wall that was twelve feet high. Men have walked off into the desert and laughed themselves to death over less grisly jokes.

Manly and Rogers froze with shock. The mule lifted her head from the few blades of grass she had found, looked at the two men, looked up at the smooth face of the high wall, and confidently returned to her grass. And these two worn humans, oppressed with the gloom of their thoughts, afire with thirst, and throbbing with pain, threw off their knapsacks and began to build a rock runway up the high barrier. The mule seemed to expect it of them.

The Scouts Come Back

The mule climbed across the dry fall along a ramp that was four inches wide. She never hesitated. And Manly and Rogers emerged from the depths of despair. When they found water in the canyon above the dry fall, their spirits soared. Nothing could stop them now. There was not far to go. If only the people in the Bennett-Arcane camp still waited the return of the scouts, all would be well.

The scouts hurried down the same canyon up which they had climbed when they started for the settlement twenty-two days before. As the moment drew near when they should find the emigrant camp, Manly and Rogers were harassed by old fears and doubts. Anything might have happened to their friends—Indians, sickness, starvation.

They sighted the wagons. There were only four where they had left seven, and there was no sign of life about the camp. The scouts stalked the camp, sending the mule ahead and watching her for any reaction to danger. Cropping from bush to bush, the mule moved into camp. Nothing stirred. There was only the silence of the valley and the thuds of their own hearts in their ears. Close to the camp the scouts stifled their breathing and whispered to each other. They held their breaths and leaned forward with every nerve straining as Manly raised his gun. Manly blasted the silence with gunfire.

The silence healed up around them. A moment passed. A man came out from under a wagon and looked about him and a great shout went up.

"The boys!" he cried. "The boys have come! The boys have come!"

Other people appeared magically about the wagons. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and the Arcanes. Their friends rushed to the scouts, who stood limp with reaction, unable to speak or move. No one spoke. They were all beyond speech. Embraces and tears replaced the words which would not come through throats that choked with emotion. Mrs. Bennett clung moaning to Manly's knees. Her husband was the first to speak. He did not say what he wanted to say.

He said, "I know you have found some place, because you have a mule."

Not all of the Bennett-Arcane party had been able to endure the strain of inactive waiting. Some had preferred death to come to them while they were moving. They had left the camp in groups as the weeks went by and the scouts did not return. They all found death in movement.

The remnant of the Bennett-Arcane party had despaired of the scouts' return and had begun preparations to leave the valley on foot. Manly and Rogers sped the packing to a conclusion. All the provisions of the camp went into the packs on the gallant mule. Other equipment was limited to the barest necessities. They took the clothing they wore, a tin cup and an improvised canteen for each person, and a

(Continued on Page 149)

Take an Advertising Lesson from Cinderella!

The only difference between Cinderella of the Ash-Heap and Cinderella of the Glass Slipper was a difference of appearance. Often the only difference between direct-advertising that gets read and direct-advertising that doesn't get read is also a difference of appearance! Before any printed piece can tell its story it must get attention. Before it can get attention it must possess "something" which sets it apart from the commonplace. That "something" is just what Expressive Strathmore Papers contribute. Their quality atmosphere, lovely colors, unusual patterns and finishes help make your direct-advertising good enough to deserve and get attention. The chart below gives an indication of the wide variety of Strathmore Papers with Envelopes-to-Match.* Your printer will tell you of their wide price range. Ask him for "dummies" of Strathmore Papers for your next mailing. And write, on your business letterhead, for a complimentary copy of the helpful book, "Sell More with Strathmore"...Strathmore Paper Co., 30 Bridge Street, Mittineague, Mass.

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FOR COVERS OF YOUR *Booklets or Catalogs; for Broadsides, etc.*	Artlaid* Charcoal*..Cockatoo* Grandee* Old Stratford Parchment Cover* Strathmore Deck. Edge Narrow	Alexandra D.E.Wide and Narrow* Alexandra Japan* Mansell Cover* Old Cloister Cover Rhododendron*	Bay Path Cover* Bay Path Imperial* Emissary Text* Saxon Deckle Edge Cover* Saxonet*..Wayside Text*	Aladdin Cover* Araby Cover* Bonnockburn Cover* Fanfare*..Strathlaid* Parquetry Cover
FOR YOUR FOLDERS, *Booklets, Envelope Enclosures, etc.*	American Japan Parchment* Artlaid* Charcoal*..Cockatoo* Grandee*..Old Stratford Book Strathmore Japan Strathmore Deck. Edge Narrow	Alexandra D.E.Wide and Narrow* Alexandra Japan* Rhododendron Box Cover	Bay Path Book Bay Path Imperial* Emissary Text* Saxonet* Wayside Text*	Aladdin Box Cover Araby Box Cover Fanfare* Parquetry Cover Strathlaid*
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*ENVELOPES—TO—MATCH
Made by Old Colony.
A complete variety of standardized sizes and shapes.

PAPER IS PART OF THE PICTURE

Expressive Strathmore Papers

with **ENVELOPES-TO-MATCH**, *for Direct-Advertising and Business Correspondence*

Tune in on Comfort!

Set the single dial to the point of greatest comfort—and the "carburetor precision" of the Houdaille needle valve does the rest.

That's how easy it is to adjust Houdaille Shock Absorbers to the exact requirements of *your* car—for the weight *you* carry and for just the amount of spring control that pleases *you*.

Get Houdaille Shock Absorbers for your car NOW and you will see that they are provided on the next new car you buy. They are standard equipment on Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Jordan, Ford, Stearns-Knight, Nash Advanced Six, Chrysler Imperial, Studebaker President, Graham-Paige and many European cars.

HOUDE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.
(Division of Houdaille-Hershey Corporation)

HOUDAILLE

Hydraulic Double-Acting SHOCK ABSORBERS

Some of the mechanical features which have made Houdaille hydraulic double acting shock absorbers *the world's standard of comparison are . . .*

1. The double or balanced piston which reduces wear to a minimum by balancing the working pressure on both sides of the shaft, thus eliminating one-sided thrust.

2. The large capacity reservoir which holds a reserve supply of fluid and makes it unnecessary to pack the instrument against high working pressures.

3. The patented air vents and replenishing valve which allow for the escape of air and gases and make the instrument *truly hydraulic.*

4. The easy adjustment for accurately adapting their resistance to your individual car.

New Low Prices

Your car dealer can supply Houdailles at the new low prices . . . $40, $50, $75 and $100, plus installation. Slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

(Continued from Page 146)

camp kettle and a few knives and spoons. The women sewed the tails of two hickory shirts together and the shirts were thrown across the back of an ox so that the two smaller children could ride, each standing up in a shirt. Bedding and blankets and light cloth shelters made from the wagon covers were packed on the spare oxen.

The odd pack train of the emigrants faced along the trail toward the promised valleys of the Pacific and moved off through the shimmering gray light toward the towers of the Panamints. They fell far short of their intended camp. Hurrying on the next day, they made the long grind up the I anamints.

The Bennett-Arcane party had its last view of Death Valley on the second morning of its tramp to the coast. Standing on the crest of the Panamint Range where they could look down into the valley's sink and across the valley's depths to the massive buttresses of the Funeral and Black mountains, the emigrants thought of the sufferings and privations they had already withstood and the hardships they were yet to endure. They thought of the maddening weeks of waiting in the prison in the valley, their food dwindling, their children sickening and starving before their eyes. They thought of the friends who had said good-by and wandered off to die. Standing there on the Panamints, the emigrants named Death Valley. Someone said, "Good-by, Death Valley."

No single member of the Bennett-Arcane party was in fit physical condition to meet the rigors of the trail along the last leg of the long journey to the Pacific Coast. All the emigrants were reduced by weeks of starving along harsh trails toward a chimerical goal. To their handicap of impoverished strength there had been added weeks of nerve-trying anxiety, weeks of idle sitting in a vast, crushing silence when nothing seemed certain but the slow approach of death.

They were moving forward now, but they moved in apathy and desperation. If they had confidence in themselves when they started their march to freedom, they lost it when they faced west on the Panamint summit and saw the brutal country across which they must walk. Looking at the cruel lands before them, the emigrants scarcely believed they would survive.

How Much Farther?

The distress of the women increased with every hour on the harsh trails through the blinding valleys and over the steep ranges. At the end of each day of tramping, Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Arcane collapsed into a shallow pile of blankets that one of the men always went ahead to prepare for them. As the strength and spirit of the women sank before the stern demands of tomorrow's trails, a constant question was on their lips.

"How far is it now?" they asked. "Are we halfway yet? Oh, I cannot go on much longer."

But they did go on. They went on for nine days; forward on foot over trails that tore the clothes from scrawny bodies and cut the shoes from raw and blistered feet. After nine days that wrenched the hearts from everyone the scouts told the women that they were halfway to the settlements. Halfway.

They were at Red Rock Canyon. The Mohave, which had demanded a last toll of lives from the Jayhawkers, still lay between them and the California they sought. Manly and Rogers had retrieved the cache of food and that supply of grain was almost gone. The beans and flour were all gone. Only a little wheat remained. One of the weakened oxen was being slain every few days. They were halfway there.

A Mohave storm gathered over them that night. The storm swooped down and flicked away the sad shelters of light cloth they hastily erected. The storm laid down a blanket of snow and left the emigrants to spend the night groveling together in the sand for warmth. Still drenched and shivering, they met the day. Walking barefoot in the snow, they heated blankets at a fire and threw them over those who still huddled together in the sand. Manly shot an ox. Blood pudding with salt, and roast ox meat for breakfast. They dried the meat. They made moccasins for the barefoot. They fixed their packs and moved onward into the Mohave.

There were many halts on the Mohave made to rest the women or to try to comfort the children. The wretched group marched into the Mohave to a dry camp. The San Gabriel Mountains sat on the far western horizon.

Another footsore day and they found water in a natural clay tank. The water was so alkaline that it was wet only on one side. The oxen scented the water at a long distance and came up to it at an accelerated pace. The scouts fought the animals off until the straggling families came up and got water. They camped. The San Gabriels were much closer. There was little rest in the camp. All were torn with impatience to reach the mountains. There was nothing to do but hurry on to the salvation beyond the mountains. They would be in the foothills the next day.

The Trail to Gold

But the next day they made only a few miles. They came to a wide stretch of fine clay that was still wet from the storm that had made them miserable with snow and furnished them with water in the natural desert tank. The dragging grip of the wet clay was too much for the feeble, mile-weary legs of the women. A dry camp was forced upon those who had anticipated a camp in the foothills with water.

A night of broken rest revived hopes strong enough to survive another waterless breakfast of dried meat. The emigrants walked ahead. They reached the foothills and found standing water before sundown. They were at the last barrier. Beyond this mountain was California. They could climb up this mountain and look down into green, fertile lands. There would be no more horizons of volcanic mountains and fantastic chemical valleys. Beyond this range there was water—water and food and shelter; people and their homes. This was the last range.

Two feet of snow among the junipers halted them on the desert side of the mountain. The oxen could not get through the soft snow. They camped overnight waiting for the snow to freeze. Manly killed one of the six remaining oxen. No need to be niggardly now. They were close to food in plenty.

It was a cold camp, but no one complained. Tomorrow!

Before daylight they were moving across the summit on the hard snow crust. They descended through the slashing brush of the canyons and came at last to the brook they were seeking. Their lives were given back to them at that mountain stream.

They had reached California. They had come through seventeen hundred miles of backbreaking toil, through hardship and sorrow, through weeks and months of weakness and fear. They had escaped Death Valley.

Walking down the green slopes of San Fernando Valley toward the generous hospitality of the ranchos, the emigrants talked of their good fortune. They wondered how they had conquered the hellish trails behind them. And they wondered about the trails ahead. They were all emaciated scarecrows. The rags of the women did not cover their knees. There was not one dollar Mex. in the entire group. They were all weak and dull. But they could still discuss trails. They had come seventeen hundred miles on foot to the gold fields of California. What was the best route to the gold fields from here?

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Lee. The third and last will appear in an early issue.

STROP *before you shave*

. . . *for a Keen Edge and a Quick Shave*

You can't realize how quick . . . how smooth and clean *every* shave can be until you strop your blades.

Perhaps you've thought that new blades don't need stropping. If you have, you've been a victim of New Blade Fallacy . . . and have missed getting really good shaves.

You *know* that an old style straight razor *must* be stropped. Why expect more of a thin safety blade?

Try one shave with a stropped blade and you'll discover what you're missing.

You're missing the joy of having a blade glide over your face like a piece of velvet.

You're missing a lot of time. The few seconds you strop are more than offset by the quicker shave you get from a keen blade.

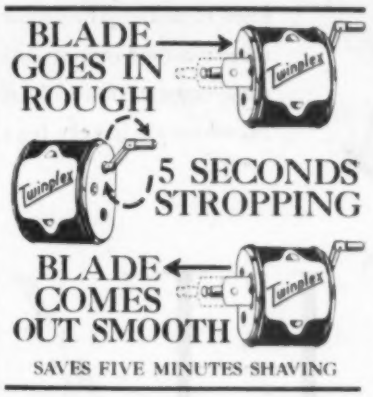
You're also missing the $2 to $3 you could save by keeping your blades keen instead of buying new ones constantly. $2 to $3 a year for ten years, the average life of a Twinplex, is a lot of money to miss needlessly.

There's a Twinplex for every purse. Ask your dealer to show you the New Aristocrat. It's a beauty.

you can bid without a good hand

and you can shave without stropping—

but you're missing something



Prove it this Easy Way

The next time you buy blades, ask your dealer to strop one of them with a Twinplex. Mark the envelope with an "X" so you can identify it. Use it for your next shave. Then you'll realize what stropping can do to improve a new blade. *Any dealer will be glad to do this for you. It costs you nothing.*

Hand Finished Blades

If you want to experience the utmost in smooth shave comfort, buy a package of Twinplex hand finished Blades from your dealer and have him strop one of these for you with a Twinplex Stropper. The edges put on these blades by Swiss craftsmen are super-keen. Without stropping they shave far better than ordinary blades. *With* stropping they are superb! They're $1.00 for 10—50¢ for 5—and worth far more. If your dealer can't supply you, use coupon below.

Twinplex Stropper

TWINPLEX SALES COMPANY
1721 Locust Street, Saint Louis 1211 St. Catherine Street, Montreal

I enclose 10¢. Please send me a Twinplex hand finished Blade that has been stropped on a Twinplex Stropper. *Also send me FREE the clever little Doll House to solve my problem of disposing of old blades safely.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Send for this Doll House FREE

PHOENIX

Glorifies Beautiful Legs

by knitting stockings to the measurements of

THIS LOVELY ZIEGFELD GIRL

It was news for a nation when Florenz Ziegfeld, world-renowned producer, declared Barbara Newberry's legs the most beautiful average legs in America. And it is fashion news of equal importance that Phoenix, following this glorious girl's measurements, knits hosiery of extraordinary beauty and fit.

To provide a pattern for the Accurator, a new exclusive Phoenix device, by which stockings are woven with an exactness never before thought possible, Mr. Ziegfeld was commissioned to chose the most perfect legs in the country, medium in size, ideal in shape.

The Winner Chosen from Thousands

Competition ran high in the subsequent contest held by Mr. Ziegfeld to discover the perfect proportions. In it were entered thousands of girls, each selected for her beauty and grace. With a tape measure, dimensions were taken—at the ankle, calf, knee and thigh—from hip to knee and knee to ankle. Then from these recorded proportions the average was found. Miss Newberry's lovely legs which captured for her the title—Most beautiful in America—not only conform exactly to the average, but are so shapely and symmetrical that they are considered typical of attractive women everywhere.

A Pattern for the Accurator

Stockings patterned after Miss Newberry's measurements—as Phoenix now are—give their wearer, whatever her type, more stylish, flattering contour. And with the aid of the Accurator, a new knitting device invented and used only by Phoenix, this ideal pattern can be followed with absolute precision. By gauging and counting each stitch, this magical machine produces hosiery of better shape and clearer, more even texture.

Colors, too, Are Smarter

Better fitting and better looking, the new Phoenix offerings are also more exquisite in color. The very fact that they are more accurately knit accounts for their trueness of tone. Each delicate Phoenix shade is Paris chosen to match complexion or costume. Suited to clothes of all sorts, equally becoming for daytime or evening, these beautiful stockings await you in the shops. Full fashioned, of course. In mist-like chiffon, fine medium quality or lustrous service weight, $1.50, $1.95, $2.95.

PHOE

Florenz Ziegfeld's booklet, "How I Selected America's Most Beautiful Legs," will be sent you free. Address F. Ziegfeld, Room 501, Ziegfeld Theatre, Fifty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Miss

BARBARA
NEWBERRY

said by the eminent authority, Florenz Ziegfeld, to possess America's Most Beautiful Legs. Miss Newberry is featured in the musical hit, Show Girl, now playing in New York

PAINTED FROM LIFE BY
R. JOHN HOLMGREN

NTX

SILK *Hosiery*

ACCURATOR PROCESS PATENTED MARCH 12, 1929

THE SLAPPEYAN WAY

(Continued from Page 23)

The ensuing half hour substantiated Opus' verdict. There was no denying the fact that Mr. Ellis slung a distinctly wicked pool cue. He played position and made difficult shots look easy.

Opus Randall became convinced that here indeed was a wizard. And Mr. Randall commenced to have an idea. "Massive, you is too good fo' me."

"Well, I guess I'm not so bad."

"Bad? Man, you is puffeck! I bet you win lots of money shootin' pool."

"Oh, sometimes—when I can find anybody foolish enough to bet against me."

"Foolish is right. Do you like to play fo' big stakes?"

"I don't mind."

"Well, listen; there's a feller in this town that thinks he's the slickest shark that ever drawed a ball. His name is Florian Slappey, an' he's always hangin' around heah. He's the Bumminham champeen, but he ain't in yo' class a tall. Now how about me arrangin' a li'l' game 'tween you an' him?"

"Will he play for real money?"

"Fo' any amount you name—until he finds out you is better than him. But here's my idea. Whenever Florian gits him a fresh sucker he starts playin' fo' five dollars a game or less. An' he usually lets his victim win most of the games. Then finally he offers to play the last game fo' a heap of cash."

"How much?"

"Whatever the other feller wants. An' then Florian steps in an' wins ev'ything. Now the thing fo' you to do is to let him let you win, but don't you play too good. So long as you play the least bit good, you ain't got a chance to lose. An' then on the last game, when you has bofe bet heavy, the thing to do is wallop him plenty—and you will then have all his money."

Massive relished the prospect. "Bring your friend along, Opus. I expect to enjoy myself."

"I'll git him."

Mr. Ellis restrained Opus for just one more question. "Are you sure I can beat him?"

"Shuah? Man, Ise certain. He ain't in yo' class. It won't even be a game."

Opus vanished. While Massive practiced lightly in Bud's place, Mr. Randall sought his victim on Eighteenth Street. He found Mr. Slappey chatting with a companion outside the Penny Prudential Bank Building.

"Florian," he announced with guile, "I has got a sucker fo' you."

"Says which?"

"A real sucker with lots of cash. He's fum New York an' thinks he is good. He craves action—fo' money."

"Hot dawg!" exclaimed Mr. Slappey. "Tha's the goodest news I has heard in a week. Lead me to him, Opus."

Mr. Randall was chuckling inwardly as he returned to Bud's place with Florian. Poor Mr. Slappey! Little did he suspect that it was he who was cast in the rôle of the lamb and not the stranger from New York.

Florian was so cocky about his pool shooting—thought he could beat anybody in the world. Opus was genuinely amused at what was about to happen to the uppity Mr. Slappey. And in conclusion, Mr. Randall knew that he would have intrenched himself firmly in the affections of the colored gentleman who just at present held the fate of many movie actors in the palms of his hands.

Introductions were effected, and the game started—at five dollars a game. From the outset Mr. Randall was convinced that he had planned wisely. Florian was good, but it was plain that Massive was better. He was amused by the skill with which Florian missed easy shots; and still more amused when Massive responded in kind. It was a tactical battle between two masters, each implanting in the mind of the other a sense of superiority.

Florian won an occasional game, but Massive took the majority. And when about thirty dollars had passed from the pockets of Mr. Slappey to those of Mr. Ellis, the talk became distinctly more financial.

At that moment someone else rambled into Bud's place, an elegant, slender young man who sported a pearl-gray hat, dove-colored camel's hair overcoat, suède gloves and a whippy little cane. Welford Potts, Midnight picture star, paused at the lunch counter and interviewed Bud Peaglar.

"Who's that back yonder playin' pool with Florian Slappey?" he asked.

Bud grinned. "A sucker," said he—"only this time the sucker is gwine win."

"I don't git you, Bud."

"It's thisaway, Welford: Opus Randall, which brought that feller in heah, has framed up on Florian. I watched Opus an' this feller shootin', an' the stranger is a wonder. Then Opus went out an' got Florian, an' Florian is lettin' the stranger win his money. But this feller knows that Florian is doin' such. Now they is talkin' about th'ee games fo' real coin."

"Can this feller really beat Florian?"

"Opus thinks he can."

Welford frowned. "Who is this that Opus should git so friendly with all of a sudden?"

"I dunno who he is, Brother Potts; but he's fum New Yawk an' his name is Massive Ellis!"

Welford went weak in the knees. He said "Great sufferin' tripe!" and sat down suddenly.

Massive Ellis! The man who had been imported by Midnight to perfect actors in their new talking jobs or else pitch them out into the cold and cruel world! And Opus had gotten to him first. Opus Randall, Welford's arch enemy, was now on terms of intimacy with this temporary czar of the Midnight lot.

Mr. Potts was superbly miserable. Not only was Opus ingratiating himself with the large and impressive stranger; but he would see to it that nothing complimentary was said about Welford. Mr. Potts was frightened. He didn't believe in talking pictures nohow. He was afraid of 'em, and at this particular moment he was even more afraid of Opus Randall's newly acquired influence.

He drifted to the rear of the smoke-laden room and joined the crowd which was packed about the table. Opus caught sight of the little actor, grinned maliciously and winked expressively. Welford merely sniffed.

"What is they playin' fo'?" inquired Welford.

"Th'ee games at one hund'ed dollars a game."

"What?"

"Yassuh. Hottest game that's been in Bud's fo' a yeah. They is playin' twenty-five-ball straight. The new feller just opened 'em up an' run four. Le's see what Florian does."

Mr. Slappey inspected the table. He carefully chalked the tip of his cue, smiled slightly, and proceeded to run ten straight, leaving the fifteenth ball near the corner pocket. The other fourteen were racked. Florian pocketed the odd ball, caromed into the packed mass, displaced four balls, ran those with graceful ease and then played a safety which left Massive Ellis no chance at all.

Mr. Ellis had been staring at Florian's exhibition with drooping jaw. He cast a swift glance at Opus Randall, but that large actor refused to meet his protégé's eye. Welford Potts was beginning to think and think fast.

Mr. Potts was finding a song in his heart. It was readily apparent that Opus Randall had overplayed a good hand. He had believed that the stranger could take Florian's money, and the stranger couldn't. Welford eagerly watched the three games go to Mr. Slappey so swiftly that the crowd scarcely got a thrill. Florian fairly outclassed the gentleman from New York, and Mr. Ellis was forced to conscript every atom of his dignity to refrain from weeping.

Opus Randall was sick at heart. An hour since he had been so popular with Massive, and he was now so out of the picture. He slunk into a corner and so did not even observe Mr. Welford Potts when that gentleman buttonholed Massive and drew him into a chair.

Welford introduced himself and shook his head. "Do you know what just happened to you, Mistuh Ellis?"

"Yes. I got beaten."

"Nossuh. You got trimmed."

"What do you mean—trimmed?"

"Goodness goshness, Miss Agnes! Cain't you tell when you has been played for a sucker fish? Ain't you wise yet to the fack that Florian Slappey is the cullud pool champeen of the world, an' that Opus Randall knowed he could beat you easy? I bet Opus is sharin' Florian's winnin's."

Anger commenced to smolder in Mr. Ellis' bosom—anger as yet somewhat tinctured with disbelief. "That don't hardly seem possible, Mistuh Potts."

"Don't hardly seem never said ain't," retorted Welford. "I reckon I know that crook, Opus Randall; an' who he won't trim ain't been born yet. He's so crooked he could hide in a snake's shadder."

Mr. Ellis walked across the room and addressed Mr. Florian Slappey. "Mistuh Slappey," said he, "I desire to ask you a question."

"Shoot," invited Florian.

"When we started this game, did you think you could beat me?"

"Sholy, else I wouldn't of played fo' big money."

Massive frowned. "Did Opus Randall tell you that you could beat me?"

"Yeh—but ——"

Mr. Ellis was slow to anger, but terrible once his fury was aroused. He felt that he had been made a spectacle of on his first night in what he was pleased to regard as a provincial community. He said nothing. But he acted. He strode across the pool room to where Opus Randall was preparing an alibi. As Massive came close, Mr. Randall opened his lips to explain but the words never emerged.

Their way was blocked by a large and forceful fist, behind which was one hundred and eighty pounds of Mr. Massive Ellis.

Opus sat down suddenly and entirely. He looked up piteously into the face of his assailant. "Massive," he wailed, "they is a terrible mistake."

"Yes," agreed the stranger, "and you made it."

With which he whirled and walked with considerable dignity from Bud Peaglar's place. Mr. Randall, staring from the floor, enjoyed the added misery of seeing Welford Potts join Mr. Ellis as he vanished into Eighteenth Street.

Florian Slappey dropped to his knees by the side of the prostrate warrior. "Boy," said Florian, "that feller was brutal."

Mr. Randall clambered to his feet and spoke through puffed and swollen lips. "Tha's what I git fo' doin' you a favor, Florian. Whoever would of suspected that feller would ack so homicidy?"

"Who is he?"

Opus explained, amid much shuddering. "An' now," he finished, "what is gwine happen to me? No matter how swell I talks into them microphones, this feller is gwine say I is rotten."

"Yeh, but Orifice Latimer an' Cæsar Clump will know diff'ent."

"They don't neither one of 'em know nothin' 'bout talkin' pitchers. What Massive says is gwine go—an' that'll be me."

Mr. Slappey, who ordinarily bore no great love for Opus, was now duly appreciative and properly solicitous. "Tha's all right, Opus," he reminded. "I is yo' friend."

"Yeh. But who is you?"

News of the fracas preceded Opus to the Midnight lot the following morning, and members of the organization looked at him askance. They shunned him as though he were afflicted with leprosy; for there was scarcely a man or woman of the old company who was without apprehension, and each feared to show sympathy for Mr. Randall lest the ill will of the mighty Mr. Ellis be thus incurred.

The Midnight lot itself was a little slice lifted right out of chaos. The impressive sound stage, resembling a formidable warehouse, was nearing completion. The soundproof walls, ten layers thick, were up; and only inside was the work not entirely finished.

New and strange persons strutted around importantly, uttering new and strange technical terms. The camera squad endeavored to believe that it was as important as theretofore, even though now the cameras were to be controlled by the same device which operated the recording machines. Every person was asking every other person what it was all about, but no one knew.

It was a shake-up in a company which had regarded itself as impregnably intrenched. The old order had vanished. The studio had become a technical laboratory; and hovering over everything, like birds of ill omen, were the microphones.

That morning Massive Ellis drove to the studio in Welford Potts' little coupé. It was apparent to the naked eye that overnight the two men had become buddies. In desperation Opus moved into the vicinity of Mr. Ellis and sought to explain. The gentleman from New York favored Opus with a haughty look.

"Are you attempting to curry favor with me, Mistuh Randall?"

"No, Massive, I ain't ——"

"My name is Mistuh Ellis. And anyway it wouldn't do you any good. If you are able to handle dialogue well, I shall recommend that you retain your position as a Midnight actor. If not, I shall recommend that you go."

That morning Mr. Ellis escorted the troupe into a flimsy set which had been built for purposes of instruction. He showed them the main microphones hanging overhead, out of camera range, and the smaller instruments hidden behind pictures and doors and pianos.

"The first thing to learn," he explained, "is that there ain't any such thing as a microphone ——"

"But, Mistuh Ellis," interrupted Opus, "I see 'em with my ve'y own eyes."

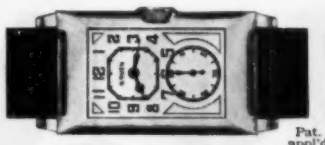
"You would! But to you ladies and gentlemen who have some intelligence, I wish to explain that there ain't any mikes there. That is, you must believe that there are not. It is important that you should not be microphone-conscious.

"Before each scene is shot you will each have to learn the dialogue for that scene. Every step you take will be cued so that you will be within microphone range. Up yonder in that loft the sound mixer will be sitting. He has a little box which looks like a radio set with twelve dials; and it is his job to tune up or down on the dialogue, and to pick up any other important noises which are happening during the filming of a scene.

"Midnight has brought me down here to teach you folks who haven't ever had any experience in stage work. You've got to learn to pick up cues and say your lines correctly. You've got to learn how to move so that you don't interfere with another actor's speech. You've got to learn how loud or how soft to speak into the mikes—and most important of all, I've got to decide whether your voices sound all right after they have been recorded.

"Today—and for the next two or three days—I will give you instruction in elocution, declamation and recitation. Then I

(Continued on Page 157)



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The New Gruen Techni-Quadron, plain or engraved Crown-Guard case, 15-jewel movement, $60

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The Techni-Quadron, priced at $60, expresses the Guild ideal which aims to offer you, in a fine watch of any type, the greatest value for every dollar you invest.

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Newest of the modern Guild's contributions to fine watchmaking

The Techni-Quadron

A special strap watch for those who desire time *in seconds!*

A watch with regular minutes-and-hours dial, and an unusually large seconds dial for convenient, accurate reading.

Such is the new Gruen Techni-Quadron. Latest in a long series of notable contributions to fine watchmaking by a modern *guild* of watchmakers!

It was the Gruen Guild that originated the famous VeriThin movement. Created twenty-five years ago, this movement made possible the first accurate *thin* pocket watch.

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This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish—none less than $50. Made only in the Precision Workshop

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This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

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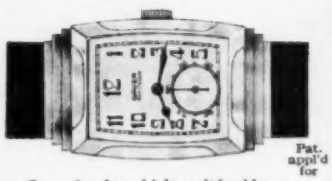
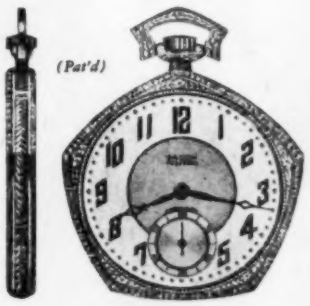


Pat. appl'd for

Gruen Quadron, 14-kt. solid-gold case, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $100*
Other men's wrist watches, $250 to $27.50



(Pat'd)

Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, PRECISION *movement, $75*
The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement
Other pocket watches, $500 to $27.50

Gruen Cartouche, antique-finish engraving, 15-jewel movement, $37.50
Other designs, $2500 to $35

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The IRON • makes coal an

TO THE WOMEN of America:

It was in *"the man's world"* that Iron Fireman first proved coal a successful automatic fuel . . . in the world of business . . . in factories, stores and other buildings where the test is *"does it pay?"*

But when you American women learned how efficiently Iron Fireman was feeding the fires of industry, you suggested "can't you do as much for our *homes?*"

So the Iron Fireman *De Luxe* . . . for your home . . . was conceived. It is presented to you now . . . a perfected unit . . . developed by Iron Fireman engineers through a long, exacting series of factory and home tests.

And what *luxury* the Iron Fireman *De Luxe* brings!

Your Iron Fireman thermostat wakes up the furnace and starts the heat before you awaken in the morning. All day long the rooms are kept at *just the temperature you like best*, regardless of the weather outside.

The Iron Fireman is extremely easy to operate. You merely fill the hopper with coal occasionally. *That's all!* No more early morning fire kindling . . . no more hourly attention on cold days.

Does the Hard Work for You!

No wonder your friends envy you! Unless they have an Iron Fireman, they do not know half the story . . . the wonderful half that saves you countless trips to the furnace, gives you even heat, a clean furnace room, and that actually saves you money. Here is *luxury with economy*, because the Iron Fireman burns the smaller, less expensive sizes of coal.

Here, too, is a combination of advantages which makes the Iron Fireman known as *"one of the outstanding mechanical developments of the age."* A perfected mechanical device that makes coal a *safe, automatic* fuel . . . that reduces labor . . . produces evenly regulated heat . . . increases home comfort . . . and actually cuts fuel costs.

Iron Fireman *"Forced Underfiring"* feeds the fire from below, the scientific way by which all of the coal is burned. No valuable heat-giving gases are wasted as smoke.

WASTEFUL SCIENTIFIC

Fuel fed from above results in a smoky flame and poor combustion. Fuel fed from below gives a bright, clear flame—without any waste.

Luxury with Utmost Safety

Iron Fireman burns coal—the safe, reliable fuel so many people prefer. Because of this fact thousands of home owners, who before hesitated about installing automatic heat, are now enjoying the daily luxury which Iron Fireman brings.

The Iron Fireman *De Luxe* is a home model of the same Iron Fireman which for years has been creating substantial savings for apartments, hotels, office buildings, schools, factories and industries of every description. It is designed and finished in the smart, modern manner.

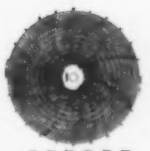
Quickly installed in any kind of home furnace, either old or new, with practically no interruption in heating service. Get in touch with your nearest Iron Fireman organization. They will be glad to examine your furnace and tell you how the Iron Fireman *De Luxe* can bring you greater heating comfort at lower cost. Send for illustrated booklet in color, *"Luxurious, Automatic Coal Heating."* Use the coupon on page opposite.

FOR HOMES

THOUSANDS IN USE

IRON FIREMAN automatic fuel

FOR INDUSTRIAL POWER AND HEATING PLANTS



BEFORE

AFTER

IN YOUR boiler room — would lower costs interest you? Would a proved method of converting overhead *waste* into very substantial *savings* find a place in your business?

The Iron Fireman offers you this opportunity to save—*right now.* For the Iron Fireman is a notable *money saver.* Automatically firing your boiler, it converts the smaller-size, cheaper coals into a fire 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than can be obtained from larger-size, more costly coals, fired by hand. The Iron Fireman pays for itself by earning annually 25% to 50% on the investment. Thereafter, it brings you *regular, extra profits.*

Three other important Iron Fireman features are: (1) *No Smoke.* Complete combustion absolutely prevents smoke. All the heat-giving gases are consumed. (2) *Labor Saving.* Iron Fireman requires considerably less labor than is necessary for hand firing. (3) *Even Power or Heat.* Automatically operated by pressure controls, the Iron Fireman holds boiler pressures at any pre-determined point.

Thousands Testify to Savings

"One of the outstanding mechanical developments of the age," is the verdict of thousands of Iron Fireman users. Read what owners say . . .

"Fuel cost reduced almost 50% . . . even temperatures at all times," *writes a St. Louis florist.*

"Smoke nuisance eliminated . . . net fuel saving 33% . . . delighted with our Iron Fireman,"—*says a St. Paul laundry owner.*

"Reduced coal tonnage 28%. Savings in dollars and cents, 33% to 38%,"—*a dairy in Cincinnati.*

"My fuel cost has been cut in half,"—*a Denver cleaner and dyer.*

"We have not had a single complaint from the smoke inspector, since installing the Iron Fireman,"—*a Louisville office building.*

"We used an Iron Fireman for three months, then installed three more . . . our cost for fuel is now less than one half,"—*a St. Louis hotel.*

"Since installation of the Iron Fireman we have had no trouble with smoking stacks. The smoke inspectors have given us an okay on this installation,"—*the report of a Cleveland manufacturer.*

"We are saving 40% of our heating cost, about 25% in tonnage and 15% in fuel cost,"—*a manufacturer in Montreal.*

THE Iron Fireman serves any power or heating plant from a home furnace up to a 200 boiler h. p. installation. It makes coal an *automatic* fuel. Its principle of "*Forced Underfiring*" is giving thousands of users new operating economies, plus even power and heat.

A nation-wide engineering and sales organization makes Iron Fireman service available everywhere. Ask your nearest Iron Fireman dealer to check up your plant and make you a report and recommendation. If it looks good, buy an Iron Fireman. If not, there is no obligation. Catalog and descriptive literature mailed on request. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland · Cleveland · St. Louis.

IRON FIREMAN MFG. CO., Portland, Oregon

☐ Send catalog about Iron Fireman automatic "*Forced Underfiring*" for the type of installation checked below:

Industrial_____ h. p. Type of building_____.

☐ Send booklet, "*Luxurious Automatic Coal Heating*," which tells about Iron Fireman *De Luxe* for homes. Our furnace is:

Residential: Hot Water_____, Warm Air_____,

Vapor System_____, Other _____.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

S. E. P. 9-7

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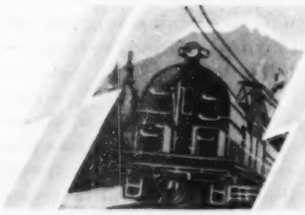
Think, too, of The Milwaukee Road as 50,000 people . . . the people who sell you tickets . . . those ready to advise you regarding the smallest or largest shipment . . . the train crews who watch over your comfort or your goods . . . the men working along the line . . . and the thousands more in shops, yards and offices that you never see . . . only a fifth of the 50,000 are actually engaged in the operation of trains.

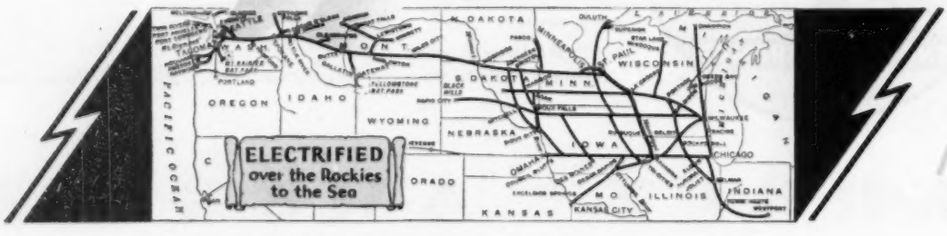
In all, 102 vocations and professions are represented in the operation and management of this far-flung, forward-looking transportation system. In its interests, in theirs and in yours, 50,000 men and women work in unison.

For a copy of "Key Notes," containing information concerning this railroad, address The Milwaukee Road, Room 867-S, Union Station, Chicago.



FAMOUS TRAINS

The Olympian: Chicago-Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma . . . *The Pioneer Limited:* Chicago-St. Paul-Minneapolis . . . *The Columbian:* Chicago-Twin Cities-Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma . . . *The Southwest Limited:* Chicago-Milwaukee:-Excelsior Springs-Kansas City . . . *The Arrow:* Chicago-Milwaukee:-Des Moines-Omaha-Sioux City.



CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

(Continued from Page 152)

shall record a few test scenes and pass on the candidates. Let's commence."

They followed him docilely, more impressed than they cared to admit. This whole business was terrifying. And it was all very well to tell them to remain unconscious of the microphones, but that was impossible. There they were, leering at one out of a single ugly eye, gobbling up one's words in the midst of the otherwise awful stillness that pervaded the room during recording. Gone was the old carefree chatter and clatter of the silent-picture days; now each scene was shot amid a sepulchral silence that rubbed one's nerves raw and caused the best of lines to slip from one's brain.

The next two days showed several things, most important of which was that Welford Potts was ace high with Massive Ellis. True, Welford had a naturally pleasing voice; but basking in the friendship of the czar, he was free from the nervousness which afflicted the others. In addition to that he commandeered a great deal of Massive's time for individual instruction.

Others, too, received individual teaching—but not Opus. And when that gentleman demanded that Massive give him some particular attention, Mr. Ellis was suavely sarcastic.

"You don't need it, Mistuh Randall."

"Who says I don't?"

"You do."

"When did I say such?"

"You said it the first night I was in Birmingham, and you said it to me."

"But maybe I was wrong."

"Maybe you were, Opus; and if you were, I am afraid you will not continue long as a Midnight star."

Opus was getting a dirty deal, and knew it. Furthermore, he knew just whom to thank. He could see the intimacy which was flourishing between Massive Ellis and Welford Potts, and he knew that the diminutive Welford was using that friendship as a club. Between the two male stars of Midnight there always had been a bitter rivalry, but this time Opus realized that Welford had the upper hand so decidedly that a certain portly motion-picture actor was about to be relegated to the ranks of itinerant gardeners.

In sheer desperation he carried his problem to President Orifice R. Latimer. That bewildered person, thoroughly awed by the revolution which was being wrought under his executive nose, had little sympathy.

"I don't know what nothin' is all about, Opus. I brung Massive Ellis down because our New York distributors said he was swell. I got to foller what he says."

"But he's been workin' heah four days now, Orifice, an' he ain't taught me nothin'. He's gwine do me out of my job."

"Well, there ain't nothin' I can do about it."

"Yes, there is."

"What?"

"You can make him gimme a regular screen test, cain't you?"

Orifice reflected, then nodded. "That seems fair enough, Opus. I'll do it."

Opus followed his president onto the set and grinned triumphantly as Latimer ordered Massive to give Opus a proper screen test.

"An' make it a good one, Massive. We want it recorded an' ev'ything. Mistuh Randall is good box-office fo' this company, and Ise gwine see that he gets a square deal."

Opus chuckled, and Massive Ellis boiled over. But his countenance did not reflect the anger which seethed inside, and only to his friend Welford Potts did he express his real resentment.

Massive made it clear that he bitterly resented President Latimer's interference. "He thinks I won't give Opus a square deal, does he? Well, I'll see that his suspicions are justified."

Welford was elated. "What is you plannin', Massive?"

"Plenty!" snapped Mr. Ellis viciously. "I'm going to give Opus Randall a sound test that will mark him as the rottenest actor that ever tried out for the talkies—and that's saying more than a heap."

Until eleven o'clock that night Massive Ellis pounded a typewriter. His pride had been touched. He realized that the entire lot knew of his feud with Opus Randall. Dozens had heard the presidential edict that Opus be given a fair trial. And he knew that if Opus came through that sound test with flying colors, he, Massive Ellis, would be distinctly ridiculous.

It was near midnight when he explained the details of his Machiavellian scheme to Welford Potts.

"I have written an entire scene which you and Opus are to use for your screen test," said he. "I have typed out the two parts separately. Here's yours, and I have his in my pocket. And, Welford, if you ever studied anything in your life—you study this one. And I'm going to tell Opus the same thing."

Welford was not overly enthusiastic. "But if Opus learns his part good, then he does swell—'cause he's a real good actor."

"Yeh? Well, the better he learns the part I give him, the worse he'll be."

"How come?"

"Because," sibilated Massive viciously, "half of the cues I've written into Opus' part are false."

"Wh-what you mean?"

"I mean that preceding each speech is the cue which is to start him off on that speech. Suppose he is waiting to hear you say 'and then he went.' That's the cue he has studied. But you don't say that. You give him a cue which says 'at three o'clock,' or something entirely different. What happens to Opus? He don't know that it's time for him to begin talking and he just stands there with his jaw hanging and looking perfectly terrible."

Welford grinned with unholy glee. "Massive," he applauded, "you sholy is the thinkin'est man!"

"It's my pride," explained Mr. Ellis. "I can stand most anything except being made a fool of. Opus has done that twice: First, when he got me trimmed in a pool game, and second, when he got President Latimer to say right out loud that I should give him a fair sound test." Mr. Ellis' jaw tightened. "Just wait till day after tomorrow. We'll see plenty then."

The following morning Opus' typewritten part was delivered to him with instructions to learn it thoroughly. Massive's attitude was friendly, in a quiet, dignified way, and he gave no hint of the guile which was in his heart.

And Opus studied. He threw himself into absorbing that brief part as he had never attempted to learn Old Ironsides or The Village Blacksmith. The next morning he strutted onto the set and declared loudly that he was ready.

Welford was there, too; dapper and insolent. The important members of the company were gathered, and several of the executives. President Latimer was there, and so were Directors Clump and Fizz, Author Forcep Swain, and even Lawyer Evans Chew.

Dialogue Director Ellis took Opus' part and also the one which Welford had been studying. He announced that Callous Deech, the new sound mixer, would take his place in the monitor loft to control the tone volume.

"No photographing is going to be done," he said. "This is merely a sound test which will be taken by the wax record in the recording room. As soon as the scene is finished we'll go into the monitor room and hear the play-back."

"I thought," said Welford, "that all this stuff was recorded on the fillum."

"Not for tests. For them we only use wax."

Three microphones were arranged and tested. Through the monitor horn Callous Deech gave the ready signal. Massive notified the recording room that he was ready, and then when the motors got up speed he dropped his arm as an indication that Welford Potts and Opus Randall were to begin.

Both were nervous, yet not unduly so. For the first half dozen lines they progressed famously. Then Welford fed Opus his first false cue.

Welford stopped speaking. Opus said nothing. There was a ghastly pause. The audience fidgeted nervously and Massive Ellis made motions, and finally he hissed a vicious "Go on, Opus."

Mr. Randall looked around in a daze. "But he didn't give me no cue, Mistuh Ellis."

"Suttinly he did. He said 'and after that!'"

"Yeh! But that wasn't my cue."

"It certainly was. Go on."

Puzzled and more than a little perturbed, Opus struggled ahead. Within a quarter minute there came another false cue, again followed by a miserable silence. Once more Opus protested that Welford was wrong, and once again Massive berated him.

"Just because you don't know your part, Mistuh Randall, you are trying to make Welford look bad. Now go ahead and act."

Opus struggled. He battled bravely. But time after time he indulged in open-mouthed pauses. Someone among the spectators laughed, and then it was that Opus Randall performed that little stunt which actors term "going up in his lines." He not only failed to answer the cues he didn't know, but he also forgot the ones he did know. It was a horrible performance. Even Florian Slappey, who had stood on the sidelines and rooted for the big fellow, was utterly miserable.

Finally, Massive gave a gesture of disgust. He tore Opus' typewritten part across and then across again; thus publicly indicating his annoyance and at the same time destroying Opus' only possible alibi. Then he ordered everybody into the monitor room to listen to the play-back—that amazing arrangement by which talkie actors can hear themselves in a scene two minutes after that scene has been recorded.

There was a tense hush, then a buzzing sound, and a few seconds later Opus and Welford heard their voices exactly as they would have sounded from the screen had the scene been part of a production. For the first half minute the effect was rather pleasing—then came the first miserable pause, followed by Opus' protest that Welford hadn't cued him correctly and then Massive Ellis' announcement that the cue had been correct.

From there on every word which had been spoken on the set came through the monitor horn with staggering clarity. The long silences were painful, Opus' protests loud and piteous, Massive's condemnation bitter, and the ultimate touch came when the laugh of a heartless spectator rang clearly from the record.

Mr. Randall's nerves were frazzled. He knew that something had happened to him, but he didn't yet understand what that something was. It was a harrowing experience which had reduced him to a whimpering wreck. He staggered from the sound stage, followed by his friend, Florian.

Massive turned triumphantly to President Latimer. "You see," he announced, "Opus isn't any good."

Latimer was dumfounded, and worried. "He sounded all right at the beginnin'."

"Yeh; and a lot of good that'll do us when we actually start shooting. Do you realize, President Latimer, that when we are making a scene you'll have three photographic cameras and two film recorders all going at once in addition to the wax record? And do you realize that if Mr. Randall—or anybody else—forgets his lines, the entire scene will have to be reshot? That means that all the footage on five films will be wasted, to say nothing of time, trouble and electric current."

President Latimer still retained a faint, forlorn hope.

"Just the same, Massive," said he, "Opus sounded good for a little while, and I crave that you give him another chance after you has taught him how to learn."

"Do you think he was any good? I ask you."

"I think he was rotten. But by golly, Mistuh Ellis, his contrack has 'most another year to run with us, an' we got to make some use of him."

Outside Opus was groaning his way up the street with Florian. "They crooked me, Florian."

"How?"

"Half them cues Welford was givin' me wasn't never wrote into my part. Tha's how come I would stand there sayin' nothin'."

"Yeh, Opus; but Welford never made no such mistakes."

"Of co'se not. 'Cause I was givin' Welford his right cues. An' after Massive started ridin' me—well, after that, Brother Slappey, I was ruint. I never had a chance. Ise finished, th'oo an' done fo', Florian. Ise out of Midnight fo'ever."

"Maybe it ain't that bad, feller."

"But it is. Welford has disastered me out of my job an' ev'ything." A bitter light flashed in Mr. Randall's eye. "But Ise gwine make him pay. If it's the last thing I ever do in my whole life, Florian, Ise gwine git even with that Mistuh Potts and the uppity Massive Ellis."

"I ain't blamin' you none, Opus. If there's anything I can do to he'p ——"

"Boy! There ain't nobody could he'p me."

News of Opus' miserable showing was broadcast immediately. He was greeted on the streets by commiserating glances. For so many years he had been a pompous and important figure, and now he was only a relic of the old days when moving pictures merely moved and did not try to talk. It was generally accepted that his screen career was finished, and only his contract kept him from immediately being kicked out.

The intimacy between Welford Potts and Massive Ellis flourished even as the green bay tree. They were inseparable; and Welford sat up nights devising ways and means to do the influential stranger honor. He took Massive to dances and barbecues and lodge functions; he flattered him and made much over him—and he learned a great deal about the tall, broad, colored gentleman from Harlem.

He learned, for instance, that beneath Massive's veneer of haughty indifference was a very sensitive soul which shriveled at the slightest hint of derision. That, then, explained why the original Opus Randall affair had cut so deeply. Massive could stand anything in the world except laughter at his own expense. And Mr. Welford Potts determined that never—not even once—would he essay a smile over anything in which Massive was concerned.

The great sound stage was nearing completion. The revamped scenario department was laboring over a script for the first of Midnight's two-reel talkies. The cast was being assembled, and there was a single stellar rôle—a part into which Opus would ordinarily have fitted like a glove. But now, with Welford definitely established as the only masculine star of the old régime who had made the talkie grade, it seemed as though this part would fall to him.

The sun was shining upon Mr. Potts and he was harvesting a noble crop of hay. At length he asked Massive quite frankly whether he might not have some unsatisfied yearning for amusement which Welford could have the privilege of gratifying.

Massive nodded. "Yes, there's one thing."

"What it is?"

Massive sighed. "Tell you what, Welford; I sure appreciate everything you have done for me, but after all, these here night clubs and road houses and lodge dances ain't so hot for a colored feller which has lived in Harlem for ten years. What I want is something that can't be had around New York."

"Meaning which?"

"A possum hunt!"

"What?"

"A possum hunt," murmured Massive. "All my life I have read about possum hunts, and I made up my mind when I first

(Continued on Page 160)

Back flashed a thrilling memory as his watch .. *a quarter of a century old* .... began to tick

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took this job that I sure was going to get me a possum before I went back to New York. If you could arrange that for me, Mistuh Potts, the most thing I would have for you would be gratitude."

Welford blinked. Once, in the dim, distant days of his boyhood, he had gone possum hunting, but the episode was a hazy memory. However, if Massive Ellis wanted a possum hunt. . . .

Two days later Florian Slappey cornered Opus Randall.

"Hot ziggity dam!" he ejaculated. "Guess what?"

"Guess what what?"

"Guess what Welford is fixin' up fo' Massive Ellis?"

Opus groaned. "I dunno what it could be, less'n it was a sheaf of lilies fo' me."

"Boy, it's mo' than that. It's a possum hunt."

"A which?"

"A possum hunt. An' Ise gwine be in on it on account I own the two best coon dawgs in Bumminham."

"Esplain yo'se'f, Florian. You say words but they don't tell nothin'."

Briefly and graphically Florian explained the situation. He told of Massive's secret craving to massacre a possum, and of Welford's elaborate plans to see that the craving was gratified. Opus snorted.

"Well, Mistuh Potts sho' is slippin' this time, Florian."

"How come?"

"'Cause there ain't no chance of Massive killin' no possum on account there ain't no possums around Bumminham at this time of yeah—an' not many at no time." A ray of hope struck his breast. "An' it's cold out in them woods at night; an' by the time Massive walks ten miles an' don't git nothin' but froze, maybe he won't be so 'thusiastic 'bout Mistuh Potts."

Mr. Slappey shook his head. "Ain't no hope there, Opus. Massive is gwine git him a possum."

"Foolishment you talks. There ain't no possums in these woods aroun' heah."

"Yes, there is," answered Florian. "There's one possum, an' he walks with a limp on account his left hind leg was once broke."

Opus was bewildered. "I don't understand nothin'. How come you got so intimate with this heah possum?"

"Easy enough. Welford ain't hardly no mo' possum hunter than Massive Ellis, but Mistuh Potts ain't lettin' that disturb him. He hired me to go along with my coon dawgs, an' also he sent down to South Alabama an' had a nice possum sent him by express. It's a fat ole possum, too, even if that lef' hind leg was once broke. But what he is figurin' is this, Opus: He's gwine hire somebody to carry that possum in a basket, on'y who carries him won't be in the huntin' party. Then if we don't catch no possum, really, he's gwine have that limpin' one turned loose, and the dawgs will tree him easy—and Massive Ellis will be happy."

Mr. Randall gave vent to a deep and earnest groan. "Welford sho' ain't takin' no chances, is he?"

"Nary chance," agreed Florian. "An' I want you to know that I still think it's rotten the way them two fellers has treated you."

"You ain't said half. Le's us go git a barbecue san'wich."

Florian started for the door. "I ain't never seen the time 'til yet I refused to let nobody buy me eatments."

The next day Massive Ellis was in high good humor. Mr. Potts had announced that the hunt was on tap for that night and that the expedition would consist of himself, Massive, Florian Slappey and two mournful-looking coon dogs.

"Do you think I'll catch a possum?" asked Massive eagerly.

"Man, it's suttin. You just nachelly got the look of a successful possum hunter. I ain't never seen a feller with the eagle expression you got which ever failed to bring home a good fat one."

"Gee," sighed Massive, "I hope so. If I could only catch a real live possum, I'd be perfectly happy."

Welford was trembling in anticipation of his triumph. "Do you crave to invite anybody else, Massive?"

"No, sir!" answered Mr. Ellis positively.

"Why not?"

"Because if we fail to get one, I don't want to be laughed at."

"We ain't gwine fail."

"We might." Massive was in no mood to argue. "And when my plans go wrong, I don't like an audience to sneer at me."

That afternoon the thermometer took a sharp drop. The wind veered to the north and came howling down from the mountains in a biting gale. Mr. Potts was all for postponing the great event, but Massive refused to consider it. He had his heart set on that particular night and there was no dissuading him. He agreed that it would be bitter cold before midnight, but he didn't care.

By ten o'clock the first genuine cold wave of the winter was upon the Birmingham district. Chimneys, which had been out of commission all summer, began to belch forth sooty smoke; pedestrians pulled coat collars about their necks and bent their heads against the wintry blasts. Despite the imminence of his ultimate triumph, Welford was not happy. He was constitutionally averse to cold weather.

At ten minutes after ten o'clock Welford's car parked by the side of a road about eighteen miles from Birmingham. Welford, Florian and Massive emerged and stood shuddering in the chill air. The moon was obscured by swiftly scudding clouds which imparted a zero appearance. The two lean and hungry hounds which Florian held in leash were eager to be off, but they and Massive Ellis furnished all the enthusiasm. Florian, a veteran possum hunter, was indifferent; Welford was miserably cold.

Massive did not see another car which had been trailing them and which stopped up the road about two hundred yards. A slender young man alighted from that car carrying a basket, and at sight of him in the faint moonlight Welford heaved a sigh of relief. He knew that was the boy carrying the basket in which there was a real possum, a nice, juicy, fat possum with only the handicap of a once-broken left hind leg. Sooner or later, when the hunt should have proven fruitless, Massive Ellis could have the glory and distinction of assassinating that particular possum—and to thank Welford for bringing him on the hunt.

They walked into the woods and Florian ignited the first of a batch of pine-knot torches brought for that particular purpose. And then indeed the hunt was under way.

At the outset Massive Ellis knew nothing about the art of hunting possums, but he learned swiftly—and somewhat painfully. He learned, in the first place, that here was none of the wild excitement which one associates with hunting.

Florian unleashed his dogs and they vanished into the blackest part of the woods, their querulous baying drifting back to the chilled trio. The dogs, explained Mr. Slappey, were engaged in endeavoring to pick up a possum trail, and, judging by the disappointed nuance of their outcries, were meeting with a startling lack of success.

Meanwhile, in the flickering glare of the pine-knot torch, the three huntsmen lurched through the dense undergrowth, and Mr. Ellis recognized early in the game that a slight glow in the woods at night is of no particular assistance.

They brushed against tree trunks, tripped over stumps and gnarled roots; their faces were scratched by briers and their feet found unexpected depressions which sent them sprawling. In addition to everything else, it was unconscionably cold. Clothes which had seemed ample enough in Birmingham were pitifully inadequate out here in the wilds.

Welford Potts, frankly miserable, berated himself for having acceded to Massive's unreasonable request. He wished now that he had dissuaded Mr. Ellis, even at the risk of incurring some slight displeasure. Mr. Potts was no part of a he man. His sybaritic nature demanded steam-heated rooms and hot coffee; he experienced none of the exaltation which a man is supposed to receive from a combat with the raw elements. It was Welford's unanimous opinion that all cards were stacked in favor of Nature.

Mr. Ellis could not honestly have answered the question whether he was enjoying himself. There was, of course, a thrill in the knowledge that here he was in the South and actually engaged in a possum hunt. On the other hand, there wasn't any excitement; just a dizzy stumbling march through the woods toward the place where the hounds' last baying had been done.

Florian Slappey—no woodsman, but certainly accustomed to this—was least uncomfortable of the three. He explained to Massive that the chase usually continued until four o'clock in the morning before an unwary possum was caught. And even then, he told Massive, there wasn't any real excitement. The possum would take refuge in a tree; this information would be conveyed to the hunters by the dogs, whose baying would remain in one spot; the trio would stumble eventually to that spot and then the tree would be chopped down with a nice, keen ax. It seemed that the task of dispatching Brother Possum would then devolve upon the hounds.

Mr. Ellis didn't think much of the whole procedure, but he was game enough and wouldn't confess his disappointment and physical discomfort. For two long, agonizing hours they stumbled and fell through the woods, always approaching but never reaching the dogs; alternately elated by the triumphant sound of the barking and then plunged to the depths by a change of timbre.

At one o'clock in the morning Massive Ellis was tired, bruised and supremely disgusted. Welford was a wreck. They stopped in a densely wooded spot and Welford busied himself with a small lunch basket.

Florian and Massive stood under the trees, and Mr. Slappey, looking about, discerned the boy who had been mournfully trailing them since the hunt commenced. Mr. Slappey took Massive's arm and guided him to the vicinity of the startled young man with the basket. Massive, surprised at finding someone else in the blackness of the woods, was a listener at the strange conversation which Florian and the lad conducted.

"Boy," said Florian, "what you got in that basket?"

The young man seemed colossally unhappy. "Nothin', Mistuh Slappey."

"Nothin'? You been follerin' us all th'oo the woods just fo' the fun of carryin' nothin'?"

"Y-y-yassuh; tha's the most thing I has been doin', Mistuh Slappey."

"Shuh! That don't make no sense." Florian probed into his pants pocket and produced a crisp, crinkly five-dollar bill. "You see this?"

"Y-y-yassuh, I sholy does."

"Well, you can have it fo' yo' ve'y own se'f if you tell me what you got in that basket."

The young man cast an apprehensive glance in the direction of the distant Welford Potts. Then he spoke: "I got a possum in heah, Mistuh Slappey."

Florian professed surprise. "A which?"

"A possum."

Massive Ellis interrupted. "What do you mean, you've got a possum in there?"

"It's thisaway, suh: When you tol' Mistuh Potts that you craved to hunt possum, he couldn't say he woul'n't take you; an' he knowed that you most likely woul'n't never catch no possum in this part of the woods this time of yeah. So he got him a special possum fum South Alabama, an' he was plannin' that if you-all didn't have no luck, he was gwine turn this feller loose so as you would have the fun of huntin' him."

Mr. Ellis stared. Then his stentorian voice boomed through the trees: "Welford!"

"Yes, Massive?"

"Come here! Quick!"

Mr. Potts came trotting. One look at Massive's stern countenance, and another at the boy with the basket, struck terror to Welford's heart. But Massive's first words, freighted with happiness and appreciation, dispelled his gloom.

"Mistuh Potts," proclaimed Massive loudly, "you are the most considerate host I have ever met. I want to tell you publicly how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness."

"'Bout which?"

"About having a special possum for me to catch. To tell you the truth, Welford, I am awfully tired and almost frozen ——"

"You an' me bofe!"

"——and all I wanted was the thrill of catching a possum anyway. So I suggest that we call the dogs closer and then let this feller go—then catch him."

Welford was delighted. He flashed Florian a glance of undiluted triumph. Mr. Slappey emitted that peculiar wailing cry of the possum hunter which notifies his dogs that their presence is requested. The baying instantly came closer.

Mr. Welford Potts was strutty. He was delighted about two things: the first was that the hunt was about at an end; the second, that he had intrenched himself more firmly in Mr. Ellis' affections. He even dared to proclaim his own perfections.

The dogs arrived and were leashed by Florian. Then the boy placed his basket on the ground.

Massive was trembling with excitement. He was about to be in at the kill, even though that kill had been toted in the rear of the hunt all night long. Florian was holding the dogs, Welford was triumphant; the expedition was about to attain its glorious, if rather à la carte, climax.

Mr. Potts supervised. "Is you ready, boy?"

"Yassuh."

"And you, Massive?"

"I'll say I am. I've never been more thrilled."

"All right," ordered Welford pompously. "Slip 'er loose."

With three pairs of eyes focused intently on the basket the cover was removed. Massive's large figure was twitching nervously. He strained his eyes for first glimpse of the leaping gray form of the possum.

Something emerged from the basket, something queer and white and ghostlike; something which did not leap like a coon but waddled unhappily into the blinding glare of the pine torch.

"Good gosh!" breathed Massive Ellis. "A duck!"

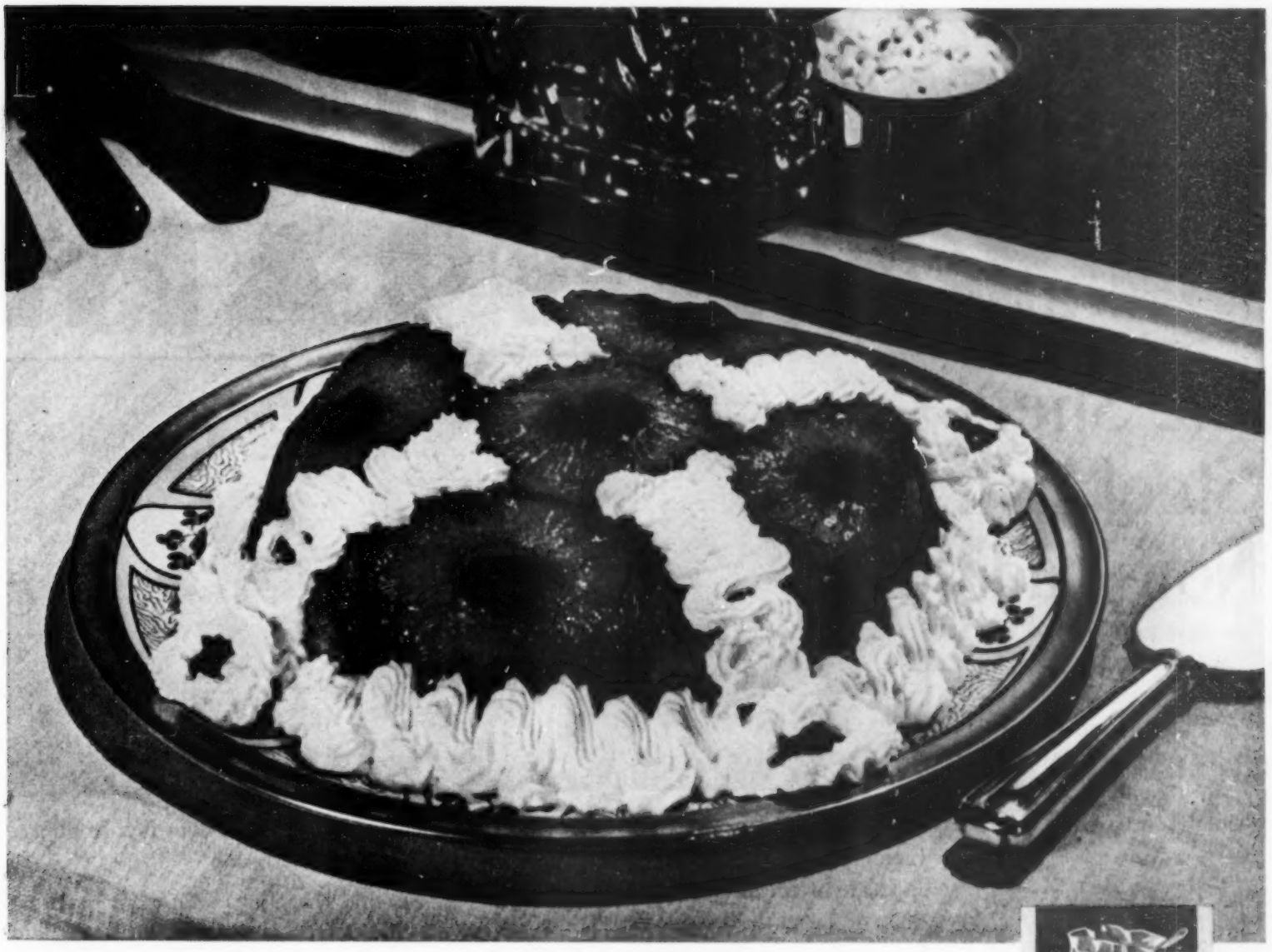
There was an instant of stunned, horrified silence; an instant during which Welford struggled to understand just what form of catastrophe had happened to him; an instant in which Massive Ellis tried to readjust his perspective.

It was then that Florian Slappey took his cue. It was very much his intention to see that Massive Ellis understood.

Florian's ribald laughter split the night. Peal after peal of unrestrained merriment escaped his lips; he clapped his hands to his stomach and doubled over in paroxysms of glee. And finally he collapsed against the trunk of a tree. "A duck!" he howled. "Great sufferin' tripe! If that ain't the swellest joke that was ever pulled on anybody! One white duck, 'stead of a possum." He staggered to his feet and walked over to Welford. He draped his arm around that colored person's shaking shoulders and wept with a fresh outburst of merriment.

"Welford," he chortled, "I don't wonder you is a swell comedjin. Never in all my life has I seen nothin' as funny as this. Boy, you has gone the snipe hunt a hundred better!" Florian turned a laughing face to Massive's stern countenance. "Can you imagine what all them Bumminham cullud

(Continued on Page 165)



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¼ cup butter	¼ teaspoon salt
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1¾ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour	3 tablespoons butter
3 teaspoons baking powder	⅔ cup brown sugar
	5 or 6 slices canned pineapple

Cream the butter and sugar together; add the egg, well beaten, and flavoring. Sift together the dry ingredients; and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Cream together the three tablespoons butter and brown sugar. Rub the bottom and sides of a heavy frying pan with the mixture; and place the slices of canned pineapple on the bottom and sides of the pan. Pour the cake mixture in; and bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees F., for about forty minutes. Turn onto a round dish; serve hot. The butter and brown sugar mixture furnishes sufficient sauce or add whipped cream if desired.

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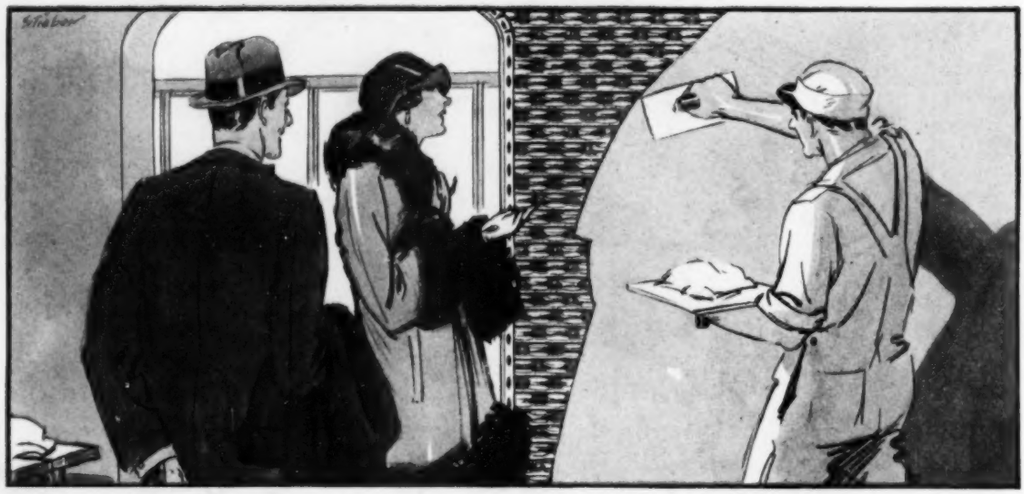

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This fire-safe material is made of solid sheets of COP-R-LOY—and *all the steel* is used in the making. The distinctive arch design is the ideal base for plaster, locking it in to form an inseparable unit, fire-safe and of great strength, minimizing the danger of cracking. And the cost of using Arch Lath is no more than that of flimsy, inflammable material.

Specify Wheeling Arch Lath made of COP-R-LOY, and while doing so include those other building necessities, Wheeling Corner Bead, Picture Mold, Base Screed, Wall Ties, Roofing Ternes, Spanish Metal Tile, Conductor Pipe and Eaves Trough, all now available in COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Sheet Steel, for maximum life at the minimum cost.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY
Wheeling, West Virginia

Branches: New York Buffalo Philadelphia Chicago Kansas City St. Louis Richmond Chattanooga Minneapolis Des Moines Columbus, Ohio

Spanish Metal Tile

Wheeling Spanish Metal Tiles make a most charming roof that is light in weight, durable and low in cost. Fire-proof, lightning-proof and leak-proof. Made of Cop-R-Loy, the Copper Alloyed Steel and Guaranteed Hand-Dipped in pure molten zinc. If you plan to build or remodel, you should know about the many advantages of this roofing material.

Wheeling Corner Bead

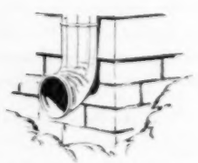
To properly reinforce and protect projecting corners, ask your architect, contractor or dealer to have the men who apply Arch Lath in your home use also Wheeling Corner Bead, made of Zinc Coated Cop-R-Loy, the Copper Alloyed Steel. This will insure stronger walls in your home and greatly minimize the possibility of chipping and cracking of plaster.

Wheeling Roofing Ternes

Roofs of Tin are proof against fire and lightning. Tin makes a most practical roofing for homes and apartment buildings. Low in cost, reduces insurance rates. To insure greatest return on investment specify Wheeling Roofing Ternes made of Cop-R-Loy and coated to full weight with pure tin and lead.

Wheeling
CORRUGATING COMPANY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Wheeling Conductor Pipe

For new building or for replacement insist upon Wheeling Conductor Pipe, made of Zinc Coated Cop-R-Loy, the Copper Alloyed Steel. Ask your architect to specify this finer Conductor Pipe for longer and more satisfactory service at low cost. Your dealer has it in stock or can obtain it for you.

HIGHER IN QUALITY : MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY

Far off Years

and with COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

TO observe even casually what steel has accomplished for modern civilization is to realize that it needs no sponsor—no one to sing its praises.

Steel, in its all but endless variety, fits perfectly into every one of the thousands of jobs for which it is employed. All it demands in return for effective service is intelligent application. While it is true that there is an end to all things material, no one can estimate how long steel will last when reasonably protected.

But there are certain conditions under which some steels are required to serve, which obviously preclude ordinary care and attention—such, for example, as steel in the form of pipe and sheets used under conditions of varying severity.

It was to meet this latter need and also to provide a steel that would be both workable and durable under the majority of present day conditions that COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, was created twenty years ago. Combining copper with steel in accordance with the Wheeling formula was found to produce a distinct alloy with a surplus of malleability, toughness, tensile strength and durability.

And so the process of development and refinement began until today COP-R-LOY has reached a point in its twenty years of service where it is setting new standards of usefulness in the form of pipe, sheets, rods and wire, tin and terne plate, wire fence, railroad tie-plates and spikes in which the makers of COP-R-LOY, themselves, employ it, and in many other articles large and small produced by the metal working industries.

How this important advance of the Steel Age was brought about through iron and steel experience dating back over 200 years, and now expressed in modernly operated mines, mills and factories and more than 17,000 workers, is told in a concise and non-technical manner in booklet form. Receipt of your name and address will place it in your hands.

* * *

For Manufacturing Industries—COP-R-LOY is prepared in Sheets for manufacture into as many as five thousand articles, many of which are used in the home, apartment, hotel and office. From the culvert under the highway to the finest of steel furniture, COP-R-LOY provides the workable raw material required for excellent workmanship, reasonable cost and satisfactory service. In other forms such as Plates, Rods, Wire, Black Plate, Tin and Terne Plate it serves for countless purposes.

For Railroads—COP-R-LOY Plates, Sheets, Pipe, Car Roofing, Tie Plates and Spikes, specified by railroad metallurgists and engineers to reduce maintenance costs while improving construction of buildings, rolling stock and right of way.

This label, in green and black, identifies an article as made of COP-R-LOY. It is a hall mark of quality indicating that the user is one of the many now employing this very best obtainable material with its insurance of better service to you.

* * *

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WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

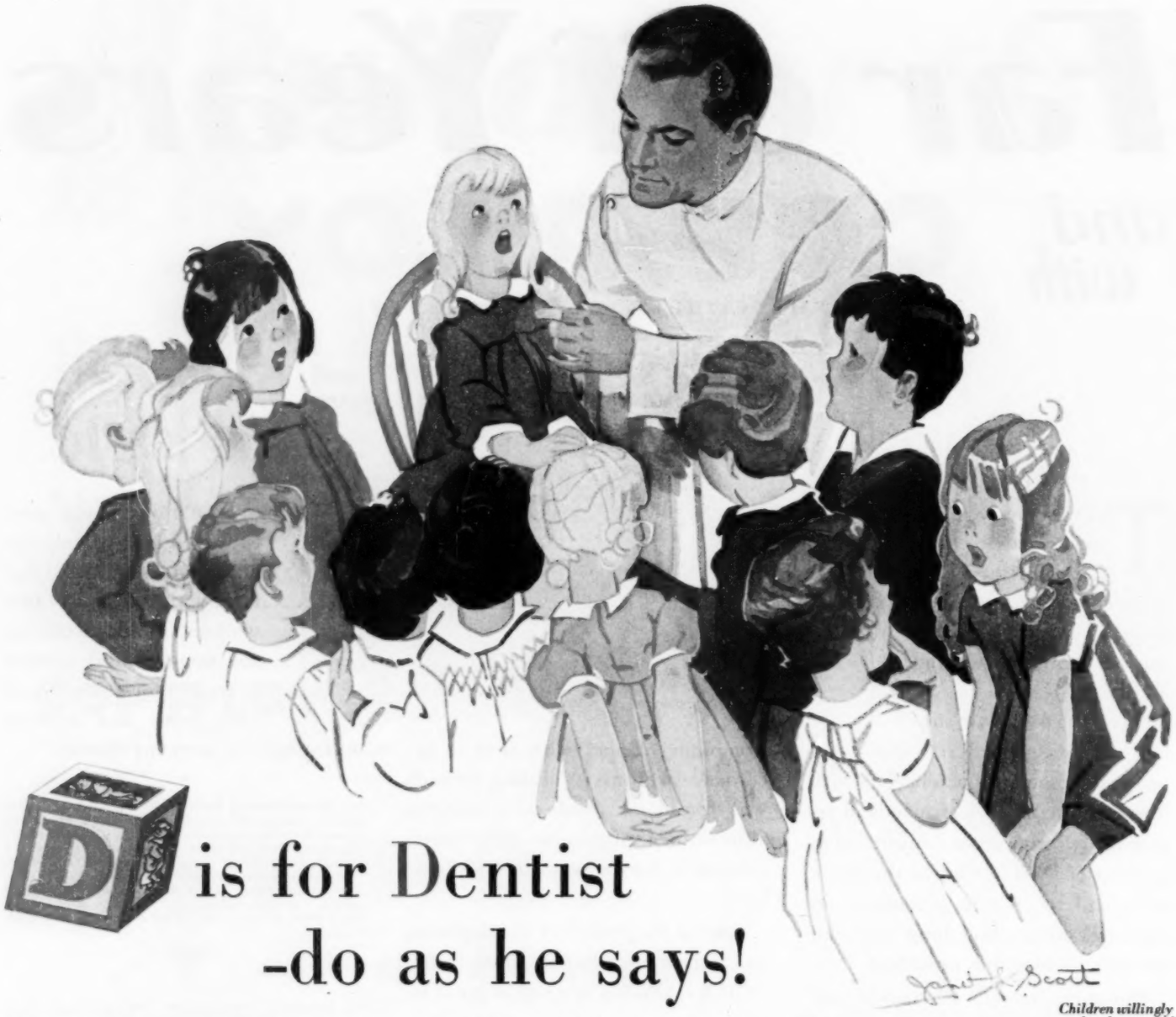
Subsidiary Companies

Wheeling Corrugating Company · Consumers Mining Company
La Belle Coke Company · Ackermann Manufacturing Company
La Belle Transportation Company · Pitt Iron Mining Company
The Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies

"FROM MINE TO MARKET"

WHEELING STEEL

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



is for Dentist -do as he says!

They learn in many schools the way to oral health even before physiology is pronounceable.

Lucky children! To have for a primer lesson the value of oral hygiene! For educators recognize the relation of oral health to bodily health, to deportment, to mental alertness.

And so has come the school dentist, the "teacher in a white coat." In more progressive communities his importance is permanently established. Elsewhere, there is need to awaken civic responsibility to the value of teaching oral hygiene to school children of all ages.

Actual reductions in school expense are accomplished by dental attention, which promotes attendance, attentiveness, and minimizes backwardness. Simple, painless attention to first teeth will help to obtain good permanent teeth.

There is a simple lesson for grown-ups in school dentistry, too. It is this: Oral health contributes greatly to bodily health and mental comfort. Your dentist wants an opportunity to serve you. Visit him regularly—as often as he suggests. Don't rely too much on ordinary brushing. Let this man who has trained himself for just this duty keep constant vigil over your mouth.

As a parent, as a tax-payer, as a good citizen, support dental work in the schools. And as a sensible man or woman be ready to follow your dentist's advice. Always, "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minnesota · Toronto, Ontario

Children willingly make the use of Lavoris a regular part of their toilet. A solution of Lavoris and water makes a pleasant, safe mouthwash that gives a delightful clean feeling. Lavoris is scientifically prepared to the original formula in a daylight laboratory. Ask for Lavoris by name at drug counters everywhere. Large or small bottles. Use at every brushing

This page is a part of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in recognition of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will

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(Continued from Page 160)

folks is gwine say, Massive, when they hear how you chased all th'oo the woods on a cold night like this, an' then got all ready to kill a possum on'y to find out he was a duck? Man, folks in Bumminham will tell their gran'chillun 'bout this duck hunt!"

Massive was commencing to show signs of being overcome, but Florian gave him no rest. He turned back to Welford with further congratulations.

"An' how you had me fooled, too, Welford. Honest, I thought all the time it was a possum. I reckon the joke's on me as much as it is on Massive, 'cause I furnished the dawgs. Still an' all, he's the gues' of honor. I bet fum now hencefor'd they calls him Ducky Ellis, or somethin' like that. Welford, heah an' now I take off my hat to you as the slickest joker that ever was. Ain't that so, Massive?"

Mr. Ellis' anger had been mounting swiftly. For three hours he had been cold and uncomfortable; for three hours he had been buoyed through his misery only by the hope of helping kill a possum. And now to find that he had chased a duck—a lop-sided, bewildered, unhappy duck! He, Massive Ellis, had been whanged right in his Achilles' heel; he had been made ridiculous. Florian's ribaldry sounded the key-note! Tomorrow all the colored folks in Birmingham would be laughing at him—and he couldn't blame them.

But he could blame Welford. He could blame the man who had claimed to be his friend and who had taken advantage of that professed friendship to make him permanently ridiculous. Massive's pride was humbled and his spirit crushed.

Welford started forward with a terrified explanation: "Lemme 'splain to you, Massive ——"

Mr. Ellis towered over Welford's cowering figure. "Listen to me, Mistuh Potts. If you open your mouth to me again I'm going to become murderous. I most likely will exterminate you completely. You've had your fun with me, and I warn you that conversation won't be safe." He whirled and started through the woods. "I'm going back to Birmingham," he announced.

Florian turned his dogs over to the boy who had carried the basket, and that individual tactfully disappeared.

"I'll go with you," said Florian to Massive.

Massive flashed him a glance of gratitude. Mr. Potts offered the use of his car.

"I wouldn't ride with you, Mr. Potts, if I had to walk all the rest of my life. Except in our professional capacities, if any, you and I are finished."

"But it's a long way back to Bumminham ——"

"It'd be longer if I rode with you, because we'd have to stop at an undertaking parlor. Come along, Florian."

They reached the road and commenced their long hike to Birmingham. Florian attempted to be fair.

"Shuh, Massive," he said, "you shouldn't ought to get sore at Welford. That was a swell joke."

"I don't like to be made a fool of and laughed at."

"Well, you cain't blame folks for laughin', can you? It was awful funny."

"Yeh; funny! That's what hurts me most. Everybody else in Birmingham is going to think it was funny."

They made haste slowly. And suddenly a little car whirled out of a side road. There was a screeching of brakes and the car drew up beside them. Mr. Slappey affected to be surprised.

"Well, dawg my cats, if it ain't Opus Randall. What you doin' way out heah, Opus?"

"Been possum huntin'." He smiled down at the others. "Evenin', Mistuh Ellis."

Massive was embarrassed. For the first time it occurred to him that perhaps he had treated Opus unfairly. "Good evening, Mistuh Randall."

"You-all goin' my way? Ise delighted to give you a lif'."

They accepted eagerly, and as the car purred smoothly toward Birmingham, Opus became expansive.

"You-all have any luck huntin' possums?"

"No!" Massive fairly exploded the word.

"Didn't catch nothin'?" Opus made a clucking noise which was intended to convey sympathy, but instead unpleasantly reminded Massive of a duck. "Tha's too bad."

"Did you?" inquired Florian.

"Me? Sho'ly. Always I catches possums when I go huntin'. Ise the cullud champeen possum hunter of the world." Mr. Randall appeared to think. "Look heah, Mistuh Ellis," he said suddenly. "It ain't no fair that you shouldn't catch no possum, 'cause tomorrow ev'ybody is gwine want to know what luck did you have. Tell you what Ise gwine do. Ise gwine give you my possum an' me an' Florian is gwine swear that we seen you catch it with yo' ve'y own hands!"

Massive was dazed by this generosity. Opus' magnanimity rendered him speechless. But eventually he accepted the offer.

Opus stopped the car, rummaged in a gunny sack and produced an ex-possum. "Heah's yo' possum, Mistuh Ellis—an' welcome."

Massive accepted it gratefully. And it was perhaps fortunate for the entire conspiracy that the possum was completely dead.

Had the animal been able to walk, Massive Ellis might have observed that this particular possum had once sustained a fracture of the left hind leg!

Meanwhile, Welford Potts, entirely deserted in the dark and gelid woods, prepared to return home. He was wallowing in misery. He took his lunch basket and the duck which had caused all his trouble. He derived some trifle of satisfaction in wringing the duck's neck before putting that animal in his car. Then he started back for the city.

As he drove through the wintry night his brain commenced to function. He understood several things which had not heretofore been clear to him. The new friendship between Florian Slappey and Opus Randall, Florian's advance information about the possum which was supposed to be in the basket, the disappearance of the boy—indicating a bribe.

Welford was abysmally unhappy. He didn't fear for his job, because he already had passed sound tests with flying colors, but he didn't yet know just how important Massive Ellis was destined to become around the Midnight lot, and he feared the enmity of the big man.

There was only one thing Welford could do, and he grimly determined to do it. He was going to take the duck to Massive's room at the hotel and endeavor to explain the conspiracy by which Florian Slappey had succeeded in restoring his friend Opus to favor.

It was very, very late and considerably cold when Welford parked his car outside Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. Forlorn and dejected Mr. Potts alighted. His right hand clutched the neck of a dead duck and this trophy he dragged behind him as he softly mounted the stairway to the second floor. He reached Massive's room, but before he could open the door, he heard voices.

Three men talking! Three men talking in the most intimate fashion. One was Massive, one was Florian Slappey and the third—Welford groaned—was Opus Randall.

"In the fust place," Opus was saying, "it's th'ee against one. Florian will swear there wasn't no duck nohow. An' him an' I bofe will swear that we seen you kill this possum. So no matter what Welford Potts says, there ain't nobody gwine believe him."

"That's wonderful," enthused Massive. "And believe me, Opus, I'm always ready to admit when I have been wrong. You can take my word for it that you will get a fair chance to make good in the talkies, and I'll say frankly that I'm sure you'll make the grade."

"You heah that, Florian? Ain't he swell?"

The three men turned as the door burst open. They stared at an apparition.

Welford Potts was crushed but angry. His expression very much resembled that of the defunct duck which he still clutched by the neck.

Sight of that duck had a galvanic effect on Mr. Ellis. The large gentleman from Harlem leaped to his feet and strode across the room. He grabbed Welford by the shoulders. "I got somethin' to tell you——" started Welford, but Massive cut him short.

"Listen to me, Welford Potts; you haven't got anything to tell me. But I've got one question to ask you: What kind of an animal is that you are dragging by the neck?"

Welford's unhappy eyes dropped to the limp and languid form of the duck. Then he saw the handwriting on the studio wall.

"This?" answered Welford tactfully. "Why, this, Mistuh Ellis, ain't nothin' but a possum."

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"That's the Way Men Are. What They've Got They Don't Want"

WEAR a BLACK BEAR FLANNEL SHIRT on your next outing and discover supreme masculine comfort! It offers perfection of tailoring formerly found only in custom-made shirts. Lustrous pure virgin wool. Smart tones. If dealer can't supply, order direct, giving white-collar size and color preference. Shipped prepaid. Money back if not satisfied.

There's a new idea in BLACK BEAR FLANNEL SHIRTS—Western woods—Western full-cut patterns—Western integrity in hidden details. Delicately blended colors. *"Kodiak"* ($7.50) colors: natural gray, camel tan, gray random check, tan random check. *"Six Hundred"* ($6.00)—steel gray with blue or tan stripes, rose-tan with blue or gray stripes, gray-tan, rose-tan, or light-gray mixture.

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BLACK BEAR
Flannel Shirts

The Quality Flannel Shirts of America

Black Manufacturing Co., Dept. D, Seattle, U.S.A.

☐ Send me *"Kodiak"* Shirts at $7.50 and *"Six Hundred"* Shirts at $6. Here's check or money order for $. White-collar size

Colors: *"Kodiak"* *"Six Hundred"*

☐ Send me *Black Bear Flannel Shirt* Catalog.

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Address

City State

43,040 Housewives helped us *perfect* Bond Bread

HOUSEWIVES themselves showed Bond Bakers how to bake a loaf that would be home-like in texture and flavor. A total of 43,040 sent samples of their best home-baked bread to the General Baking Company to prove that home-likeness depended upon the quality and purity of the ingredients used and upon thorough baking. Fourteen years of steady adherence to their counsel have made Bond Bread the most-asked-for loaf in the world. Each year more and more housewives say: "After all—there is no bread like Bond Bread!"

Bond Bread is delivered fresh from the oven twice each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:

Albany, N. Y.; Allentown, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Canton, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Detroit, Mich.; Enid, Okla.; Hartford, Conn.; Hutchinson, Kans.; Jersey City, N. J.; Kansas City, Kans.; Kansas City, Mo.; Newark, N. J.; New Haven, Conn.; New Orleans, La.; New York City; Norfolk, Va.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Nebr.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R. I.; Reading, Pa.; Rochester, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Springfield, Mass.; Steubenville, Ohio; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Tulsa, Okla.; Washington, D. C.; Waterbury, Conn.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kans.

GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

After all—*there is no bread like*

Bond

The *home-like* loaf

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UP TO NOW

(Continued from Page 31)

a nursing bottle. After he had attained full growth, in some way or other he got off his chain one day, climbed an electric-light pole and went over into the yard of an orphan asylum, just back of the mansion. He went in at a window where more than a hundred small girls were at play and was in there for some time before any grown person knew anything about it. He was so tame and so accustomed to being handled by children that he rolled around on the floor with the youngsters for a solid hour. One little girl went upstairs and brought him down the sugar off a cake, and that inspired him to take a walk upstairs himself. One of the sisters in charge became frightened and telephoned to the Executive Mansion. The superintendent and another man went in after him. He was very ugly to the men because he was quite unwilling to leave the asylum. He had to be roped and walked through the street to get him back into his den. The bear is now in Bronx Park with a sign over the cage saying: "Presented to the New York Zoölogical Society by Governor Smith."

All my dogs were well known in Albany, particularly to the police, and when they strayed away from the mansion, it was a regular thing to have a police sergeant or captain call the mansion and give the name of the dog and state where he was. My Great Dane, Cæsar, was succeeded by another one called Thomas Jefferson and nicknamed Jeff. He attached himself to me personally and I am eagerly waiting to have him back with me again. He is temporarily a house guest of Congressman Parker Corning in Albany.

Great excitement occurred in the mansion one night when it was discovered that a careless attendant had left a monkey cage open and that four monkeys were at large in some part of the city of Albany. My youngest son promptly telephoned to me to come over from the executive chamber. I left the state's business as soon as I could and tried to tempt the monkeys down out of the trees with ripe bananas, but without success. Finally, at eleven o'clock at night, we gave it up and contented ourselves with leaving the cage door open. An early arrival at the cage in the morning looked in and found all four monkeys fast asleep after having had a wonderful night abroad.

When I was inaugurated governor for my second term, on the first of January, 1923, I had absolutely no idea that I was to spend six consecutive years in the office of the governor. It had grown to be a fixed custom in the state to give a governor only two terms, and the history of the six years compels the conclusion that many of the reforms accomplished would have been impossible had it not been that I remained so long in the governor's office.

Forced Into Line

The senate was in the control of the Democratic Party and the assembly in the control of the Republican Party when I returned to Albany in 1923. The legislature became wholly Republican again in 1924 and remained so through to 1928.

Throughout the three terms which followed, I divided my recommendations for legislative action into three groups: First, the reorganization of the state government; second, the preservation of political, individual, state and legal rights; and third, welfare legislation.

In the first group I centered attention on the proposal to amend the constitution to establish the short ballot and reduce the one hundred and eighty-seven agencies of the state government into nineteen distinct departments to be named in the constitution. The legislature was to be prohibited from adding any more. To this program the executive budget and the four-year term for the governor were the necessary complement.

The senate promptly passed the constitutional amendment to consolidate the departments. The assembly began to tinker with it, but the arguments of the campaign were fresh in the minds of people all over the state, and the assembly was unable to withstand the public pressure. With some minor amendments to indicate active interest and to claim credit for perfecting it, the amendment finally passed and was sent to the office of the Secretary of State to await repassage by the legislature of 1925, as required in the constitution.

While awaiting the referendum on the constitutional amendment, which could not come before the people for two years, it would have been possible to undertake some departmental consolidations by statute. If this were done it would simplify consolidation when the constitutional amendment would finally pass. The legislature was agreed on the general policy of consolidating agencies, but when I made some specific proposals in a special message, all of them passed the senate but were defeated in the assembly. By not passing the statutory consolidations, the assembly compelled the state to lumber along for two more years under the burdensome machinery of one hundred and eighty-odd departments of government.

When the Fireworks Started

Evidently the assembly leaders were biding their time to see what position they would be in to defeat the required second passage of the amendment. They were taking a chance that when my term would be over I might either not run for governor or the amendments might be overlooked in the excitement of a national campaign due in 1924. They had a theory that it would be impossible to elect a Democratic governor in the fall of 1924 and, therefore, the approval by the legislature of 1925 might not be necessary. Thus the amendment would have the same treatment as was given to this proposal by the legislature of 1921.

Fate was against them, and though the entire Democratic ticket was overwhelmingly defeated in the presidential campaign of 1924, I was reëlected, and in the session of 1925 fireworks started. Immediately after election I resumed the battle for the constitutional amendments.

By this time thinking people throughout the state had discovered the attempt to defeat this proposal and were more insistent than ever that it receive legislative approval, and it did. Following the Reconstruction Commission which perfected and reported the proposals, many people interested in the program of state reorganization formed an organization called the New York State Association. These prominent Democrats, Republicans and Independents led the fight for the amendments and organized the pressure of individuals and organizations all over the state. Adelbert Moot, leading Republican of Erie County, was its president. One of the vice presidents was former U. S. Attorney-General George W. Wickersham, now chairman of President Hoover's Law Inquiry Committee. Dwight Marvin, publisher of the influential and powerful Republican newspaper, the Troy Record, was the chairman of the board of directors. The secretary was Robert Moses. Frank Gannett, newspaper owner, John G. Agar, and Addison B. Colvin of Glens Falls, were among the directors.

The constitutional amendment embodying departmental consolidation and the short ballot was adopted by the people at the election of 1925. Passage of the amendment was only the first step. There were literally dozens of statutes affecting the various agencies and departments which would need to be reconciled and amended. When it became apparent during the session of 1925 that the amendment would pass, I recommended to the legislature the setting up of a joint commission consisting of appointees by the governor and by members of the legislature to prepare a program of consolidation for report to the 1926 legislature. Their recommendations could then be promptly enacted into law and the consolidation completed. This the legislature refused to do, but after adjournment it set up a committee of its own appointment without warrant by law, and, of course, without appropriation. After some public protest the legislative leaders permitted me to name a few members of the committee, and accepted from the list I submitted Addison B. Colvin and Robert Moses. They refused to name Raymond V. Ingersoll and Mrs. Moskowitz, who were also on my list.

At the close of the session, and while on a vacation at Absecon, New Jersey, my attention was directed to an attempt by the Republican legislative leaders to have Mr. Machold, former Speaker of the assembly, selected as chairman of this committee. In as much as Mr. Machold had been the most persistent and most outspoken foe of reorganization of the government, I naturally objected to his selection as chairman of the committee to prepare a plan to carry out the mandate of the new amendment. Through the medium of the newspapers I suggested the name of Charles Evans Hughes. This took root immediately, and in response to popular demand throughout the state Mr. Hughes agreed to take the responsibility. The committee became known as the Hughes Committee and reported to the 1926 legislature a series of recommendations which were adopted.

To complete the details, a legislative committee was then named. The Republican leaders, although the consolidations were ready for the beginning of the fiscal year—July 1, 1926—insisted on making them effective as of the first of January, 1927. Again they were probably relying upon their belief that they would certainly capture the governorship in 1926, upon the theory that four terms would never be given to any individual. Indeed they made their hardest fight for the office that year. With consolidation effective, a Republican governor would have many appointments to make and whole departments to reorganize, with the accumulated patronage that a change of administration would bring.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that because of the persistent and aggressive opposition by the legislative leaders and the small party bosses to these great constitutional reforms, the benefits of consolidation of state departments, the short ballot and the executive budget were held back from 1922 to 1927, or five full years.

Making His Own Law

Demand for budget reform originated in the constitutional convention. A recital before that body of the methods of appropriating public funds created so much surprise mixed with indignation that it became apparent that a reform in budget making was required. Under the old system the budget originated in the assembly and was prepared by the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. It went to the senate after passage in the assembly, and from that time on represented nothing but compromise. Each assemblyman used his influence to put what he wanted into the appropriation bill before it left the assembly, and when it reached the senate the same thing happened. In fact, there was a story prevalent in Albany in 1915 that one of the clerks of the assembly amended the appropriation bill himself by inserting an item in it while carrying it from the assembly to the senate chamber.

While the attempt to create an executive budget by constitutional law had apparently died out with the death of the proposed 1915 constitution, both Governor

(Continued on Page 169)

WHY PAY FREIGHT ON MACHINERY?

MANUFACTURERS in Piedmont Carolinas are beginning to ask, "Why should we pay long haul freight on all our machinery and supplies?

"We have apt and teachable help. We have an abundance of raw materials. And we have developed many lines of manufacture that require heavy purchases of machinery. Wouldn't we rather purchase 'close by' and save heavy freight bills?"

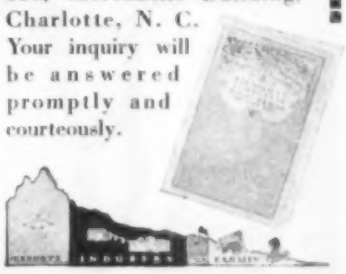
Already a healthy start has been made here. Machinery and supply manufacturers who have located here have busy factories and no serious competition from outside.

Particular advantages are offered makers of textile machinery, woodworking machinery and agricultural implements.

How rich and active this market is may be gained from the fact that in one industry alone the Piedmont Carolinas' machinery *freight* bill reaches $500,000 yearly.

The manufacturer who divides that saving with his customer will meet little sales resistance.

Do you want the facts? Address Industrial Dept., Room 530, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C. Your inquiry will be answered promptly and courteously.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

THIS IS THE AGE OF ALUMINUM

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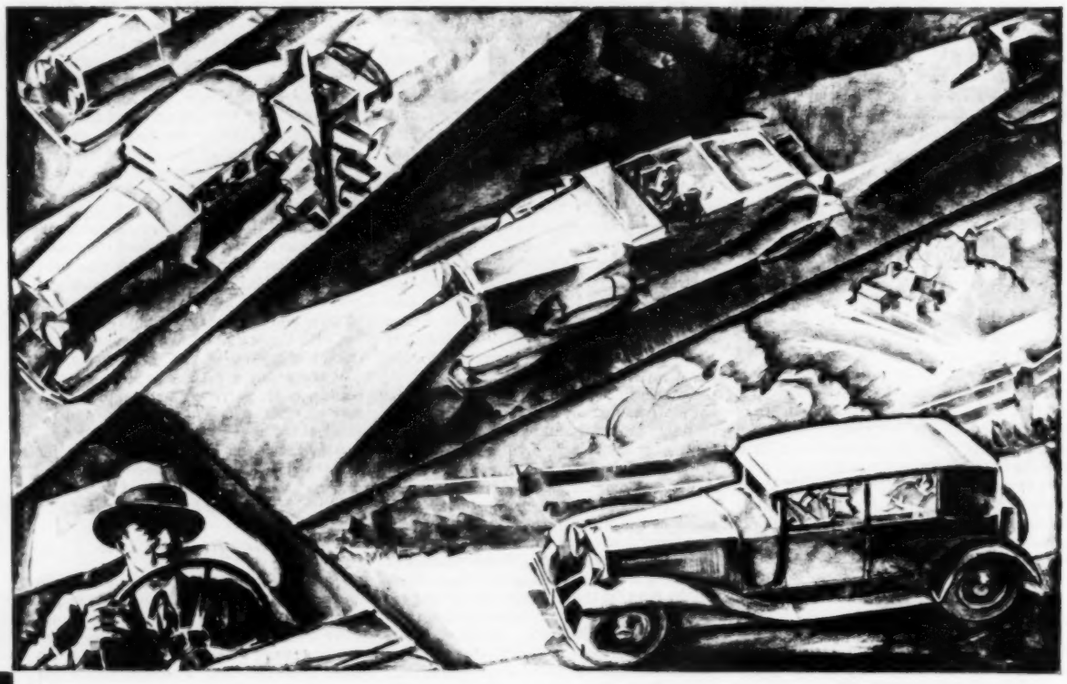
When you step into a car for business—you want a businesslike response—a car that knows its job, and does it—taking quick advantage of every break in traffic—meeting your mood with instant obedience to the touch of the accelerator. ¶ When you're off for the day or the weekend—smooth miles of concrete stretching to a distant goal—you want an answer from the motor that's as carefree as your mood—a gluttonous appetite that eats up the distance—speed that makes your cheeks tingle as the wind tears by—power that flattens out the hills into a level highway. ¶ When it's an evening in the early fall—a harvest moon on high—a million stars—you want to breeze along without a sense of motion—lost in the glamour of the night—the motor sweet and cool as the ripple of a forest stream. ¶ And when you've just signed the monthly checks, and wonder why the budget didn't work—it's nice to know that here's one item that cost you less than ever—less in fuel, less in oil, and far less in those little garage charges that can so easily build up to an amazing total. Wherever you go, whatever your mood, you want a car that's equipped with LYNITE strong aluminum alloy pistons. Insist on them.



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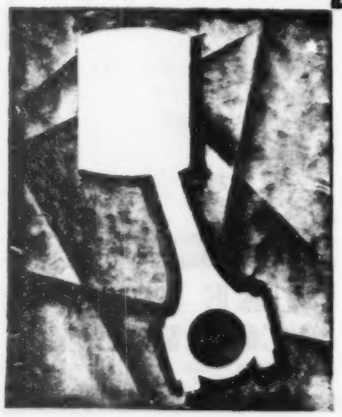

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ALUMINUM ALLOY PISTONS AND RODS

(Continued from Page 167)

Whitman and Governor Miller attempted to reform budgetary methods by statutory law. Both were doomed to find that it would never work that way, and these failures gave me a convincing argument in all the debates and campaigns for the executive budget which followed.

In 1923 I had again urged the executive budget upon the legislature. I appealed to the people and campaigned for it throughout the state, and soon found that when I would address the Rochester Chamber of Commerce in favor of the budget on a Tuesday night, Speaker Machold would address it in opposition on the Thursday night following.

The Republican leaders of the state were outspoken in their opposition to this reform. It passed the senate promptly, but Speaker Machold accomplished its defeat in the assembly. Nothing daunted, I urged it again in 1924, when it was again defeated, in both houses of the legislature. Once again I urged it in 1925, but it again suffered defeat in both houses of the legislature.

In the course of its deliberations on consolidation of the government, the Hughes Committee saw the necessity for the companion measure of an executive budget and made a strong recommendation in its favor to the legislature of 1926. Mr. Machold, its enemy for four years and a member of the committee, but no longer Speaker of the assembly, signed the report. Unable to escape the logic and the pressure, both houses of the legislature passed it in 1926 for the first time.

Upon my return for my fourth term in 1927, I urged the final legislative passage of the constitutional amendment setting up the executive budget. It passed and was submitted to the people in the fall of 1927. It was adopted and it is now part of our constitution and makes a very important and drastic change from the old method of appropriating public funds. Although the executive budget is functioning, the battle is now on to weaken its effectiveness. The Court of Appeals will have to make the final decision as to whether it can function as now constituted or must be further amended.

Related to these two great reforms is the proposal to extend the term of the governor from two to four years. Every man who has ever held the governorship, every disinterested student of our government, every man not trying to help himself by the practical operation of political manipulation, is in accord with what I regard an indisputable fact—the term of the governor of New York is entirely too short.

Two Years or Four Years?

By amendment to the Greater New York charter, in 1904, the term of the mayor of the city of New York was extended from two to four years. The arguments that local issues alone should determine the election, made by the Republican leaders in extending the term of the mayor of New York and placing the election in years when neither a governor nor a President is up for election, apply with even greater force to the governorship of the state. No man has a chance to see any of his policies bear fruit if he continues every two years to submit himself to the electorate, and unless he has a strong constitution and a strong determination he will be unable to stand the strain of it.

What happens? A man is nominated for governor. He goes through a hard, vigorous campaign. The state of New York is big. Its interests are diversified. Its large cities are far apart. It means work, night and day, for a month and a half at least. After election he is physically worn out and must rest. That finished, he must prepare for the inauguration on the first of the following January. The Christmas holidays intervene. He owes a duty to his family at that season of the year. He must prepare his annual message to the legislature by the first of January. He soon finds himself reduced to the condition he was in the day after election. Then, for the months while the legislature is in session, every minute of his time not devoted to sleeping is absorbed by the questions coming before the legislature.

After adjournment the legislature leaves from seven hundred to a thousand bills lying on his desk, and under the constitution he has thirty days in which to dispose of them. At the end of the thirty-day-bill period he needs another rest.

True, some people believe that the governor has nothing to do in the summertime. There isn't a day or a week in the year that the executive business at Albany is not sufficient to take up every minute of the governor's time, even in July and August. And if he wants to acquaint himself firsthand with the business of the state he will feel the necessity, during the summer and early fall, of visiting some of the state institutions. During my first two terms I visited practically every one of them.

About Face

The summer over, the governor immediately plunges into the preparation of his executive budget. With the state spending $250,000,000 a year, that is no small job and extends over several months. That finished, he is preparing to meet the legislature for the second time. His annual message is again to be written during the period of the Christmas holidays, when he should have some time for himself and his family.

Before he realizes it the legislature is back on his hands for another three and one-half months and the thirty-day-bill period follows after it. Before he really catches his breath he finds himself running again for governor, with the burden placed upon him of again traveling around through the state.

What would happen to a great business corporation if it went through an upheaval of all its executive heads every two years? All this was impressed upon the legislature and some of the leaders were in favor of the change. I recommended it year in and year out.

Republican legislative leaders and the little bosslets around the state were unequivocal in their opposition to the four-year term. Speaker Machold made a declaration before the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce that if a governor made a good governor he would be reëlected. This was in 1923. I shot back at him, "According to that theory, neither Governor Miller nor I was any good."

Unable to withstand the pressure, it was finally agreed to submit the proposition to the people, but before doing so, its effectiveness was completely killed by providing that the election must occur in a presidential year. With all of the experience, with all of the lessons that were taught in this state about the absurdity of trying to center public opinion upon state issues during a great national campaign, the opponents of the four-year term stubbornly persisted in putting that provision into it. When it came before the people in 1927 in that form, the people rejected it on the same day they adopted six other amendments to the constitution by substantial pluralities. I have no doubt it would have received the majority vote had conditions been otherwise.

Recommended again this year by Governor Roosevelt, the legislature defeated it with the assertion that it had been rejected by the people. The answer is that the Republican leaders want the election of a governor to happen every two years. One of them said, "It's a chance to discipline him if he isn't all right."

It would require a large volume to tell the full story of all that happened in the field of legislation in those six years. I can only group it inadequately and touch the more outstanding and significant efforts. In the group which dealt with the preservation of political, individual, state and local rights, I recommended that the legislation enacted under the administration of Governor Miller taking away from localities their rights with respect to their agreements with public-utility corporations be repealed. I also recommended legislation giving New York City the right to construct, operate and regulate its own transit facilities. All this legislation passed the senate but was defeated in the assembly.

I recommended the repeal of the law requiring school-teachers to submit to a loyalty test. Strange to say, the repeal bill passed both houses and I signed it, although the men who assisted in its repeal in the assembly were the very ones who had been responsible for its passage the year before. The same story applied to the bill requiring a license and supervision for private schools.

Despite the fact that the Republican administration fastened the Volstead Act into the state law, they agreed in 1924 to a petition to Congress to liberalize the Volstead Act. It looked like smart politics to the small-minded to amend the resolution in the assembly so as to provide that I personally transmit the resolution to the various congressmen and senators. I forthwith did so and had quite a correspondence with senators and representatives of both parties, some of whom agreed with New York State and others, like Senator Fess of Ohio, sharply took issue.

That same year a bill to repeal the state enforcement act passed both houses and came to me. Here again we had the identical men in the assembly who, two years before, had passed the Mullan-Gage bill for state enforcement, now voting for its repeal.

Prohibition and its enforcement had grown to such prominence not only in the state of New York but everywhere else, that New York's final determination on the question of enforcement by state statute became an acute issue and was watched with interest throughout the country.

An Eventful Year

For probably the first time in my governorship the newspaper representatives from practically every city in the country came to Albany. My hearing on the bill after it had passed both houses occurred in the Assembly Chamber, no other room being sufficiently large to hold the great crowd of people who came to listen to the proceedings. Literally thousands of letters poured into the executive chamber on both sides of the question. It was quite apparent that there was a sharp division of opinion, and after the hearing I definitely determined in my mind that I would have to resolve the question according to my own conscience.

Friendly warnings and sometimes threats were made as to the effect upon my political future if I signed the repeal act. I signed it with the simple statement that I never allowed any future political consequences to myself to influence my action on any legislative or executive proposal or any definite principle.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-four was an eventful year for me. Early in that year I was greatly shocked by the sudden death of Charles F. Murphy. He was stricken down when he appeared to be in possession of very good health. He left Tammany Hall around five o'clock in the afternoon of the day before he died. Employes at the hall remarked that they had never seen him looking better or stepping out more lively in his life.

Upon the death of Mr. Murphy, for the first time in twenty years there arose the question of a new leader for Tammany Hall. The overwhelming consensus of opinion favored his son-in-law, Surrogate James A. Foley, whose ability and integrity had never been questioned. I prevailed upon Judge Foley to accept the leadership, and thought that I was meeting with some success, but his desire to continue in the work he was doing and to avoid as far as possible the labor and conflict incident to party leadership won out, and the executive committee finally selected Judge Olvany, then judge of the Court of General Sessions.

In May of 1924 my mother died. She had never fully recovered from two attacks

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of pneumonia she had suffered, and though it was not apparent to my sister, who was with her all the time, I had begun to notice her failing gradually on my week-end journeys to Brooklyn to see her. When she had her third attack of pneumonia early in May, I felt that her resistance was so weakened that it would be difficult for her to survive. She appeared to be rallying, but finally, on Sunday afternoon, the eighteenth of May, she passed away. It was the first real sorrow I had ever suffered. I was looking forward to making plans for her for the summer, and irrespective of what might ultimately happen, I knew that she would have been pleased with the reception given to my name in the national convention, scheduled to occur at Madison Square Garden the following June. She was the old-fashioned type, and all her amusements and recreations consisted of her life with her children and her grandchildren. She had no desire to go anywhere. She had not been fifty miles away from the city of New York until I took her to Albany.

After her death and after the labors of the legislative session of 1924, I took a short vacation. The New York World conducted a campaign, directed by Herbert Bayard Swope, to bring the convention to New York City. The National Committee met and finally selected the big city as the place for the national convention. Appropriate committees were formed and the city officials joined in the welcome to the delegates from all over the country. In June the national convention took place.

Prior to the convention I had a headquarters in the Prudence Building that was opened by a number of friends, and there I met delegates from all over the country.

In many respects the convention was probably the most unique in the history of the party. The religious issue used against me in my first campaign for the governorship in 1918 was reawakened by the activity of the Ku-Klux Klan. It was freely mentioned in the newspapers that in certain of the Southern and Western States the Ku-Klux Klan took an active part in the primary election for the selection of delegates. The influence of the Klan in the 1924 convention was so apparent that a large body of delegates insisted upon the passage of a resolution denouncing the Klan and voicing the Jeffersonian Democratic theory of freedom of religious belief.

The Happy Warrior

Having kept personally in close touch with what was going on for weeks before the convention, I did not feel that anything would be gained by the passage of a resolution denouncing any large group of delegates or finding fault with their theories. Delegates from several of the larger states explained to me the unalterable opposition of their people at home to the Klan. They said that action denouncing the Klan was demanded of them. I saw then that it was a hopeless task to try to stop the passage of some resolution to set these delegates right with their people, as they expressed it, "back home."

After the convention was in progress for several days I became convinced that the united action of the Klan interests could not be overcome and I personally entertained very little hope of securing the nomination. It was apparent to me that I would receive no support in the convention from certain sections of the country, no matter how long it lasted.

The fears of the Klan delegations that the Tammany organization would take unfair advantage because the convention was held in New York City were very apparent. They came as though to the enemy's country. This gave the managers of the convention considerable concern. Though it was impossible to stem noisy demonstrations, I think it can be said that the convention was as ably managed as any in the history of the party. Admission was by ticket only, and the convention officials, aided by the police, were so alert that it was difficult for even leaders of the party not in possession of their credentials to enter the convention hall.

It is known that the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League spent large sums of money telegraphing from a local telegraph station near the Madison Square Garden to the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League throughout the country. The purpose of their telegrams was to get large forces of people to keep in constant communication with the delegates from their own and other states, urging them to vote against me.

During the convention I made my headquarters in one of the small rooms on the top floor of the Manhattan Club, directly across the street from Madison Square Garden. Here I received reports of what was taking place in the convention.

The speech putting me in nomination in 1924 was made by Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was probably the most impressive figure in that convention. His speech was well received and excited much favorable comment. Its concluding line, with the quotation from The Happy Warrior, has given me that title ever since.

Out of the Running

When it became apparent to me and a goodly number of my followers that I could not be nominated and that the constant struggle, day in and day out, was working to the disadvantage of the party throughout the country, a conference between Mr. McAdoo and myself at the Ritz Carlton apartment of former Ambassador Wallace was arranged by mutual friends. Here I met McAdoo face to face for the first time since the campaign opened. I suggested to him that we both withdraw our candidacies. I admitted that I did not believe I could be nominated and I was satisfied that he could not be. In the interest of party harmony, I suggested that we both remove our names from consideration, throw the convention into the hands of the delegates themselves and let them make the choice.

It was quite apparent from his attitude that he wanted to have something to say about the choice, and he suggested E. T. Meredith, of Iowa, Secretary of Agriculture in the Wilson administration. I told him frankly that I did not have the control of the delegates who were for me. I was satisfied that they were for me, but after they left me I did not feel I could have anything to say about where they went, and consequently I could not accede to his suggestion. Whereupon we parted and shook hands like two old-time friends.

The next day I carried out my own suggestion and withdrew my name from further consideration by the convention. Mr. McAdoo did not do the same. Immediately after my withdrawal the convention started to drift to John W. Davis, former Solicitor-General of the United States and United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The drift gathered momentum as the days went by, and on the one hundred and third ballot the required two-thirds declared in favor of Davis and he was nominated.

Recess was immediately taken and a hurried conference was called, in which I was invited to take part, to decide the nomination for the vice presidency. We met in the large dining room of the Manhattan Club. The late Tom Taggart of Indiana suggested Vice President Marshall. I suggested Governor George S. Silzer of New Jersey, but when it was discovered that John W. Davis had changed his residence to New York City and had voted from his Park Avenue apartment, it was deemed inexpedient to take the vice-presidential candidate from the eastern part of the country, and accordingly names were suggested from the Middle West. Among them was former Governor Charles Bryan of Nebraska. I spoke at that time of the danger of nominating the brother of William Jennings Bryan because of the very apparent hostility of delegates from the northeastern part of the country to Mr. Bryan. The responsibility for the

(Continued on Page 173)

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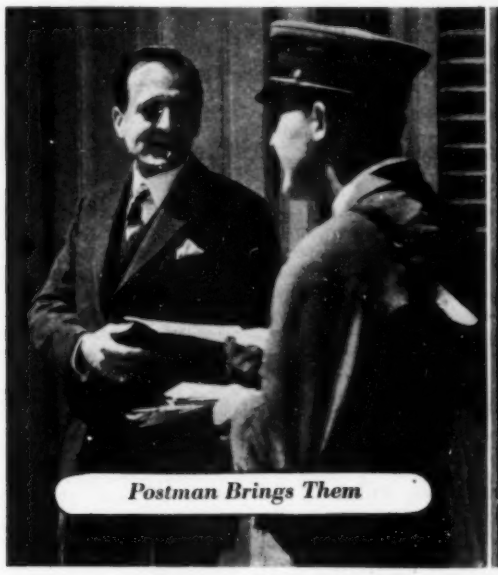

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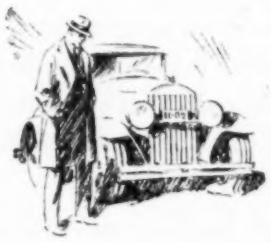

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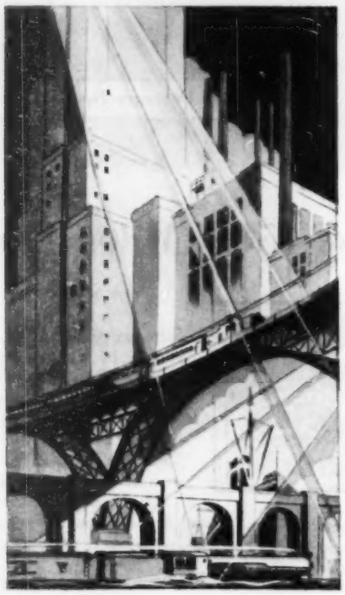

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(Continued from Page 170)

decision belonged to Mr. Davis, who was the newly selected national leader of the party, and he decided it.

The nomination of Bryan worked out afterward as I had expected. During the course of the campaign, not hundreds but probably thousands of people, particularly women, asked me if there was any way that they could vote for Davis and not for Bryan.

Immediately following the nominations and in order to remove any doubt that might have lingered in the minds of the delegates as to my attitude, I appeared before the convention and made a speech. I promised the delegates in no uncertain terms that I would take off my coat and vest and work for the ticket as hard as I knew how.

Running again for governor was not in my program for that year. I had had four years of it and I had made three state-wide campaigns. The work was beginning to tell upon me and I was anxious to retire to private life. My children were all young, and I wanted to get back to work so that I could establish a business I could leave to them. But the party leaders, headed by John W. Davis himself, made a strong demand upon me that I accept renomination. I asked Mr. Davis point-blank what he thought I could do for him that would make the biggest contribution to his success and he promptly replied, "Run for governor again." I pointed out to him at once the possibility that I might carry the state and he might not. I was afraid that under such circumstances my followers would be left open to the charge of disloyalty, but it made no impression upon him, and he insisted that I run for governor.

Bound by Superstitions

It would be unreasonable to expect that the feeling injected in that convention would die out immediately. It was the first national convention that was on the radio, and in all parts of the United States people were listening to the proceedings. When the convention was over I went on a trip through the state to inspect some of our institutions and look over some public works, and I became convinced that the feeling had not died out. Every place I went I heard of the dissatisfaction over the proceedings of the convention. John W. Davis himself, as a man and as a candidate, was highly thought of. His great ability, his clean record, caused him to stand out in the minds of the people, but the feeling against Bryan and the feeling against the delegates from the Klan-ridden states was so strong that it seemed to me to be beyond the power of human accomplishment to wipe it out entirely.

In an effort to help the national ticket, I consented to renomination, and in September of that year was nominated for the fourth time by the Democratic Party, in convention at Syracuse. The Republican nominee was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Probably there was no election that I ever entered that I felt so sure of winning as that of 1924. I did not believe that young Roosevelt, speaking with due respect for him and all his family, measured up to the proportions required for the governorship of New York. I was encouraged in that belief by the large number of Republicans who so expressed themselves.

Following the campaign of 1922, I had appointed Joseph M. Proskauer, who was chairman of the citizens' committee for that election, to the Supreme Court to fill a vacancy. He was afterward elected to the court and therefore, for campaign manager in 1924, I selected a distinguished New York citizen, Raymond V. Ingersoll, as chairman of the citizens' committee for my reëlection. As usual, the headquarters was opened at the Hotel Biltmore. People interested in political campaigns unconsciously find themselves superstitious, and because of successes in the past, selection of places of meeting, methods of campaigning and personnel, selection of duties for the different people concerned, are followed out in practically the same way from year to year.

Before the state campaign opened I made a trip to New England for the national ticket. I spoke at Manchester, New Hampshire and at Boston, Massachusetts, dealing in both places with the national issues. While in Boston I was taken with an attack of neuritis. It disabled me for a few days. I was unable to complete the New England engagement and came on to New York, and one week later plunged into the state campaign.

One advantage that I had over Colonel Roosevelt in the campaign was that I spoke only once a day for an hour and a half at a time. Moreover, I took one subject a day and discussed it thoroughly. Colonel Roosevelt followed the old-time method of campaigning, making sixteen speeches a day from the rear platform of a railroad car. It was not long before it became apparent that I was making an impression on the voters of the state by dealing in detail with the big issues.

The Lone Democrat

The figures of the result of that campaign gave me some concern. Calvin Coolidge had carried the state of New York by more than 850,000 plurality. I carried it for governor by 108,561. I was anxious to know the reason for the spread between John W. Davis and myself in New York City. I sent for one of the employes of the trucking company with which I was formerly identified, and asked him to talk to his men and sound them out and see why, in a particular section where a number of them lived, there was such a difference in the presidential and gubernatorial vote. He informed me that part of it was due to the feeling that grew up in the 1924 national convention and part of it was due to the "prosperity issue."

The 1924 election had furnished additional argument against the selection of a governor in a year that a President is running. Absolutely no attention was paid to the Democratic state ticket, and as a result the heavy vote for the presidential candidate dragged in the whole Republican state ticket outside of the candidate for governor. Had I not been so prominent in advancing constructive reforms for the state and able to make a vigorous campaign, the history of 1920 would have repeated itself and the whole Republican state ticket would have been elected on national issues. I have always claimed that that is not in the best interests of the state.

Seymour Lowman, of Chemung County, was elected lieutenant governor. He was the same man who had represented the dry forces and sought to embarrass me in the campaign of 1922. The confusion of the issues brought about a peculiar situation in a state that had declared for a modification of prohibition by more than a million votes in a popular referendum and then selected one of the prohibition leaders for lieutenant governor.

The campaign over, I promptly plunged into the business of preparing the budget and the annual message to the legislature of 1925.

None of my inaugural speeches was ever prepared. I delivered them extemporaneously. I never regarded Inauguration Day as the right time to deliver a long speech on policy. I would rather deliver that to the legislature in joint session, relying upon the newspapers and the radio to carry it throughout the state.

In 1923 I had read my annual message in person to the senate and assembly in joint session for the first time in the history of the state. Usually when the governor's message was being read by the clerk of either house, the members adjourned to the smoking room and the clerk skipped pages of it in order to get it out of the way. Large numbers of legislators often admitted that they never read the governor's annual message.

At a public dinner I once said, jokingly, that the constitution of our state should be

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When the gates go down at the crossing, all traffic is compelled to stop.

In an equally positive manner the Comptometer, by means of the "Controlled-Key," automatically bars incomplete key-strokes in three different ways:

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The operator was adding down a column at high speed. Near the bottom something happened—she failed to put a key clear down.

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One of the most popular shoes in America

WASHINGTON has cast its vote for the Saxon. All up and down its tree-lined avenues this sturdy Bostonian is to be seen. Statesmen, diplomats, business executives are wearing it because of its rocker bottom comfort. Younger men choose it quite frankly for its smart lines. Whatever the reason men prefer it, the fact remains—the Saxon is one of the most popular shoes in America today. Probably you'll like it too. You can judge for yourself at any Bostonian store.

There are thousands of them—selling Bostonians at the modest price of $7 to $10.

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Bostonians are sold by the leading stores. In Washington, by The Young Men's Shop 1319-1321 F Street, N. W.

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WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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amended to provide for the election of two governors—one to attend to the business of the state and the other to attend public and social functions not directly connected with the business of the state. I was prompted to make that remark by the enormous volume of invitations, supplemented by personal requests, that come to public men to attend all kinds of functions. Even a slight acquaintance at times leads people to believe that the governor should attend a wedding in the family or a christening. Invitations to attend the laying of cornerstones for private buildings, private charitable enterprises, meetings of trade bodies, anniversary celebrations of all kinds, testimonial dinners, requests for the use of the governor's name for drives for charitable and religious purposes or for donations, all pour into the governor's office.

Explaining to personal friends how impossible it was for me to attend any considerable part of the affairs to which I had been invited took considerable time. To convince them of the impossibility of what they asked, I had my secretary compile a list of the invitations I received at the executive chamber in the course of a given month. In many instances five different affairs took place on one night. For my own protection and to enable me to carry on the business of the state, I had a fixed and definite rule not to attend any public gathering unless, by going, I could in some way serve the state or the city of New York.

Sometimes an invitation to a quasi-public gathering affords the governor an opportunity to give a personal message not only to the people at the function but to all the people of the state. I have taken advantage of such gatherings to speak about water power, reorganization of the government and the various subjects in which I was interested.

A Report to the Stockholders

Holding office over a number of years, the invitation difficulty is a great deal like a snowball rolling downhill. It gathers size, weight and momentum as it travels. In the early years of my governorship these invitations were limited to a few large cities of the state. In the later years I received them from all parts of the country. If I had accepted 10 per cent of the invitations I would have traveled by rail a distance equivalent to four times around the world. Inaugurated for the third time, I again read my message in person to the legislature and began again the battle for the progressive reforms started in my first and second terms. My first annual message in 1925 was in the form of a report to the stockholders by the president of a company.

In public speeches and in written memoranda I have often said that no private business could last very long if it was compelled to transact its business the way the state does. The policies of the government should be decided by law, as that is the expression of the direct representatives of the people themselves. The business side of the government ought to be in the hands of the executive, so that he may, without being tied down with red tape and restrictive statutes of all kinds, be prepared to put all his energy and ingenuity into the business of caring for the affairs of government, just as the president of a great corporation like the United States Steel, General Motors or the New York Central Railroad, can, without recourse to the directors for every little detail, transact the business side of the company's affairs.

For many years legislative leaders had realized that the state's method of carrying on its construction of public works by piecemeal appropriation out of current funds was unbusinesslike and actually wasteful. The more I looked into it the more deeply I was impressed with the necessity for a thorough investigation of the state's method of conducting its construction of public improvements.

In January, 1923, a fire occurred in Manhattan State Hospital. At that time it was overcrowded by some 20 per cent, and twenty-five persons lost their lives—some inmates and some employes. Needless to say that this shocked the state. The old building that was burned was used as a home for immigrant girls as far back as 1853. The interior was of wooden construction and the means of escape was cut off by a falling water tank that came through the burned timbers of the ceiling on the top floor. This happened less than two weeks after I was inaugurated for my second term, and I seized upon it as an opportunity to awaken the public mind to the obligation of the state to get rid of these dilapidated old fire traps as well as to provide new construction to meet the ever-growing population in the hospitals.

Thrashing it Out in Public

I set myself to make a concentrated effort to improve the state hospitals, and with the approval by the people of a fifty-million-dollar bond issue in 1923 we were able to see ahead clearly enough to enter on a building program for these particular institutions.

The same situation which confronted us with regard to construction of hospitals was just as evident with other necessary public improvements. We needed an office building for the state in Albany, one in New York and one in Buffalo. We needed new prisons. We needed to complete the old prisons. New evidence of this has just been adduced by the revelation of conditions at two of our big prisons. Like the fire at Manhattan State Hospital, the public always has to be shocked into action. We had undertaken the construction of the Poughkeepsie Bridge.

All such public improvements far outlive the generation which pays for them if they are paid for out of current revenues. I proposed that the state should amend its constitution so as to permit the legislature to issue bonds for ten million dollars a year for a period of ten years to cover this necessary work. I discussed the proposal first with the two Republican leaders of the legislature. They agreed to it and it passed the legislature for the first time in 1924. It encountered no opposition worth speaking about in the session of 1925, although both houses were then Republican, but, strange to say, immediately after the close of the legislature the whole proposition was challenged by Congressman Ogden L. Mills, who debated it with me at a dinner of the Economic Club in New York. The congressman did not have the facts on his side and was not successful in the debate.

Shortly after the dinner an open challenge was issued to me by former Governor Miller and by Congressman Mills to debate the bond issue with both of them. I accepted these challenges and at Carnegie Hall, in the middle of July, 1925, the debate with Governor Miller took place. One of the leading New York newspapers said that while we had a referee, no decision was rendered, in as much as that was up to the people themselves; but they awarded me the decision and put it upon the ground that there was need for action and I had a plan and Governor Miller had none. He simply opposed mine. Later, in Buffalo, I debated the question with Congressman Mills. I have never been unwilling to meet a challenge from an opponent and have always gladly mounted the platform for public discussion of both sides of a question. Going to the people by means of public debate has a strong appeal for me.

The proposal for the one-hundred-million-dollar bond issue was submitted to the electorate in 1925 and was carried, although it is a known fact that the Republican organization leaders throughout the state opposed it. Following its adoption and in 1926 state work began to progress.

Sing Sing Prison has been completed; the state office buildings in Albany and New York City will soon be ready for occupancy. Many other projects all over the state, including the state health laboratory, the

(Continued on Page 177)

When The Call Of All Outdoors Becomes A Positive *Command*

IF you've never known the thrill that comes only with a good gun nestled in your arm, begin right now and begin *right*—with a Winchester.

There's a Winchester for every shooting purpose—dependable, close shooting, beautiful in balance and in action and stamped on barrel and receiver with the "Winchester Proof" mark—the supreme test for safety and the mark of aristocracy in gun making.

Here, for instance, is Winchester Model 12, known as "the perfect repeater" and truly an outstanding masterpiece in shotguns. 6-shot hammerless. 12, 16 and 20 gauge.

You may, of course, prefer a hammer gun like model 97—a 6-shot, hammer repeater. Or, if you elect the small bore sport, there is Model 41—a racy, bolt action single-shot thoroughbred, or the Model 20—a beautiful break-down single-shot—each in .410 bore.

Whether it's your first gun, or your second or your third, be sure to get one of these fine Winchesters into your hands before you buy. You'll be glad forever after that you let it help you choose.

It will also help you choose to write for our FREE booklet—"The Game—The Gun—The Ammunition." Ask at the same time for "The Winchester Idea"—a booklet which describes—Guns and Ammunition, Cleaning and Lubricating Preparations, Flashlights and Batteries, Fishing Tackle, Ice and Roller Skates, Cutlery, Tools, Auto Radiators and Radiator Cores, made by—

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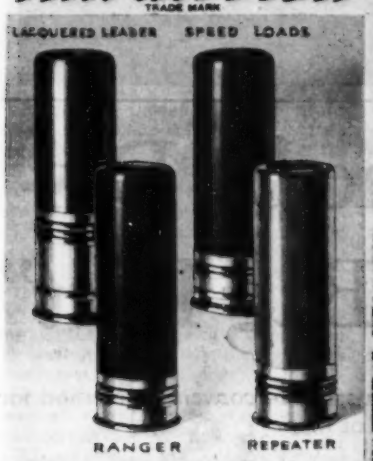

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"Air-Way Safeguards the Home by Disposing of Infectious Cleaner-Bag Dirt"

Mrs. Palmer—I am so glad you are here this afternoon, doctor. I wanted to ask you a few questions. I am reading a paper on Home Sanitation to our club next Wednesday afternoon. You know it's house cleaning time again.

Doctor Gray—Home sanitation is one of my hobbies. I see the lack of it or the presence of it reflected in sickness and health every day.

Mrs. Palmer—Briefly, doctor, what do you regard as the most important thing in home sanitation?

Doctor Gray—The home cleaner, of course. And as revealed in my observation and experience, the means of disposing of the dirt and dust collected in the home. I always recommend an Air-Way Sanitary System because Air-Way safeguards the home by disposing of infectious cleaner-bag dirt.

Mrs. Palmer—Please tell me how it does so.

Doctor Gray—Why, because it has no bag to empty. I'm so much impressed with the Air-Way Sanitary System because it seals all collected refuse in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container that is detached bodily and burned or cast away. It not only gets the dirt wherever it may be, and gets all of it, but it provides a safe and convenient method for disposing of it.

Mrs. Palmer—I remember now. A friend who has an Air-Way mentioned that fact. I didn't realize the importance of it.

Doctor Gray—I would suggest that you find out all about Air-Way before you read a paper on modern home hygiene. There will be Air-Way users in your audience. Thousands and thousands of women have already discarded old-fashioned cleaning equipment and are now using Air-Way because of its efficiency. I regard Air-Way as a splendid contribution to modern home sanitation.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of *(your city)*." Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

Air-Way
SANITARY SYSTEM
No Cleaner Bag or Container to Empty

If you do not find an Air-Way Branch listed in your phone book we will gladly supply you with complete information about The Air-Way Sanitary System. Just write your name and address on the corner of this page, tear off and send it direct to the factory.

AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. · AIR-WAY LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 174)

Teachers' College at Albany, the Poughkeepsie Bridge, schools, hospitals and parks have gone forward and are nearing completion. But we have had only four allotments of the bond issue and some of the largest undertakings are yet to come.

Another bond issue for which I assumed responsibility was $15,000,000 for a state park system reaching from Montauk Point at the lower end of Long Island, all the way to Niagara Falls.

Believing strongly in public recreation and realizing the difficulty of making land purchases at reasonable prices, I was ready to accept from the New York State Association the suggestion of coördinating the park system of the state. There were at least thirty-five separate boards and commissions, each in charge of some separate park project or in charge of the preservation of some historic site. Appropriations were made, each of them without regard to any of the needs of the others. These appropriations were usually dictated by political influence.

In 1923 and 1924, at my suggestion, the Council of Parks, composed of the chairmen of the various park regions, was set up by law and a proposal was submitted to the people to bond the state for fifteen million dollars for additional purchase of land for parks and the construction of parkways. This made such a popular appeal to the electorate that the proposal was carried, even in the presidential year of 1924, by more than a million plurality. Democrats and Republicans alike shared in the achievement. The proposal was supported by the leading members of both parties.

Bought and Paid For

One of the most striking illustrations of the increase in land values is the story of Deer Range Park on Long Island. The Long Island Park Commission attempted to acquire some sixteen hundred acres on the south shore of Long Island in Islip for a state park. This attempt led to one of the most important and interesting political fights that have occurred in this state in twenty-five years. Influential Republicans on Long Island opposed the purchase of this part by the state and it was afterward discovered that they desired to acquire it for themselves for private uses. The price at which it was offered to the state was so tempting that they formed a company of their own and attempted to prevent the state from getting possession.

Under the Conservation Law for the acquirement of property for state parks or parkways two methods are outlined—either purchase or what we call "entry and appropriation." In this instance the opponents of the park, through social connections, induced the people to withdraw their offer of sale and left to the state only its other course of entry and appropriation.

I personally devoted much time to it. I held a public hearing at my apartment in the Hotel Biltmore for the interested people, and made my decision, but not until after all kinds of political and social influence were exercised in an attempt to persuade me not to sign the papers.

The first week in December of 1924 I signed the necessary papers that made Deer Range Park the property of the state of New York. It was contended that when the state seized the property no appropriation had been made to pay for it, and the first entry by the state was invalid. The situation gave rise to a serious lawsuit and the matter was litigated back and forth until January of this year, when the Court of Appeals finally decided in favor of the state. In the course of the litigation, for the first time as far as my knowledge is concerned, the governor himself was a witness in favor of the state. Having in mind what this enormous tract of land meant to the women and children of the big city so close to it, I went where I knew I would find a sympathetic ear. I spoke to Mr. August Hecksher, whose philanthropy in the interest of children is known throughout the nation. He heeded my appeal and immediately deposited in a local bank two hundred and sixty thousand dollars to cover the purchase of the property.

The state immediately entered and appropriated the land again and this time, the money having been made available by deed and gift, the title of the property actually passed to the state of New York.

A Joker in the Park

So influential were the opponents of acquiring this tract on Long Island that they were able to enlist the sympathy and active coöperation of the Republican leaders in the legislature. Incensed by the fact that they were defeated in the preliminary steps, they sought, in 1925, to amend the law so that when appropriations were to be made out of the park bond-issue funds, for purchase of land for parks and parkways, these would have to have the approval of the Land Board then in existence, although they had previously voted for a constitutional amendment abolishing that body.

Practically no reply was made to my appeal to the Republican leaders and they adjourned the legislative session without making any appropriation from the bond issue for the purchase of parks or parkways, although they themselves, when seeking credit for the passage of the original proposal, said that it was necessary that action be taken at once, before the prices went up too high. I refused to accept the appropriation with the rider in it giving power to the Land Board to pass upon purchases.

On the Park Council at that time were a number of prominent and well-known Republicans. After consultation with the Council of Parks, I decided to call the legislature into extraordinary session and submit the proposal to them again, using an argument of their own that park lands should be purchased at once, before the prices went too high. Long before the legislature convened, and subsequent to my call, party pressure was being exerted upon the legislative leaders and the individual members of the senate and assembly. They met pursuant to the call. I addressed them and had the speech radioed in order to get the pressure of public opinion. They passed the same bill over again, with the joker in it giving power to the Land Board. I again vetoed it and the whole park program was held up during the year 1925.

The constitutional amendment reorganizing the government having been adopted by the people in the fall of 1925, there was no Land Board to which park purchases could be referred after January, 1926, and the legislators were compelled to make the direct appropriation to the Park Council the next year. From that time on we had smooth sailing with the park program. One prominent leader of the opposition said, "We may not have gained anything substantial by it, but at least we got one year nearer to the end of Smith."

The strange thing about this whole proceeding is that politics got into it in only one part of the state, and that a very small part. The rest of the park program was practically unopposed. The legislative leaders seemed to have no interest in any other park project except those on Long Island, although not one of them lives within two hundred and fifty miles of the place.

I feel fully compensated for all the work and anxiety when I see breathing spaces in beautifully wooded countrysides, and lakes and beaches for the women and children of today and for countless generations to come.

There was a fourth bond issue which I sponsored. Adoption of the grade-crossing amendment to the constitution, which I sponsored, has developed comprehensive plans for eliminating dangerous railroad crossings at grade throughout the state, and a program for the expenditure of thirty million dollars for this purpose is now being carried on on Long Island alone.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Governor Smith. The eighth and last will appear next week.

HERE IS A BIG BUSINESS THAT NEEDS BIG MEN . . .

Men of vision and initiative are always at a premium . . . They need not look for opportunities, for Opportunity will eventually find them out . . . and reward them.

In the field of automatic merchandising, this today holds true, just as it ever has in older and more established channels of business. So, frankly, we are seeking men of this type to the end that they, and we, may mutually succeed and prosper.

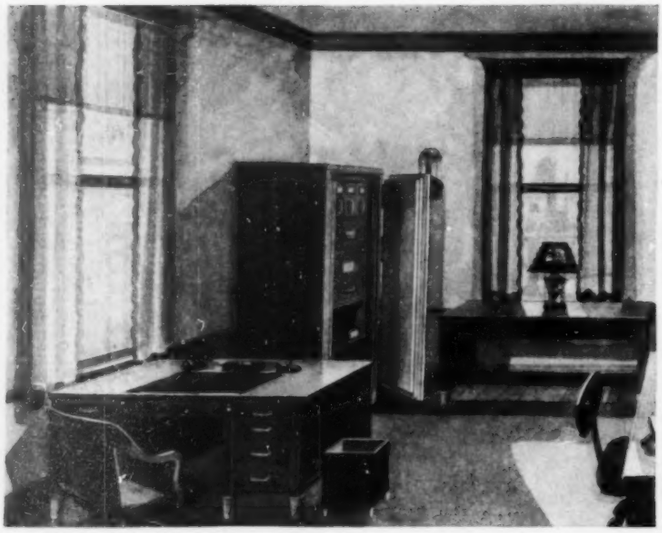
These men, and they will be comparatively few, will be given exclusive territorial franchises that will prove more and more valuable as time goes on, but which will pay handsome dividends from the very start.

They will direct a business of their own that is highly profitable, for the annual returns from their investment, be it $2,000 or $200,000 will range from 40 to 47 per cent. They will engage in pleasant and healthful work, the sort that does not confine them to a desk or enslave them to clocks or calendars.

They will be associated with, and assisted by, a $2,500,000 corporation that is manned by executives thoroughly schooled, by twenty years' experience, in the successful manufacture and operation of automatic vending machines. And they will have the benefits of national advertising, but none of the expense.

This, truly, is a big business that is growing bigger every day . . . a business that has already appealed to big business and professional men, both active and retired, as an outstanding opportunity for profitable investment and congenial employment alike.

Probably it appeals to you as well. If so, we'd be glad to tell you more about it if you'll write Department 202, The International Ticket Scale Corporation, Seventeen East Forty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y.



Banish 50-minute Business Hours

Make them full-time producers with pleasant, efficient office surroundings

BUSINESS men, today, know that surroundings have a tremendous effect on the worker. Office equipment that steals energy robs productive time . . . cuts down the efficiency of the entire personnel.

Hundreds of firms have done away with old-fashioned, misfit equipment . . . have turned to modern Art Metal furniture. Art Metal is smart and comfortable . . . and planned with a knowledge of today's business needs. It works smoothly, eliminates petty annoyances and speeds routine.

Whatever your needs, Art Metal can fill them. Desks for executive or staff; files for every possible requirement; fire safes of permanent pre-tested protection; shelving; any office piece . . . designed by engineers with forty years' experience . . . executed by master craftsmen and reasonably priced. Best of all, first cost is last, since steel does not splinter, break or warp and steel reduces fire hazard.

See this attractive furniture and equipment finished with special enamels in natural wood grains or rich olive green. See the wide variety of price and line . . . the most diversified line in the world. On display locally in over 500 cities.

Write for beautiful color booklet of office interiors . . . free

"Equipping the Modern Office" is illustrated with paintings by Lurelle Van Ardsdale Guild, widely known New York decorator. They suggest a few of the pleasing and practical office interiors that may be achieved through the use of Art Metal Equipment. We shall be glad to send you a copy along with any of the catalogs listed below. Just write, mentioning the ones you wish.

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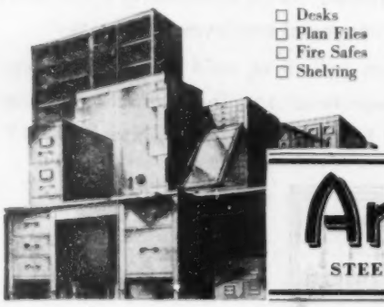

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STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

CROOKS PAY

(Continued from Page 25)

He tore off a piece of the menu and with painstaking care wrote an address which Nick pocketed.

"Let me see," the latter reflected, "it was you lads did in John Simon, the leather merchant, wasn't it, and made that big haul?"

The young man's face glowed with triumph.

"I did that job myself," he boasted—"couldn't trust anyone else. The loot was too heavy. The old fool was asking for it, too—with four thousand pounds in treasury notes and bills under his bed."

"He sure was," Nick Conklin acquiesced, sipping his champagne thoughtfully. "Your job, that, eh?"

"And a few others I can tell you of when we've a little more time," the young man promised. "You see, like most of my lads, I was kind of born with a knife in my hand. We all worked for the tanners or fellmongers in Bermondsey. I was earning six quid a week when I chucked it."

"You're doing a lot better than that now?" his neighbor speculated.

"You bet," was the scornful reply. "Pleasanter life too. I just hang round the pubs in the late morning and sometimes pick up a likely lad or two, and then have a look at the West End in the afternoon to see if I'm wanted. Then, once a week, we go out on our own. There's generally someone who's looking for trouble—got too rich or getting chatty or something of that sort."

"We'll do business before long," Nick promised him.

"And jolly proud we shall be," the gangster declared. "They're great readers, my lads—scarcely one of them who don't take the New York Police Gazette. You won't find Nick of New York any stranger, sir."

Dinner drew toward a close, and, in the absence of any inspiring contribution to the conversation from his other guest, Eustace Grant presently led the way up to the card room on the second floor, which was reserved for such occasions as this or for a surreptitious game of *chemin de fer*. More liqueur brandies were served, and with a good deal of chaff the business of the evening was discussed.

"Seems to me a lot of fuss about a simple game of cards," the fat young man remarked suspiciously. "Don't seem as though you played very often, either," he added, looking around.

"As a matter of fact, we don't," Eustace Grant admitted from the depths of an easy-chair. "The only game we really all care for is *chemin de fer*, and that's, unfortunately, illegal."

"That's a game I'd like to know," Mr. Fordham announced eagerly. "Couldn't we have a go tonight?"

Eustace Grant shook his head.

"Daren't risk it," he regretted. "I'm chairman of the committee and I can't see the rules broken. Clubs in the middle of London like this have to be run on pretty strict lines nowadays."

Mr. Fordham looked peevish but consoled himself with a huge cigar.

"Bring out the cards then, lad," he directed Rubens. "I'll soon see what you're made of."

The latter produced a brown paper parcel, with elaborate carelessness cut the strings and threw half a dozen packs upon the table. With clumsy fingers the fat boy broke the outer coverings.

"I'll go you through the pack red or black a fiver a time," he suggested. "Just for a breather, eh?"

"Who deals?" Sam Rubens asked cautiously.

"We can cut," the other proposed.

Sam hesitated, but only for a moment. He looked upon the affair as a waste of time, but his guest must be kept in a good humor.

"All right," he agreed. "Lowest deals."

He cut a three, but Fordham produced a two. He proved, also, a remarkably good guesser, for at the end of the deal he was forty fivers up to his opponent's twelve. The latter was a little dazed, a little rattled, too, by the ripples of amusement around.

"Have another go?" Fordham invited. "This is good enough for me. Twenty-eight fivers you owe me, my lad."

"It's a fool's game," Sam Rubens declared irritably. "We'll play poker."

Fordham looked dubious.

"We are old-fashioned folks up north," he observed. "Nap and *vingt et un* are our mark. Poker's that game where you have five cards and bet, ain't it—one pair, two pairs, three of a kind?"

"Admirably defined," Eustace Grant sneered. "I should think you'd better play nap."

The young man looked at him with a frown. When he frowned his face seemed to go into creases.

"It don't take me more than a few minutes to learn any game," he boasted. "Give me a drop more of that brandy, and I'll skin him."

Chips were counted out. Memorandum blocks for I O U's were produced, and the stage generally set for the contest. Martha, standing by the side of Eustace Grant, looked on scornfully.

"I think I'd rather see fighting," she confided. "Sam looks like a greedy little ferret, and that absurd young man has drunk too much."

"Well, you couldn't sympathize with such an atrocity," Grant remarked. "I wonder how much money he really has? A hundred thousand pounds, Sam told me. More than he'll be able to get rid of in one night, anyway."

"You're thinking about the competition?" she smiled.

"Perhaps I am," he admitted. "I'm not afraid of Sam, anyhow. If we carry the thing through to the end it will probably be a show-down between Nick of New York and me. Do you think he's serious about The Light of China?" he added, lowering his voice.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He boasts, like you all do," she observed, "but there's generally something behind what he says."

Eustace Grant looked frowningly at the ash upon his cigar.

"If by any miracle he got that," he muttered, "we might as well throw in our hands at once. You heard Amos Grimmett's valuation this afternoon?"

"Yes, I heard it, but I don't believe in miracles. Neither Nick of New York nor anyone else in the world could get away with that."

Eustace Grant pondered for a moment. His stealthy, light-colored eyes rested steadily on the girl. He convinced himself that she was keeping nothing from him and he breathed a sigh of relief.

"You're right," he agreed. "It's an impossibility."

The poker duel commenced and continued without much initial interest. The young man from Manchester, with hands generally inferior to his opponent's, bet cautiously and lost steadily. Sam Rubens recovered his spirits and his confidence. He leaned back in his chair. He chattered to his friends. He chaffed his adversary.

"Time we got going, Big Ned," he mocked. "Have a go at me this time. I raise you fifty quid. Take a look at what I got. A full house will beat me, maybe."

The fat young man threw down his cards with a scowl. Sam was benignly triumphant.

"Stick it out, fat boy," he urged as he dealt himself two aces, and a pair of twos to his adversary, "your time will come. One card? There you are. One for the dealer, and I'll back my threes against yours."

"Make it another fifty then," Fordham declared savagely, and promptly went down

(Continued on Page 181)

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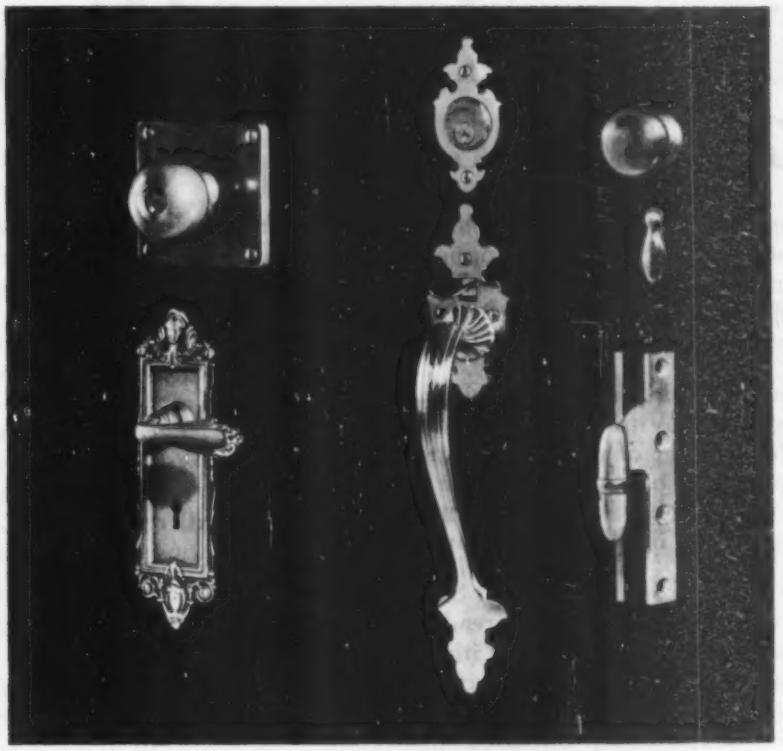

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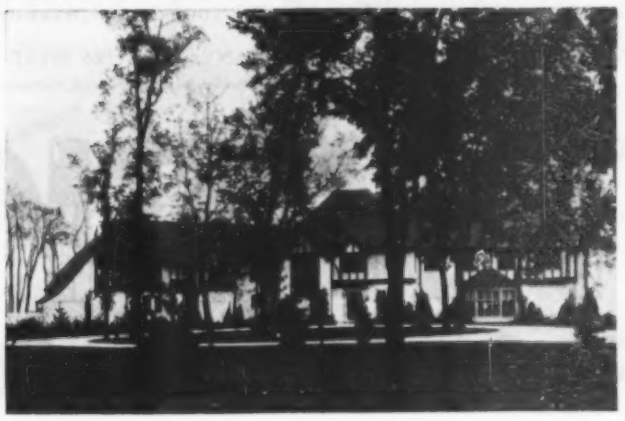

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(Continued from Page 178)

with his three two's. "Give me a whisky and soda," he demanded. "I can't play this game dry."

"Serve my guest everything he desires," Sam Rubens begged, "and give me the same."

It was Fordham's deal next, and directly he saw his cards he threw himself back in his chair with a whoop of joy.

"There's a good time coming for us all!" he chanted. "How many, laddie?"

Sam Rubens made a grimace. It cost him an effort, for he had four aces.

"One," he decided, after much hesitation.

"I'll play what I've got," his opponent declared with riotous exultation, "and double the ante."

"Look here," Eustace Grant intervened from his easy-chair by the fire, "I think it's only fair to give Mr. Fordham a hint. You shouldn't give your hand away like that, sir. If you've something good, sit tight. Half the art of poker is concealment. You don't mind, Sam."

"Oh, no," the latter answered peevishly. "I want to play the game sporting. I see you and raise you fifty, Fordham."

"Making it three hundred," the latter calculated. "Try six hundred."

Sam Rubens paused. He had put his opponent down at first with a straight. It might be a flush or even a full house, but even if it were fours it was beaten by his four aces.

There was nothing ahead but a straight flush.

"Try a thousand," he countered.

"Make it two thousand," the fat boy squeaked.

They were all around the table now. Sam Rubens was still confident, but not disposed to risk catastrophe.

"See you," Rubens decided. "Four aces here."

"I've got a run of those little chaps all in one suit," Fordham announced, scarcely able to speak for excitement as he laid down his cards. "Two, three, four, five, six of spades. How's that?"

"Straight flush," Passiter gasped.

Sam Rubens had lost all his winnings, and more besides. He drained his whisky and soda, however, and did his best to pull himself together. This was outrageous luck, of course—damnable, outrageous luck—but still hopeless against science. Several hands were played quietly. Then he timed his coup. He dealt, looked at his cards and laid them face downward upon the table.

"I double the ante," he declared.

"I redouble," Fordham rejoined, swaying a little in his seat.

"Very well," Sam Rubens agreed. "That's two hundred to come in. How many cards?"

"I'll play what I've got," Fordham decided with a grin. "Four hundred."

"Eight hundred."

"Sixteen hundred."

"Three thousand two hundred."

The fat young man was sweating from every pore.

"If I only understood the game," he moaned. "I'm not scared anyway. Double."

There was a quiver of emotion. Probably at that moment the coolest person in the room was Sam Rubens. He saw heaven opening before him.

"That was rash of you, fat boy," he jeered, "because it gives me the opportunity of making it twelve thousand eight hundred pounds. That's what it will cost you to see me. Feel like it, eh?"

Fordham groaned.

"I may have got the hang of this wrong," he lamented. "I got to see though."

Down on the table, from Sam Rubens' hand, went the cards.

"Nine, ten, jack, queen, king of spades," he cried hoarsely, leaning forward and looking into his opponent's face with glittering eyes.

One by one Fordham's cards followed onto the table.

"I got the same as the last time," he declared, "but they ain't little ones. Ten, jack, queen, king, ace of hearts."

There was a second's breathless silence. Sam Rubens sat quite still, a strange, dramatic figure, numb and speechless. His eyes were like burning pools of light, fixed upon the fatal cards. Suddenly he was on his feet. His hand shot out toward his adversary. His lips were pale. His eyes seemed to disappear into caverns of white flesh. There was fury in his tone.

"Them ain't the cards I gave you!" he yelled.

The fat young man, marvelously composed, grinned at him.

"Why, of course they ain't, Sam," he agreed. "You don't suppose I'd bet that way on what you gave me against a framed hand."

"You're a cheat!" his opponent shouted.

"Why, didn't you know it?" Ned Fordham asked wonderingly. "Ain't you?"

The argument was ended, as far as Sam Rubens was concerned, for, with a little stuttering cry, he collapsed in his place. The conqueror tapped his glass, and the gesture being favorably received he opened his mind to the company.

"I was invited here," he confided, "to have a bout with the most famous crook gambler in London; so notorious that there ain't a barman who don't warn the suckers against him. I've played him at his own game, and he calls me a cheat. He can't pretend he thought I was a sucker. That wouldn't go anywhere. . . . Sit down, young lady, opposite me, please—just to oblige."

Sam Rubens remained barely conscious—a white, stupefied figure. Martha obeyed the fat young man's invitation. He dealt her five cards.

"You bet, madam," he invited. "Never mind the chips."

"But I have only four cards," she pointed out.

"But I dealt you five," he insisted. "Look under the tablecloth."

She lifted it up and discovered the missing card. There was an awed murmur from the bystanders. The young man from Manchester stretched out his hand.

"Give me a pack," he begged—"any pack."

Passiter placed one in his hand. He dealt five cards to himself and took five others from the top of the pack. Even as he held them there they disappeared.

"Now, madam," he said, "you bet."

"But I have no cards," she protested. "That's queer!"

He looked up to the ceiling and slapped the table with his hand. This time it seemed to everyone present that a miracle had happened. One by one the cards came fluttering down and fell in front of Martha in a regular line. She uttered a little shriek and left her place.

"What you folks have seen," Fordham declared, turning to Eustace Grant, "was a trial of skill between two famous card crooks. I want to ask you this, sir. If I had lost, would Sam Rubens there have expected my brass?"

"He certainly would," Grant admitted, "and we stayed here to see that you paid."

"Ain't it justice, then, that I should get mine?" Ned Fordham demanded.

"It certainly is," Grant replied, "and you shall have it."

Sam Rubens looked up. The spirit had died out of him. He was a limp, nerveless object, his hand still shaking, his voice toneless.

"Do I have to pay him?" he asked Grant piteously.

"You certainly do," was the firm response. "How much have you on you in cash?"

"Nineteen hundred pounds," the young man groaned, producing a wad of notes.

Grant counted the money and pressed the bell. After a brief delay, Charles appeared.

"Tell Mr. Flood to bring down his account book," Grant directed.

There was another brief delay. No one seemed inclined for speech. The fat young

Your Family Doctor
might have written this advertisement!

EVENTUALLY people everywhere will well understand what the medical man knows about the food value of *Brown* rice for perfectly healthy persons as well as for people in ill health...The *Brown* rice, from which Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes are made, retains the four vitamins, nine minerals, iodin and lysine which are all so good for you. It is one of the most easily digested foods.

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It is supremely delicious; practically a confection. Imagine popcorny, nutty-flavored flakes so crisp they rustle in milk and cream. That fairly describes the toasty Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes...Taste and nutrition go together. It is idle to eat for taste alone when you can get both...first thing every day. Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes tone up the body.

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If you are interested in bran because it assists elimination, eat Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes and note the results over a period of weeks. Because you get this bran not alone but plus unusual food values and plus a taste and crispness that are full of thrills. The bran is the brown part of *Brown* rice which is left on when making Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes.

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Watch the children get to breakfast on time after they sample Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes. A lot they care about the vitamins and minerals and growth promoting lysine which *Brown* Rice contains. But they do know when a breakfast food tastes as good as candy, and Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes is the children's own breakfast food.

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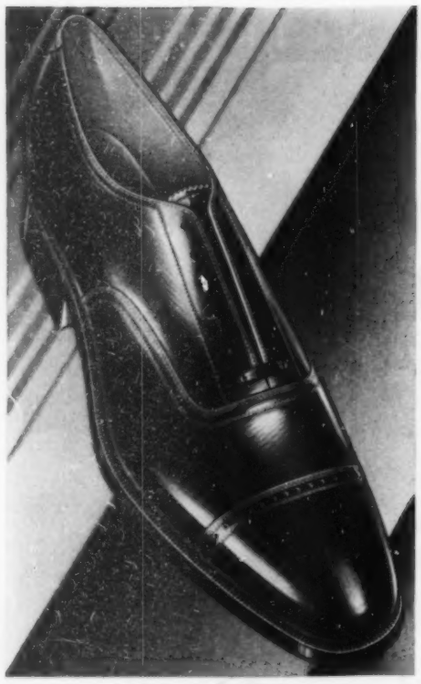

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THE PRINCETON . . . *Style* M-363

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

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To improve your Game *wear a* PAL

Pick the best golfer you know. Watch the full free swing of his stroke. His ease . . . poise . . . balance. His unworried concentration on the game. You may be sure he wears an athletic supporter.

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Nobody can be thoroughly at ease in any athletic activity unless the zone of danger is guarded. Nature left certain delicate cords and tendons unprotected. Instinctively the body seeks to guard them . . . stiffens ever so slightly. Your game suffers.

Wear a PAL, and improve it. PAL is far superior to the ordinary all-elastic supporter. It is porous . . . knit of soft-covered elastic threads. A more *efficient* supporter . . . snug where it should be . . . comfortable all over. PAL doesn't get perspiration-stiff . . . doesn't chafe. And it will outwear two or three ordinary supporters. At all drug stores . . . one dollar. (*Price slightly higher in Canada.*)

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man lounged back in his chair, his cigar in the corner of his mouth, his hands in his pockets. Presently Flood presented himself.

"How much have you standing to Sam Rubens' account, Flood?" Grant inquired.

"Four thousand four hundred pounds, and a trifle of interest," was the prompt reply. "Against that, there's his drink and restaurant bill for a month."

"We'll see to that," Grant decided, drawing his check book from his pocket and writing rapidly. "Make out a check on the club account, Flood, to Mr. Ned Fordham here."

"For the four thousand four hundred pounds?"

"Every penny. There you are, Fordham," Grant went on, pushing the notes across the table. "Nineteen hundred pounds in cash, a club check for four thousand four hundred, and mine here for the balance, less two hundred pounds for the chips."

The young man from Manchester collected the money and check and thrust them into his pocket with a grin.

"Well," he confided, "you Londoners are all right. I knew you were mostly crooks and I never thought I should touch the whole of this."

Grant held open the door for him. No one offered to shake hands.

"You'll collect your other check from Mr. Flood in the office downstairs," he said. "We may be what you have called us, but—crooks pay."

Sam Rubens looked up, white and distraught, from the depths of his chair.

"Am I cleaned out, chief?" he faltered.

"You are," was the stern response.

"Every bob?"

"Every bob. It was the worst show I ever saw. Bad enough to lose to the law, but when you can't tell a cleverer crook than yourself from a sucker it's time you went out of business, Sam. We've no more use for you."

"But—but what am I to do?"

"Turn honest. It's the only thing for mugs like you."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in the September twenty-first issue.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

(Continued from Page 27)

much inferior fleet, but he succeeded in keeping open the Dutch ports and preventing an invasion. As is usually the case in allied wars which are not successful, there were mutual recriminations between the English and the French. The alliance had never been popular with the English people, and public opinion induced Charles, on February 19, 1674, to sign a peace with the United Provinces. The Dutch paid an indemnity and acknowledged the supremacy of the British flag from Cape Finisterre, Spain, to Norway, but continued to war with France. England, as a neutral, secured most of the carrying trade formerly enjoyed by Holland. Thus was lost the sea power of Holland.

The eighteenth century opened with the War of the Spanish Succession. The result of this war exercised an important influence on sea power. The King of Spain a scion of the House of Hapsburg, had no heir. Since he was broken in mind and body, an early death was expected. Louis XIV wanted to make his grandson King of Spain, so that Spain and France both would be ruled by the House of Bourbon. To this end, the King of Spain was persuaded to make a will bequeathing the throne to the Duke of Anjou, who became Philip V of Spain. Thus France and Spain were united under one family.

The Spanish Empire at that time had as possessions beyond its borders Belgium, Naples, Milan, and Sicily, Sardinia and the Balearic Islands. It included also Cuba, Porto Rico, Spanish America, and the Philippine Islands in Asia. In the war that ensued, France and Spain were on one side, and England, Austria and Holland on the other.

One War After Another

The war was ended in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht. As a result, a Bourbon was secure on the throne and Spain was enabled to keep its American possessions. Austria secured the Spanish Netherlands. England obtained Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. By this treaty Great Britain began the extension of her territories that has made her the great empire she is today. Gibraltar was taken from Spain, and unto this day remains a stronghold in the maintenance of British power and prestige in the Mediterranean Sea. The Treaty of Utrecht confirmed Holland's position as a second-rate power. Compelled to use her wealth and strength for protection against the military aggressions of Louis XIV, the Dutch neglected their navy and in consequence lost the world position they had hardly won as a maritime power.

In 1740, a generation later, Europe was torn again by the war over the Austrian successor. On the one side were France, Spain, Bavaria and Prussia; on the other, Austria, England and Holland. The war was ended by a treaty signed at Aix-la-Chapelle on October 18, 1748. It is notable that by this treaty Prussia obtained Silesia. The defeat of France and Spain upon the sea impelled Louis XV to conclude peace. It was the sea power of England that saved the country, since the French had taken Holland and Belgium, and were in military control of Continental Europe.

A Spur to Others

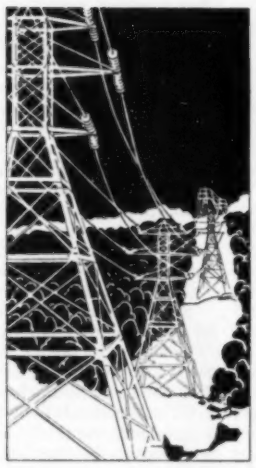
Any study of the history of the eighteenth century leads to the surprising conclusion that often hostilities were engaged in without a previous declaration of war. For instance, Braddock's campaign in 1755 against the French in Western Pennsylvania, and the capture of two French warships off the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, were not preceded by a declaration of war. These high-handed acts did have the effect of causing the French ambassador to be recalled from London. British fleets captured 300 French merchant ships and made 6000 French seamen prisoners. All this occurred during nominal peace. On the other hand, the French sent vessels of the line, 150 transports and 15,000 men to attempt the capture of the island of Minorca. A fleet with 4000 troops was sent to relieve the siege of Minorca. This resulted in an indecisive engagement between the two fleets. In England the disappointment over this battle resulted in the British Admiral Byng being tried before a court-martial on a charge of cowardice. The court found that he was not a coward, but he was found guilty of negligence and shot. It was this event that led Voltaire to make the terse remark that Byng was shot "*pour encourager les autres.*"

Relying upon supremacy at sea, England at this time issued an order in council declaring "all the ports of France in a state of blockade, and all vessels bound to those ports liable to seizure as lawful prizes." Any nation that has nothing to fear from neutrals and the violation of neutral rights is apt to be arbitrary. Not content with a war with England on her hands, France made an alliance with Austria, Russia, Sweden and Holland against Frederick the Great. Frederick the Great took the initiative and thus began the Seven Years' War.

The results of the war at sea were entirely advantageous to England, although more than 1300 British merchant vessels

(Continued on Page 184)

Bringing the SMALL TOWN AND COUNTRYSIDE *into step with American Progress—*



The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

THE smaller communities of America have in recent years made vast strides in all the things that indicate richer lives. In better schools, in new highways, in the nearly universal family ownership of the automobile, the most remarkable gains have occurred outside the great metropolitan centers. In many cases states with a preponderant rural population are at the head of the procession.

This is a new thing in our history. Americans have long been used to such progress in metropolitan centers and in newly opened lands in younger states of the Union, where we are still carrying on with modern facilities the work of the first settler and covered wagon. But the renaissance of the "open spaces" is now as characteristic of the older settled Atlantic seaboard as of the youngest commonwealths of the Union.

This diffusion of wealth and more generous life is directly related to the widespread diffusion of electric power.

The universal availability of ample ever-ready electric power, so flexible that it can be instantly applied to any task, from cleaning a rug to energizing an entire factory, has brought into the small towns and the countryside the most productive force of our times. Accustomed as we are to measure higher living standards in dollars and cents or in visible things—like motor cars, telephones, buildings and miles of highways—the very cheapness of power tends to conceal its importance as an asset to these towns. Yet the revival of the small town is based squarely on the industrial activity which has followed the construction of widespread electric power systems over the countryside.

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Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

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Below are listed the names of the Cash Prize Winners in the Contest that appeared in the two-page advertisement for Planters Salted Peanuts in the June 8th, 1929, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

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Young men turn instinctively to Friendly Five Shoes, for under no other name can they find the companionable combination of ultra smartness, footfree comfort and unmistakable quality . . . . at the friendly price of five dollars.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, NASHVILLE, TENN.

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

(Continued from Page 182)

were captured by French privateers. In three years British overseas trade increased enormously, so that despite a long and bloody war the prosperity of the nation increased. The destruction of French sea power made the alliance of Spain and France important. One interesting result of the war was that little Portugal turned to England for protection, rather than to Spain. Peace was signed at Paris in the year 1763. By the treaty England obtained all French possessions in North America, and, from Spain, England obtained Florida in exchange for Havana, which had been captured by British forces. The islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique were returned to France. Five days after the Peace of Paris a treaty of peace was signed by the other warring powers which simply established the *status quo ante bellum*. The genius of Frederick the Great saved Prussia from the onslaught of a coalition of overwhelming strength. The Prussians lost 180,000 men out of a population of 5,000,000. The allies lost nearly 500,000 men.

Admiral Mahan has shown where, to the United States, is the great and still living interest of the Seven Years' War. "In it," he wrote, "we have seen and followed England, with an army small as compared with other states—as is still her case today—first successfully defending her own shores, then carrying her arms in every direction, spreading her rule and influence over remote regions, and not only binding them to her obedience but making them tributary to her wealth, her strength, and her reputation. As she loosens the grasp and neutralizes the influence of France and Spain in regions beyond the sea, there is, perhaps, seen the prophecy of some other great nation in days yet to come, that will incline the balance of power in some future sea war, whose scope will be recognized afterward, if not by contemporaries, to have been the political future and the economical development of regions before lost to civilization; but that nation will not be the United States if the moment find her indifferent, as now, to the empire of the seas."

Strictest Neutrality

England, the admiral continues, had conquered "by the superiority of her government, using the tremendous weapon of her sea power. This made her rich, and, in turn, protected the trade by which she had her wealth. With her money she upheld her few auxiliaries, mainly Prussia and Hanover, in their desperate strife. Her power was everywhere that her ships could reach, and there was none to dispute the sea to her. Where she would, she went, and with her went her guns and her troops. By this mobility her forces were multiplied, those of her enemies distracted. Ruler of the seas, she everywhere obstructed its highways. The enemies' fleets could not join; no great fleet could get out, or if it did, it was only to meet at once, with uninured officers and crews, those who were hardened in gales and warfare."

As a result of the Seven Years' War, France realized that her decline was due to lack of sea power. The restoration of the French Navy became the leading policy of the prime minister, the Duc de Choiseul. Steps were taken to increase the efficiency of the personnel. By 1770 the French had sixty-four ships of the line, fifty frigates, and a fairly efficient personnel.

Louis XV died in 1774 and was succeeded by King Louis XVI. The ethical spirit prevailing between supposedly friendly nations in the eighteenth century has an interesting and humorous example in the instructions given to his ministers in 1775 by the young King Louis: "To watch all indications of approaching danger; to observe in England the state of the troops and armaments, the public credit and the ministry; to meddle adroitly in the affairs of the British colonies; to give the insurgent colonies the means of obtaining supplies of war, while maintaining the strictest neutrality; to develop actively, but noiselessly, the navy; and get everything ready for an invasion of England." Three years later their adroit meddling and queer "strictest neutrality" furnished the revolting American colonies with the sinews of war and brought on hostilities between France and England.

At this time began the War of the American Revolution. In 1778 France declared war against England. This was due almost entirely to the influence and diplomacy of Benjamin Franklin. A year later Spain became an ally of France. The allies had 140 ships of the line and the English 150. The allied ships, however, were larger and carried heavier guns.

Naval Superiority First

The treaty between France and America, signed on the sixth of February, 1778, is notable, as Admiral Mahan says, for the fact it proves that "the express renunciation of Canada and Nova Scotia by France foreshadowed that political theory which is now known as the Monroe Doctrine, the claims of which can scarcely be made good without an adequate sea force; and next, that the alliance with France, and subsequently with Spain, brought to the Americans that which they, above all, needed—sea power to counterbalance that of England. Will it be too much for American pride to admit that, had France refused to contest the control of the sea with England, the latter would have been able to reduce the Atlantic seaboard?"

Sea power as a necessity for the success of the colonies was clearly recognized by Washington by the following plan of operations with the French Army, dated July 15, 1780, and sent by the hand of Lafayette:

"The Marquis de Lafayette will be pleased to communicate the following general ideas to Count de Rochambeau and the Chevalier de Ternay as the sentiments of the underwritten:

"In any operation, and under all circumstances, a decisive naval superiority is to be considered as a fundamental principle and the basis upon which every hope of success must ultimately depend."

Though the most formal and decisive expression of Washington's views, this is but one among many equally distinct. Thus, writing to Franklin, December 20, 1780, he asserted:

"Disappointed of the second division of French troops—blockaded in Brest—but more especially in the expected naval superiority, which was the pivot upon which everything turned, we have been compelled to spend an inactive campaign after a flattering prospect at the opening."

Later, on January 15, 1781, he wrote to Colonel Laurens:

"Next to a loan of money, a constant naval superiority upon these coasts is the object most interesting. This would instantly reduce the enemy to a defensive. . . . Indeed, it is not to be conceived how they could subsist a large force in this country if we had the command of the seas to interrupt the regular transmission of supplies from Europe."

Ships and money were needed to win the Revolution. They were furnished by France—a fact Americans should never forget.

It was in this war that the actions of the British Navy against the maritime interests of neutrals caused the formation of an armed neutrality, proposed by Catharine of Russia and accepted by Sweden and Denmark. The claim of England to the right of seizing enemy goods in neutral ships was injurious to the carrying trade of neutral powers. Because of the war, much of the carrying trade of Europe had fallen to the part of the Baltic powers and Holland. The declarations made by the armed neutrality were that neutrals had the right to maintain the coasting trade of a belligerent; property belonging to a belligerent on a neutral vessel was safe—this declaration was the origin of "free ships

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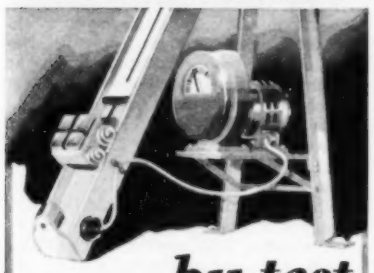

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make free goods"—only arms and munitions of war were contraband; blockades, to be binding, must be effective.

England disregarded the first and third declarations. Holland had been asked to join the armed neutrality, but the United Provinces were divided on the question. The majority of the provinces, however, favored the proposition. A British ship had fired on a Dutch ship which resisted the search of merchant vessels under its convoy. When Holland then joined in the armed neutrality, England declared war. The difficulty of maintaining communications overseas in wartime is well illustrated by an incident of the war. A French convoy of 150 vessels protected by seventeen warships was pursued by twelve British ships under Admiral Kempenfelt. Despite the fact that the French outnumbered the British, Kempenfelt was enabled to cut off a large number of their convoy. The French fleet encountered a hurricane and only seven French vessels—two warships and five merchantmen—succeeded in reaching their destination in the West Indies.

The object of this war and the results thereof were more concerned with sea power than with actual freedom of the seas. This is easily understood by the fact that all the great maritime powers were belligerents. The Bourbon allies, France and Spain, were motivated in attacking England by a desire to conquer the West Indies and to reconquer British possessions in India. In short, they wished to strike at the maritime and political supremacy of England. It may well be that a domineering exploitation of sea power will result in a coalition to lessen that power. France and Spain seized this opportunity to their advantage when England was occupied with the revolting American colonists. French assistance, which unquestionably assured America her independence, was not given solely for that purpose. The real object was to strike at British sea power.

Our Greatest Interest

The British admirals, Hood and Rodney, defeated the Comte de Grasse, who had more ships, larger and better armed than the British. The personnel of the British was superior to that of the French. In the final analysis, it is the human element that determines decisions in naval warfare. It is well to remember that in discussions on sea power, parity of naval strength and building programs.

A treaty of peace was signed at Versailles, September 3, 1783. The greatest interest in the result of the war to any American lies, of course, in the fact that Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the Colonies. The result to the powers engaged in the war practically was a return of the *status quo ante bellum*. In Europe the success of the French Revolution resulted in the abolishment of autocracy in France and the establishment of the republic on the twenty-first of September, 1792. Another and more important result was a series of great wars that lasted until the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, when the power of the great Napoleon was forever broken. The French armies were used by the government to secure her "natural frontiers." This meant that all territory from the left bank of the Rhine to the sea should be French. The French policy caused other powers to forget differences and jealousies and, with England leading, all the great powers began war against the French Republic.

The Sea Against the Land

Under Napoleon, France had become a nation of tremendous power and influence. The man of destiny adopted strong and aggressive policies abroad and established liberal ideas at home. The great European powers were conquered one by one by his genius, and the Peace of Lunéville, on February 9, 1801, gave France her natural boundaries and left England as the sole enemy. England's determination to resist was bound to result from a defiance of the principles of the armed neutrality in favor of neutral commerce. The continued aggression of Britain against neutrals on the seas caused Russia, Prussia, Denmark and Sweden to form a coalition to force the issue and obtain freedom of commerce. England sent a fleet to the Baltic to break up the coalition, with Nelson, "the embodiment of British sea power," second in command of the fleet. Denmark was the leader of the coalition and therefore Nelson fought a battle at Copenhagen, one of his great victories. Denmark was compelled to sue for an armistice. Shortly thereafter Russia deserted the coalition, which came to an end, and English diplomacy soon had the northern powers as allies.

It was British sea power that caused the loss of the French army Napoleon had sent to Egypt. Napoleon ruled the land and Britain ruled the sea. As neither at the time could gain further by warfare with the other, negotiations for peace culminated in the Peace of Amiens in 1802.

But the imperialism of Napoleon caused the formation against him of coalition after coalition. The great and decisive naval battle of Trafalgar finally destroyed the naval power of France and Spain. The conquest of the sea permitted England to land troops in Portugal to aid a Spanish revolt against Napoleon. For four years British sea power enabled Spain and Portugal to resist the emperor, and in this war Lord Wellington gained imperishable fame. He not only drove the French from Spain but followed them into France so far as to threaten Bayonne. A consummation of sea power!

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Rear Admiral Magruder. The second will appear in an early issue.

GEORGE HARVEY, JOURNALIST AND AMBASSADOR

(Continued from Page 11)

although my opinion was based upon a mere deduction. He was asking me who I thought would compose the American delegation at the conference. I replied that I knew no more about it than he, but that it was a reasonable supposition that the President would appoint you as the head of the delegation and quite likely would include one or more representatives of the Senate. He remarked reflectively that he thought he might get along very well with the President, who seemed to have a broad and generous mind, but that from all that he could learn he thought that you would be extremely *difficile*, somewhat dogmatic, very tenacious of your opinions, and not easily swerved from a position which you had assumed, by arguments such as he was accustomed to use. Where he obtained the information on which he based this judgment, I have no idea. . . . In any case, I felt called upon to say to him merely that he would find you quite as open-minded and quite as fair-minded as, and not a whit more resolute in adherence to a carefully formed judgment than, the President. I fear, however, that my view was not as convincing to his mind as it deserved to be.

"He regarded Mr. Root most favorably, but in that respect he was only voicing the universal sentiment here to the effect that in Mr. Root the British have a very strong and favoring friend in any court. He grieved sorely and shook his head sadly at his own mention of the anti-British proclivities of Senator Lodge, and literally raised his hands in horror at the thought of Borah, although he did not feel sure that Knox would not be even more intractable in negotiations. He was polite enough to

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link me with the President, as a type of mind and temperament that he could readily do business with in a coöperative way; but in as much as I fully realized that, to his mind, no less than to Lord Curzon's, coöperation spells acquiescence in their own judgments, I experienced no undue sense of elation or gratification.

"The fact of the matter is, in dealing with British statesmen of either the Lloyd George or the Curzon type, one is obliged to recognize that he is treating with representatives of what is commonly described here and is, literally, the ruling class. That this should apply to one of the antecedents and viceregal experience of Lord Curzon is easily understood.

"It is less obvious in the case of Lloyd George. His development along these lines is a direct consequence, not of tradition but of personal experience. He has been so dominant during the past few years that he has become almost unduly conscious of his power. He is a totally different Lloyd George from the Lloyd George I knew when he was a radical on the outside, trying to break into the inner circle of authority. In Paris, for example, although Briand was in the chair, he assumed full charge of all the proceedings in a quite matter-of-course manner, which was a complete revelation to me. He was able to do so in the most high-handed, yet in the most genial and almost ingratiating way, because there at the table were Italy and Japan at his mercy, and perforce ready and willing to follow his lead, wherever he might go.

"Moreover, with the aid of his extremely capable staff, supplemented by his own amazing fertility of thought and facility of expression, he almost invariably had the better of any argument, and all the French could do in any case was reluctantly to acquiesce, or stubbornly refuse to agree. It was quite obvious that he was somewhat discomfited by my refusal either to approve or disapprove of the referring of Silesia to the League of Nations, but he passed it over quickly with a shrug of his shoulders, and stopped and shook hands as cordially as ever when he left to catch his train.

"I think I have indicated sufficiently the reasons for my suggestion that Lloyd George is really afraid of you. He does not like to face a fact, and he has got it firmly fixed in his mind that you are a fact."

The Situation in a Nutshell

"My general theory received unexpected confirmation yesterday when, by chance, I met Philip Kerr at luncheon. He said to me, with the utmost outspokenness, that while there were, and would continue to be, very good reasons why Lloyd George should not leave the country, he would not go to the Washington Conference at the outset in any case, because he could not afford to do so.

"He had reached the point where the maintenance of his prestige depended upon actual achievement, and he could gain nothing by merely helping to inaugurate the proceedings, if nothing noteworthy was accomplished to the advantage of the British Empire. Any such happening as that at the present stage of his career would be in the nature of an anticlimax, and might affect his political control to his injury. If at some later stage of the game he should perceive a possibility of going over and resolving an impasse, and returning 'with his pockets full of good things' for the empire, he should keep himself in readiness to act accordingly.

"That is the whole situation in a nutshell, as far as Lloyd George is concerned. The British Government, as at present constituted, is simply playing a game for nationally and personally selfish purposes. This statement does not, however, apply to the British people, from the king down to the most humble citizen capable of seeing beyond the end of his nose, who are wholly sincere in their expressed desire to stand in with America. That is the one vital, preponderant fact."

When at last the composition of the British Commission and its auxiliaries of experts, correspondents, and the like, was determined, Harvey wrote to the President concerning them:

"I judge from a note from the secretary that Monsieur Camerlynck is likely to act as one of the interpreters in the conference. I have already remarked upon his exceptional qualifications in a note to Mr. Hughes. I may add, for your information and Mrs. Harding's, that Monsieur Camerlynck is a highly bred French gentleman, eminently fitted to sit in at any dinner or other party. In any conversation you may have with Monsieur Briand or other delegates who do not speak English, you would find Monsieur Camerlynck invaluable. His is one of those rare, cultivated minds that can convey instantly from one to the other the finest shades of meaning.

"Mr. H. G. Wells lunched with me just before he sailed to write for a syndicate of papers. He is, as of course you know, a genius in his way. . . .

"I heard last night that Arnold Bennett, the author of The Old Wives' Tale, a very clever novelist, is going over for The Daily Express, the most sensational paper here, controlled by Lord Beaverbrook, who was Max Aitken, of Canada. I have known Bennett for years and used to publish his books. . . ."

The Man and the Moment

"I have referred in a previous communication to Sir Maurice Hankey, Lord Riddell and Sir Philip Sassoon, who, along with Sir Edward Grigg, constitute the Prime Minister's kitchen cabinet. Hankey is as astute as anyone I know. . . . He has a pleasing personality and is quite delightful in conversation. Riddell was Sir George Newnes' right-hand man on his various publications. He was Sir George when I used to play golf with him at the famous Walton Heath course, but is now a peer by grace of the Prime Minister, who never fails to reward a useful helper through bestowal of a title or otherwise. Riddell has grown rich through the success of his paper, called The News of the World. . . .

"Sir Philip Sassoon, as I mentioned previously, is very rich and vain. . . . Sir Edward Grigg, whom also I have mentioned before, is a thoroughbred English gentleman in every respect."

A week after the opening of the Washington Conference and Secretary Hughes' momentous proposals, Harvey wrote to him:

"Your bombshell, as they depicted it here, produced a natural reaction of hesitation, but for only a day, and the settled opinion, as at the beginning, has become even more substantial. Nothing now, in my judgment, can change it. The people are more determined than ever to avail themselves of this opportunity to establish enduring coöperative relations with the United States, which of course means that the alliance with Japan is becoming more and more distasteful. Upon the growth of this sentiment I feel you may depend with surety.

"At this moment, as I have indicated, all minds are concentrated upon the Irish business in the hope of getting it out of the way, so that the Prime Minister can seize upon an opportune moment to cut his customary dash, by rushing across the Atlantic to resolve a crisis which, you may rest assured, Hankey and Riddell are even now striving to prepare for him. The simple fact is that you took the wind out of his sails, and the fact perturbs him mightily."

This same letter contained a passage on another theme, which showed the particularly gracious courtesy which Harvey manifested toward the representative of the power against which, a few years before, he had every week launched almost incredibly fierce philippics:

"I have just returned from my first formal call upon the German Ambassador. The peculiar conditions made for some doubt as to the exact proprieties, but it

(Continued on Page 189)

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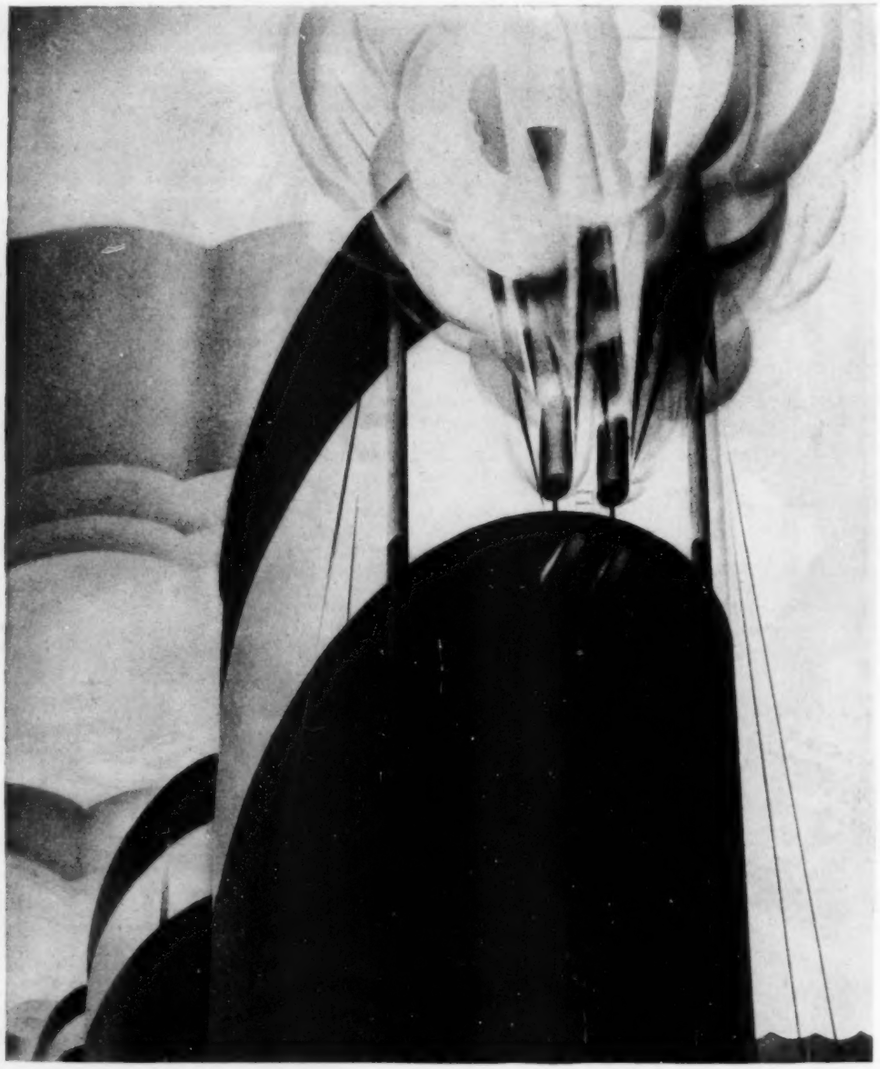

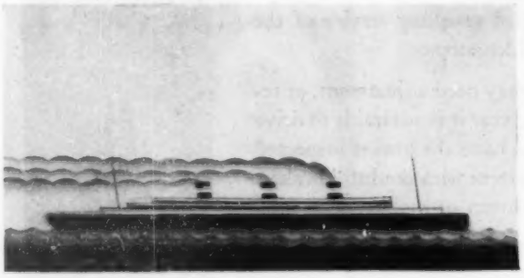

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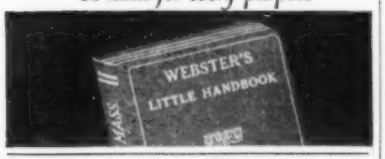

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(Continued from Page 186)

seemed to me desirable to waive any minor points of official etiquette, and I went to the bat straight away. This was comparatively easy, because I made it a point to have personal though unofficial relations with Herr Stammer since I first met him at Buckingham Palace months ago. He received me with open arms, and we had a most friendly conversation. As doubtless you are aware, he is not a Prussian diplomat of the old sort, but is a Hamburg merchant, and his wife is partly American by descent. They have been practically ignored here by the English and have been treated very shabbily by the Diplomatic Corps. Consequently we shall give them a dinner of suitable distinction at an early date."

The impression produced in England by Secretary Hughes' proposal at the opening of the conference formed the theme of a long and interesting letter to the Secretary of State:

"By chance I dined last evening with a small party comprising Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor; Winston Churchill, Sir William Tyrrell, the Duke of Sutherland, and Sir George Younger, leader of the Unionist Party. The occasion resolved instantly into a general acclaim amounting almost to an ovation over the proposals from Washington. The wives of those mentioned, no less than themselves, made no attempt to restrain their gratification and admiration. It was really a remarkable episode. Nothing else was talked about during the entire dinner. Churchill said he could not find words to express his rejoicing as an Englishman and his pride in his American ancestry. His hat was not only off but as high as he could throw it. Birkenhead was equally exuberant. Sir William, though less effusive, simply radiated his happiness. In fact, he talked so freely and so rapidly that when I said that I should like to communicate their joint response to my Government there was a universal shout of approval. Churchill said that it was impossible to put it too strongly. Birkenhead eagerly acquiesced, and so did each of the others.

"Incidentally, after the dinner, Birkenhead requested me to make his most particular felicitations to you, whom he said he knew and admired tremendously. He added, and Churchill agreed, that the pronouncement from Washington would have an immediate and telling effect upon Irish negotiations, even to the point of turning the scales for a settlement. The thought, of course, was the great relief felt by the entire world as a consequence of a bold and businesslike endeavor to achieve universal friendliness of spirit that would render it most hazardous for any man or any group to incur a suspicion of willingness to make or renew fighting anywhere. The phase which impressed him most deeply was the courage of the President in blazing the way for his own people, regardless of the attitude of apprehensive and disaffected elements."

Trouble-Making Rumors

"There was also quite manifest a profound admiration of your sagacity in putting disarmament to the front at once, instead of yielding to the insistence of the British Government upon first taking up the problem of the Pacific.

"Ambassador Hayashi telephoned early this morning, asking for an appointment. He came in with a beaming countenance and, seizing me by both hands, expressed the utmost pleasure at the great news from Washington. 'It was splendid!' he declared with fervor and, I believe, with full sincerity, and he repeated the word many times. The precise percentages, he said, constituted a question which necessarily would require careful study by all experts, but this he regarded as a matter purely of detail and easily susceptible of satisfactory agreement. The great point was that the principle was absolutely sound, and having been enumerated by the most powerful nation in the world, should and must be regarded as already established.

"Confidentially, he remarked to me when leaving that the constant references, appearing in the newspapers here, to Great Britain as the inevitable arbitrator between Japan and the United States, were quite as disagreeable to him as he surmised they might be to us. He could see no reason why our two countries could not adjust any differences that might arise between themselves without outside assistance.

"Sir William Tyrrell confided to me his own opinion that it was just as well that Lloyd George was prevented from being present at the opening. In this he was undoubtedly reflecting the views of Curzon."

Some weeks later, when the results of the conference were beginning to take tangible form, Harvey met Lloyd George at a house party. The Prime Minister remarked that his greatest desire then was to induce America to take hold and help settle all world affairs.

The ambassador responded that America had apparently already done fairly well along that line. "Yes," said Lloyd George, "that is quite true. But that is only one phase of the whole problem. We need her help all along the line."

A Call for Help

A little later, when the Four Power Treaty was being considered by the Senate, and some opposition to it was shown by some of the prominent members, Senator Lodge, who, of course, had charge of it, wrote to Harvey concerning the attitude of Senator Brandegee, who was one of his and Harvey's closest friends and had been their comrade in the fight against the League of Nations:

"Brandegee is somewhat worried about the Four Power agreement and believes dangers lurk in the word 'adjustment.' I am so fond of him and depend upon him so much that I earnestly hope he will finally see the situation as I do, and that is that we have achieved by that treaty the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which to my mind is one of the most important things that we could do, for that alliance was a cloud which darkened the horizon, and it was a breeder of suspicion. I had something to do with the drafting of that—Four Power—treaty, and there is not one word in it which justifies calling it an alliance or which binds us to do anything whatever, except, if controversies arise, to talk the matter over and try to avoid carrying the differences any further. This is absolutely all. . . .

"I am sure, from your position, that you feel as we all do about it, for I know from the secretary how much valuable service you have been rendering to the cause we all have at heart, and I think you know me well enough to be sure that I am not engaged in making alliances; so if you happen to be writing to Brandegee, and without, of course, mentioning my name, I hope you will say a word to him about supporting that treaty on account of its very great value in regard to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. I have no reason to suppose that he will not go along with us, but he is in doubt, and of course nobody's opinion would weigh with him as much as yours.

"I believe the conference is going to achieve some very substantial results which will help the world, and in time will demonstrate the wisdom of keeping wholly out of the League of Nations or in any way involving ourselves in the troubles in Europe. I have been brought by the conference very close to the currents of European feelings and the hostilities and hatreds just under the surface, which are discouraging, and which assure me that we can do a great deal more in our present position, as the conference demonstrates, than in any other way. We should have been helpless if we had got ourselves entangled in the League."

The news of the Senate's ratification of the treaty reached Harvey in the midst of a dinner party at his house. When he announced it to his guests, the Japanese Ambassador made an earnest speech of congratulation, which was heartily seconded

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and applauded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Atholl, the Marquess of Sligo, Lord Sandwich, J. St. Loe Strachey and others; all of whom begged him to convey their cordial felicitations to the President, the Secretary of State and Senator Lodge. In reporting this, with his own congratulations, to the Secretary of State, he said: "The actual completion of the undertaking will now make the bewildered and distrustful world comprehend the magnitude of the achievement and be encouraged by this demonstration of the fact that the United States, after all, is not so hamstrung that she cannot do big things in the right way."

Time to Celebrate

Harvey made haste to write his congratulations personally to Senator Lodge, who had successfully performed the double task of serving as a member of the conference and drafting the treaty, and then, as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, securing ratification by the Senate:

"Dear Senator Lodge: First and foremost I beg you to accept my most hearty congratulations upon your great triumph. It is a favorite notion of mine that to achieve ideals one must first smash idols. You have done both in an incredibly short space of time, and with a thoroughness which I believe to be without precedent in the political history of our country. Who would have believed it possible that the animosities engendered by the bitter presidential campaign could have been overcome so quickly as to enable you, the most hated and abused of leaders within my recollection, to have drawn into your net the terrifying total of two-thirds of the Senate membership? Yours, after all, was the hardest task, and as I cast my mind back to the time of the inception of the undertaking and recall how dubious I felt regarding the outcome of your being drawn inevitably into that desperately trying position between the upper and nether millstones, I become more and more appreciative of the magnitude of your achievement. I do more than take off my hat to you. In a few moments I am going to take a beautiful lady from Massachusetts for a drive, and as soon as we reach Chelsea Embankment I am going to hurl that headgear into the Thames, while she shouts for joy and pride in the senator who has realized so magnificently her conception of what a senator from her beloved Bay State should be!

"Now, it seems to me that we pro-British ought to get together. I infer from the public prints that you are going to try to wind up this session in June. Surely you will then need a bit of fresh air and recreation to put you in fighting trim for the contest which awaits you. How better could you accomplish that essential purpose than by stepping upon a steamer and coming straight over here, even though your stay should be limited to only a few weeks? I have ample facilities to make you wholly comfortable, and I fondly guarantee just such a holiday in both city and country as I am confident would send you home fully charged with the dashing, knightly spirit which I took the liberty of attributing to you at the Balfour dinner. Now, do please take this proposal seriously, and if you can only induce that not wholly incorrigible colleague from Connecticut to come also, my cup of happiness will be filled to the brim. The good Lord will bear me witness that I shall explode if I do not have somebody to talk to and with before long.

"Again, my dear senator, to yourself all admiration, pride and gratitude from a moderately humble, but thoroughly loyal Yankee!"

To this Lodge replied:

"I have just received your letter, and I assure you that I am made to feel very proud by what you are good enough to say of what I have lately been doing. I like to have my work described in the way you describe it, of which very few people are masters. I suppose you are too young to remember the farce of Poor Pillicoddy, in which Warren, who was a great actor, in speaking of his wife, who he thinks has abandoned him, uses this phrase, 'Oh, that style of saying, Thank you!' Your style of saying some pleasant things about my battles reminds me of the quotation.

"I not only got two-thirds of the Senate but I had thirteen to spare on the vote on the Four Power Treaty, where the fight centered, and all the other treaties passed unanimously, with the single exception of one vote against the naval treaty. I must say, without regard to imputations of vanity, that it was, on the whole, pretty well done."

He added his deep regrets that he would be unable to accept Harvey's invitation to visit him, as the Senate would not adjourn before July, and then there would be his campaign for reëlection to the Senate. Brandegee he reported to be just recovering from a rather serious illness. But it was in fact an illness from which the gallant and loyal Connecticut senator never fully recovered, for it left him with a nervous and mental lesion that two years later culminated in tragedy. The Three Musketeers of the great fight against "the evil thing with a holy name" were never to have the joyous holiday together which Harvey had suggested and which they all three greatly desired. But in the ratification of the Washington treaties was the triumphant epilogue of their four years' campaign for the vindication of American sovereignty and the integrity of the American republic. It was with profound satisfaction that Harvey could then recall for the thousandth time his favorite citation from Hamilton:

"Let Americans disdain to be the instruments of European greatness! Let the States, bound together in a strict and indissoluble Union, concur in erecting one great American System, superior to the control of all transatlantic force or influence, and able to dictate the terms of connection between the Old and the New World!"

Sowing the Seed

Of a truth, "the first shall be last." The most important of all Harvey's achievements, the one upon which his heart was most set, the one which he first thought of doing, came near the end of his ambassadorial career. Amid all his varied activities he never lost sight of that paramount issue—the economic rehabilitation of Europe and, therefore, of the world, through the settlement of international indebtedness, and particularly and fundamentally the British debt to America. He repeatedly cited the words of Harding that America was deeply interested in proper economic adjustment and a just settlement of matters of world-wide importance. His incessant efforts, direct or indirect, were exerted toward that end, whether upon his own Government or that to which he was accredited. From the spring of 1921 to the fall of 1922 he was busy sowing the seed. Others would reap the harvest. But the credit would—does for all time—belong chiefly to the sower.

During his visit to London in the summer of 1922, ex-President and then Chief Justice Taft was entertained at luncheon by the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, and among other guests were Harvey; Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Bonar Law, the Unionist leader who was presently to become Prime Minister. Conversation turned upon the debt—of Great Britain to America—and Harvey was asked for his views concerning it. He replied that he hoped that the British Government would expedite action in the matter by fixing an approximate date for sending commissioners to arrange a settlement, because if it did not he feared it would find itself in a less favorable light in the eyes of the American people, particularly by contrast with the French Government, which was about to take action.

Sir Robert Horne observed that the chief cause of delay was their inability to see what could be done under the terms of

(Continued on Page 192)

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(Continued from Page 190)

the resolution which had been adopted by Congress. To which Harvey shrewdly replied that the resolution certainly did not prevent them from sending commissioners who might frankly state their objections to the terms prescribed. Great Britain, he continued, could never again have so favorable an opportunity as that which was then presented, while further delay would be likely to create the injurious impression that they did not regard the matter with sufficient seriousness or were trying to evade payment. Asked for advice, he urged that they should put an end to idle rumors with an authoritative announcement that the debt would be settled, that the only question to be determined was one of method, and that a commission would be sent to Washington at the earliest date mutually convenient. He also advised an announcement that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would in person lead the commission; he emphasized the great desirability of taking such action before the French commissioners arrived in America. This very plain talk was gratefully received and was promptly acted upon.

Pressed for suggestions as to the method of settlement which it might be found feasible to adopt, Harvey told them that that was a matter to be determined in conversations with the American commissioners, precisely as had been done at the Conference of Limitation of Armaments. He reminded them that, in view of possible future fluctuations in values of securities to facilitate liquidation, their credit was their greatest asset. It should be strengthened by every possible means, particularly by manfully facing the situation in a way that would avoid the need of paying huge sums in interest. But their credit would be impaired—certainly in America—by further delay. It is noteworthy, in view of what happened a few months later, that Bonar Law was very deeply impressed by these points; more, in fact, than the others, though Lloyd George and Sir Robert Horne accepted them. Harvey's purpose in speaking so plainly was to bring out an official public declaration of Great Britain's purpose to pay the debt, instead of continuing the shilly-shallying that had prevailed for a year; and in that he succeeded. His remarks at that luncheon marked the first definite and irrevocable step toward the funding of the British debt.

The Balfour Note

An unfortunate controversy was injected into the case on August first, when the Earl of Balfour issued a note to the diplomatic representatives of the European nations which were Great Britain's debtors, in which he made the extraordinary statement concerning their debts to America that "Under the agreement arrived at, the United States insisted in substance, if not in form, though our Allies were to spend the money, it was only on our security that they were prepared to lend it." This provoked severe criticism and resentment in France and elsewhere, it was disapproved by Sir Robert Horne, and it nearly caused a crisis in the British cabinet. Secretary Mellon promptly issued a detailed statement disproving it and declaring that "It appears to be quite clear that the respective borrowing nations each gave their own obligations for the money advanced by the United States, and that no guaranty of the obligations of one borrowing nation was asked from any other nation." Semi-official explanations were offered in London in an attempt to justify Balfour's words and to reconcile them with Mellon's, which were not convincing. Harvey was inwardly indignant, but kept quiet, biding his time. He did not wish to engage in a controversy which might disturb and perhaps defeat the progress of the negotiations upon the prompt success of which his heart was set. But he at once sent to the Treasury at Washington for the completest possible record of all negotiations and transactions bearing upon the matter. Then, being thus "loaded for bear," when all was done, the debt settlement effected, signed and ratified beyond recall, he "had his say" about it.

It was seven months after the Balfour note, at a great dinner given by The Pilgrims Society to Stanley Baldwin, who had then become Chancellor of the Exchequer, in honor of his part in the debt settlement. In the midst of a profound and almost painful silence, Harvey, in his address, quoted Balfour's statement, and said:

"I cannot and do not for a moment doubt that at some suitable time the British Government will, with equal formality and no less explicitness, remove the misapprehension created by this unfortunate allusion. The simple fact is that, barring Russia, which could not get our products, the Allies owe the United States more money than they owe Great Britain."

This was a daring defiance to the deadliest dialectician and debater in Great Britain. But it was no rash tilting of Gareth against Lancelot of the Lake, in which he would go down

. . . *at one touch*
Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of the world.

For once Balfour had met a foeman worthy of his steel, and for this occasion at least a little more than worthy. For the honors of the clash indubitably rested with the American Ambassador.

Stirring Up Trouble

A valuable contribution to the negotiations, though indirect, was an address made by Secretary Hoover at Toledo, Ohio, on October sixteenth, in reply and rejection of the proposals which were persistently being made, on grounds of sentimentality or marplotry or sometimes in the assumed interest of economic stability, for the partial or entire cancellation of all the war debts due to the United States. In great detail, and with a wealth of pertinent citations of facts and figures, on grounds both of ethics and of commercial and economic interest, he argued convincingly against such cancellation. "America," he said, "greatly wishes to be helpful to Europe"—of which fact he was himself personally the supreme exponent—"but economic matters require a degree of realism that will do justice to the American people as well as be helpful to peoples abroad." That masterly address did not, it is true, make an end of the cancellation propaganda. Nothing—not even braying with a pestle in a mortar—could have done that. But it had a powerful influence upon public sentiment in America, and it emphasized to Great Britain the proposition which Harvey had been presenting from the outset, that the debt must be paid.

A week after Hoover's address there was a change of ministry in England. Lloyd George was succeeded by Bonar Law as Prime Minister, and Sir Robert Horne by Stanley Baldwin as Chancellor of the Exchequer—a change, on the whole, decidedly favorable to Harvey's campaign for settlement of the debt. Bonar Law, as already stated, had been most of all impressed by Harvey's urgent advice at the Taft luncheon, and his mind and point of view were vastly more in accord with Harvey's than were Lloyd George's. The British Commission came to Washington and entered into conference with the American Commission. There arose near the end of January a slight hitch over the misunderstanding, from which both Bonar Law and Sir Robert Horne seemed to suffer, that Harvey had expressed to them his confident belief that a debt settlement on a 2 per cent interest basis would be acceptable to America, instead of the 3 and 3½ rates proposed by the commission. There was also started in the American press an unfounded and presumably malicious story to the effect that sharp disagreement had occurred on matters of foreign policy between Harvey and the Secretary of State, in consequence of which Hughes was likely to resign. This antagonism was said to have arisen during the brief visit which Harvey paid to Washington a few weeks before, when he came

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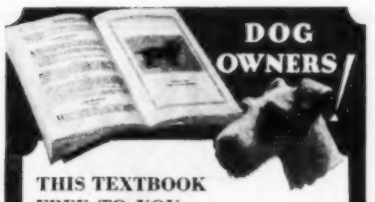

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over, for obvious purposes, at the same time with the British debt commissioners. This Hughes instantly denied, and Harvey cabled from London that "Such statements or insinuations are absolutely false. I am in full and complete accord with Secretary Hughes, and I have not uttered a word that could by the wildest stretch of the imagination be construed to the contrary." And he denounced the story as an "infamous fabrication transparently designed to make mischief."

The negotiations were by this time drawing toward their culmination. Harvey was back in London, and Stanley Baldwin had also returned thither, leaving his colleagues of the commission at Washington to be directed so far as necessary at long range. On the afternoon of January twenty-ninth Harvey had a long interview with the Prime Minister and urged upon him, with all the arguments at his command, the expediency of promptly accepting the terms offered by the American Debt Commission. This Bonar Law was strongly disinclined to do. Such acceptance would probably, he thought, meet with popular approval in Great Britain at that time; but there would be grave danger that in a few years he, as Prime Minister, would be severely censured for accepting terms which would cripple Great Britain financially and prevent for many years any decrease of taxation. Yearly payments of one hundred and fifty million to two hundred million dollars for sixty years would impede, if they did not altogether prevent, any revival of trade and industry. Besides, he still clung to the hope that in a few years, with the improvement of economic conditions in America, the people there might come to regard this debt as really a part of their own contribution to the prosecution of the war at a time when their military and naval contribution to it was negligible. Moreover, he said, America had caused much of the economic trouble in Europe by her action in refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and thus enter the League of Nations. The situation on the Continent was going from bad to worse, so that there seemed little possibility of Great Britain's getting anything from her debtors there as an offset to her own debt to America. From France she would get little, from Italy still less, and from Germany next to nothing at all. The Allies would default upon their debts, Germany would default upon her reparations, and Great Britain alone would have to make heavy payments to America, whose withdrawal from the Treaty of Versailles was the chief cause of the existing difficulties. His inclination was, therefore, to take the risks involved in nonacceptance of the American terms, rather than those which would be involved in accepting them.

In Solemn Conclave

That was a sufficiently pessimistic view of the situation to discourage any man except George Harvey. Him it put upon his mettle, to conquer what seemed unconquerable. So that evening he got Bonar Law and Baldwin to give him a final and definite interview. The three met at the historic No. 10, Downing Street, and there, over their pipes, they determined in large measure the fate of the economic world.

Harvey began that momentous trialogue by warning Bonar Law and Baldwin plainly that no consideration could be given to any proposal to modify the terms which the debt commission had expressed its readiness to recommend to Congress. Those terms were final. Any attempt to alter them would be futile, if not mischievous. To this Bonar Law assented with obvious reluctance, but Baldwin without hesitation; and they agreed that the simple question of yes or no must be presented to the cabinet for its determination. A point was raised as to the possibility of Great Britain's expediting payment of the debt by a bond issue: If such bonds were issued and sold largely in America, would there be any possibility of having them exempted from American taxation, as were American Government

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bonds? Harvey thought that would be impossible, excepting that British bonds issued and sold to pay off Liberty and Victory bonds might enjoy the same measure of exemption that was enjoyed by the bonds which they replaced.

During this interview Harvey brought up the matter of his having been reported as saying that the debt might be funded on a 2 per cent interest basis, and Bonar Law and Baldwin both testified that he had never said any such thing to them. The only thing at all relating to that subject had been Harvey's expression of opinion that if the settlement were made as proposed, its effect would be so advantageous to Great Britain that she might build up her credit to a point where she would find her actual interest cost approximating 2½ instead of 4 or 5 per cent.

At the end of two hours the three knocked the ashes out of their pipes and, with cordial hand grips, separated; each with the confident consciousness that he had participated in the making of history for Great Britain and America, and through them for all the world.

The next day the cabinet met and voted to accept the terms proposed by the debt commission.

Upon this achievement, Chief Justice Taft wrote to Harvey:

"I write to felicitate you on bringing about a satisfactory adjustment of the British debt, for I conceive that without you it would not have come about. The arrangement is not so satisfactory as the one you had in mind, but I query whether it is not possible in the future, when the situation is more favorable, to engraft on the present plan something like it, by which the United States might float these English bonds with its indorsement, and divide the premium with England in wiping off the debt.

"I suppose you have observed the discussion in the Senate, in which McKellar and Heflin took part. Heflin was advised by an article in The Waukegan Sun that you and I had gone to Downing Street and promised that the United States would accept bonds at 2½ per cent. He protested against this, and said that I had no authority; and when Wadsworth questioned the sources of his information, he grew angry and intimated pretty freely that either Wadsworth or I represented Wall Street and the bond sharks there. Wadsworth resented this as reflecting on him, and so the matter had to be expunged. Of course if the Chief Justice had been reflected upon, it would have been quite within the rules of the Senate. You didn't get your share of the opprobrium in this discussion. It was resumed the next day, and Heflin got into a row with Couzens, of Detroit, and Couzens said something quite disrespectful of Heflin, and both Couzens and Heflin had to be expunged. I was lost in the shuffle, and you were not in it at all. You have my sympathy.

"I assume, from what I see, that there will be no very great difficulty, except some yawps . . . in securing the confirmation of the British debt agreement."

Some Talk About the Weather

There was little difficulty; so that on February nineteenth Secretary Hughes was able to cable to Harvey:

"British debt settlement at last approved by the Senate, and means, I trust, the dawn of a better day."

At the dinner given by The Pilgrims to Stanley Baldwin, on February twenty-eighth, in honor of his share in the debt settlement, Harvey proposed the toast to his health, and said in the course of his speech that they were met to celebrate a great achievement—the first conclusive settlement of a really vital world problem since the Armistice. It involved far more than the greatest financial transaction recorded in history. It bore with it the enhancement of mutual respect and, he firmly believed, the everlasting friendship of the two great nations to which the entire world looked for the preservation of the solvency and stability which were essential to the prosperity and happiness of all mankind.

"It has been said," he continued, "that we singled out and dunned Great Britain. We did neither the one nor the other. The expiration of the three years during which we had agreed to bear the entire burden was approaching, and on the same day our Government gave notice to all of our debtors to that effect. Every lender and borrower knows that this is no more than the customary preliminary to payment or negotiation of terms. One or two appeared in Washington and talked about the weather. Great Britain arrived and talked business. The outcome was a completed settlement of this greatest of financial transactions in less than a month." And he expressed the gratification and joy of America as well as of Great Britain that "the United Kingdom continues to rest upon the rock of financial integrity and national honor."

Losing Their Stock in Trade

Soon after the completion of the debt settlement Harvey requested his friend Louis Seibold, one of the ablest political observers and reporters of the American newspaper press, to study the effect of that achievement in the United States and give him a written report thereon. This Mr. Seibold did, judiciously seeking not so much official opinion at Washington as that of the average citizen outside of government influences. His conclusion was that there had been effected a most complete and drastic reversal of popular opinion regarding Great Britain, and, of course, of sentiment toward that country. Great Britain's acceptance of terms which were frankly admitted here to be "rather hard," had resulted in the silencing of the professional politicians whose stock in trade was the promotion of prejudice against that country, and had convinced the average citizen of the good faith of Great Britain and the sincerity of British professions of friendship for America; and it had thus removed from American politics the most disturbing irritant consequent upon the reconstruction processes following the war. Onerous as it was to the debtor, the benefits of it to both countries made it well worth the price. "American officials and volunteer observers like myself," added Mr. Seibold, "know and appreciate the tremendous services rendered to your respective governments by you and Mr. Baldwin."

This report was transmitted to the king's secretary, to be imparted to His Majesty, and in due time he received this response:

"*Dear Ambassador:* It was very good of Your Excellency to send under cover of your letter the summary of Mr. Louis Seibold's report on the effect in the United States of the British debt settlement.

"The King has read it with much interest and satisfaction; for you know His Majesty's unswerving faith in the closest possible friendly relations between our two countries and, whatever be the sacrifices entailed in fulfilling our engagements, the results as set forth in Mr. Seibold's observations should be of the utmost value in securing that end.

"Yours very sincerely,
"STAMFORDHAM."

Two other major achievements of Harvey's ambassadorship must be recorded here, though not directly related with the debt settlement. One, of incalculable service to both America and Great Britain, was his action in respect to the establishment of the Irish Free State. For many years before, the struggle for Irish home rule, independence or whatever it was at various times called, had been largely conducted in America. It more than once formed an issue in American national politics and was often a cause of irritation in Anglo-American relations. Harvey perceived the danger of a renewal of those practices. The intransigent enemies of the Free State treaty with Great Britain, as a last desperate resort to defeat that arrangement planned a vast anti-British campaign in

(Continued on Page 198)

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BUT DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS

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It's in the September Journal—written by

PAUL DE KRUIF

¶ FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT RADIO SCHOOL MUSIC Friday morning, October 11th, Walter Damrosch will inaugurate a new year of school concerts over the radio. First announcement of Mr. Damrosch's complete plans for extending this unusual, personally directed, strictly modern course of music study to all the schools of America is told in the September Journal under the title MUSIC AND MODERN MAGIC—by WALTER DAMROSCH, himself.

¶ WHAT WOMEN WILL WEAR THIS FALL AND WINTER What is smart this season? What are the new colors for day-time—for evening? What fabrics will be popular? Will skirts be longer? What furs will be popular? What type hats?

Each month Pamela Coyne, Fashion Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, tells you what is smart and new. Authentic fashion news from Paris and the smart New York shops, along with Paris Patterns—the only authorized patterns of the great Parisian Couturiers—insure every Journal reader the latest and best fashion news.

¶ THE MOST COMPLETE DECORATING SERVICE In the September Journal the interior decorator for Marshall Field and Company, Chicago, tells in a very practical way, how to redecorate the living-room at a very low cost. The first of a series of articles by the interior decorators of America's biggest stores.

¶ THE PLACE WHERE THE SUN IS TIED In the land of the Incas stands the ruins of the convent where the particularly beautiful and high-born young maidens of Inca land were consecrated to the life-long service of the great Sun-God. Into this university of beauty and virginity, Francisco Pizarro and his rapacious band of conquistadors burst, in 1533. But some of the Sun-God's virgins escaped to a secret city high above the clouds. In the September Journal, Richard Halliburton tells you the thrilling story of his struggles to look upon the ruins of this fabulous city where died the last of the Sun Virgins.

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ALSO, in this biggest September Journal ever published: Booth Tarkington, Mary Johnston, Hugh Walpole, Dorothy Black, Clarence Budington Kelland, George Barr McCutcheon. Ruth R. Nichols writes of flying for sport. Samuel Crowther tells how to buy and finance a house. Emily Post describes how to decorate it. And there is an inspiring article about Margaret Bondfield, the new British Minister of Labor, whose achievements are always front page news.

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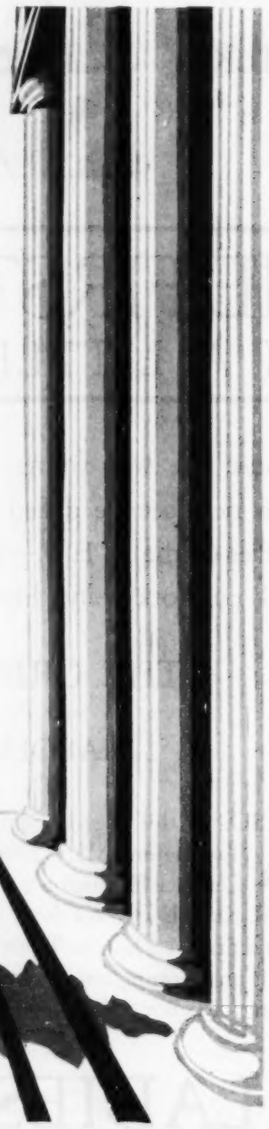

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AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Ever-Ready
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Ever-Ready BLADES

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America, for the agitation of popular prejudices and for the raising of funds to serve as sinews of war. It was intended also to supply the irreconcilable Irish revolutionists with arms and ammunition from this country.

Realizing the immeasurable mischief which such performances would do to Ireland itself, as well as to Great Britain and America, Harvey quietly but most effectively exerted himself for the defeat of the movement. He informed President Harding of what was being planned, and pointed out to him the eminent desirability of balking it at once.

The result was that the campaign gained no material foothold in the United States, and that the representatives of the Irish people and the British Government were enabled without serious interference to complete the work of ending an age-long feud in the successful establishment of the Free State.

Still further to anticipate the narrative, the final achievement of his diplomatic career may be recalled. Harvey was no believer in the purposes of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and thoroughly detested the petty tyranny of the Volstead Act for its enforcement. But he recognized that while these were the law of the land they must be enforced. There was danger, he saw, of international complications and friction over the surreptitious importation—in brief, smuggling—of liquors into the United States, especially along the North Atlantic seaboard. If liquor-laden vessels could come freely up to the three-mile line which limited our territorial waters, it would be practically impossible to prevent them from "delivering the goods."

He therefore took the matter up with the British Government and succeeded in negotiating a treaty under which the American Government would have the right of search and—if warranted—seizure of British vessels not merely within the three-mile line but within the distance of twelve miles from the coast; a measure which went far toward abolishing the practice of rum running.

In return for this extraordinary concession, British vessels were to be permitted to carry supplies of wines and other liquors when in American waters and ports, provided, however, that they kept them securely locked up and under seal; and of course the British Embassy at Washington was to be permitted to import supplies for its own use.

In this treaty Harvey secured for America far more than was granted to Great Britain. The extension of the three-mile limit to twelve miles was a new departure in international law and practice; while the right of British ships to carry supplies of liquor was one which the American Government had no right to challenge.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Johnson. The third will appear next week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Can a change in your Tooth Paste bring a change in your Gums?

IF, THROUGH some device, you could put that question above to the two million users of Ipana . . . you would quickly know why Ipana is one of the great tooth pastes! For Ipana is specifically made to fit the modern idea in dentistry and dentifrices . . . to keep the gums, as well as the teeth, strong and healthy.

Test Ipana for yourself. You can do it with one full-size tube. Brush your teeth with it . . . massage your gums with it . . . twice a day, for at least 30 days.

Within a month you see the improvement. Your teeth are gleaming white. Your gums are lighter in color, firmer in texture. You have discovered a new way to oral health and cleanliness . . . and you have made your tooth paste choice for life!

Because of the soft foods people eat, their gums are literally dying in their mouths. Gums are robbed of work. Circulation grows languid. Tissues break down. The enfeebled gum cells cannot resist the attack of disease.

But with Ipana and a light massage, you can restore to the gums the stimulation which soft food denies them.

The massage in itself is good—the massage with Ipana is better. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by specialists in treating the gums. So get a tube at the nearest drug store. Start to use it tonight. You'll like its taste and its power to whiten and brighten your teeth. And, when you have used your first tube, you'll be delighted with its proved ability to invigorate and harden your gums and to improve the health of all your mouth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P-99
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

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DON'T BE A FADDIST!

—this is the Golden Rule for eating Candy as well as for every other Food

If you looked into the extraordinary value of milk, our most nearly perfect food, you might well become an enthusiast over the "milk diet." Yet milk can be drunk to excess.

Or if you looked into the virtues of fresh fruit, antacid and bearer of vitamin C, you might wind up as a fruit-faddist (people do, you know). For fruit, also, can be eaten to excess. So it is with candy.

And so with sugar, the chief ingredient of candy. Sugar furnishes better than half of the bodily energy that people use to work and live. Sugar is the quickest of all foods to digest — under favorable conditions it has actually been taken up by the blood stream 40 seconds after being eaten! And so on. It would require pages to tell the marvelous rôle of sugar in the internal economy of man.

Put candy in their school lunch. It's good for them.

HOW TO GIVE CANDY TO CHILDREN

As with all other foods, the rule is to avoid excess! And excess means, largely, to the exclusion of other foods which are necessary to health.*

This caution applies particularly to children, especially city-bred children. They tend to under-eat essential foods rather than over-eat. If you let them eat candy an hour before a meal, they will often come to the table with no appetite—consequently, you can't get them to eat what they should.

Appetite is the key to the whole question. If candy between meals spoils your child's appetite, don't give it to him then—give it to him after meals instead. On the other hand, if he is a fiery, active citizen and burns up a tremendous amount of energy, candy between meals may well serve to tide him over.

*Nutrition scientists are generally agreed that every normal person should (1) drink a quart of whole milk (2) eat one raw fruit and one raw vegetable (3) eat one "pot-herb" every day; in order to promote and maintain the highest level of health.

CANDY FOR HARD-DRIVEN MEN AND WOMEN

A famous writer on diet subjects has said that every hard-driven man and woman—indoor or outdoor worker—should have a few pieces of candy at hand to yield quick energy about mid-afternoon, when the body fuel begins to give out.

Candy is energy for the human body just as gasoline is energy for your motor. As a food, this is its great value—a source of quick energy.

Used so, it is good for you. Think of it as a food; use it as a food; that's what it is. Remember candy contains such wholesome foods as sugar, chocolate, milk, fruits, nuts, etc. For a full discussion of candy in the diet, send for the book, "The New Knowledge of Candy." It gives you the modern ideas and the new facts. Use the coupon.

Mail Coupon to EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION
111 *West Washington Street, Chicago*

Please send me "The New Knowledge of Candy"

Name _____

Address _____

Astonishing ★

NEW and distinguished desserts and sauces—better than any you've known before—at lower cost than you've ever thought possible—so unusual that they give distinction to any dinner—this is the astonishing combination which whipped Pet Milk will give you in our new sauces and frozen and gelatine desserts.

At Less Than Half the Cost . . .

To have distinguished desserts, at less than half the cost—that's the economy that everybody likes. The following recipe, for example, making the dessert illustrated on this page, would cost three times as much if made with whipping cream:

ORANGE SPANISH CREAM

Served with Pineapple Cream Sauce (recipe in "Whip It and Use It" leaflet)

1½ tablespoons gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup Pet Milk
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks
1½ cups orange juice
Grated rind one orange
1 cup Pet Milk

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Scald ½ cup milk in double boiler. Add sugar and salt. Pour some of hot mixture over slightly beaten egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler, add gelatine and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add orange juice and rind. Chill. When beginning to set, add 1 cup milk that has been properly chilled and whipped until stiff.

And Very Much More Wholesome . . .

Do you shun the "rich" desserts? You probably do for yourself—you surely do for your children. But when they're made with Pet Milk, the so-called "rich" desserts have only wholesome richness. That's because Pet Milk—as rich as cream—is rich, not in fat alone, but in all the milk-food substances that make milk the most nearly perfect of all foods.

Let Us Send You Our Free Booklets . . . containing 175 recipes, including these unusual desserts and sauces. *We will tell you also about a special whipper—at a bargain.*

PET MILK COMPANY
1421-I Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Martin Kaiser-

Eventually Why Not Now?

A FAMOUS CAKE

Easy to make new simplified way

OF 235 WOMEN WHO BAKED IT, NOT ONE FAILED IN PERFECT RESULTS FIRST TIME, THIS "KITCHEN-TESTED" WAY

OF all the famous cakes of a world-noted home economics teacher, Betty Crocker's Wellesley Fudge Cake probably should be given first place. Recently in a test 235 women tried it with the results noted here . . . proof of how remarkably home baking has been simplified.

By the development of an utterly new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking,* as every batch comes through the mill. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

But GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour acts the same way with your recipes every time you use it. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* Recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual *"Kitchen-tested"* Recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The one for Wellesley Fudge Cake, illustrated above, is among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries.

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WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

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"Kitchen-tested" Recipe for Wellesley Fudge Cake and 11 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads.

Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

All 12 of these simplified *"Kitchen-tested"* Recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. To get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months